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1878







Backwoods Poems.



S. NEWTON BERRYHILL.



BACKWOODS POEMS.

BY

S. NEWTON BERRYHILL.

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*"I'd leave behind
Something immortal of my heart and mind."*

MRS. HEMANS.

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
SAMUEL AND MARGARET BERRYHILL,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

The little book here presented embraces the rhymes and poems written by me in a period of thirty years, beginning with my boyhood. All of them have already been laid before the public in newspapers and periodicals; but, like autumnal leaves cast on the rushing stream, they have been swept away, and only the writer's scrap-book has saved them from oblivion.

It is not through affectation that I have given my book the title it bears. I chose this title in my boyhood, when I first conceived the design of publishing, some day, a book of poems. Nor is the title inappropriate. While I was yet an infant, my father, with his family, settled down in a wilderness, where I grew up with the population, rarely ever going out of the neighborhood for forty years. Save what I learned from books and newspapers, and from the conversation of those into whose society I was thrown—

The little world in which I lived,
Was all the world I knew.

The old log school-house with a single window and a single door—described in one of my earlier pieces—was my *alma mater*; the green woods were my *campus*; and if I climbed Parnassus, 'twas not with Homer, "by dint o' Greek," but with trusty dogs, chasing the mottle-coated hare over the bush-covered hillock. Thus isolated and thus surrounded, both my intellectual and my moral nature could not fail to receive a coloring, which, reflected on my rhythmic effusions, renders the appellation, "BACKWOODS POEMS," peculiarly significant.

I am well aware, that there are many crudities and imperfections in these poems, particularly in the earlier pieces. I have kept all; I could not discard the poor children of my brain on account of deformity.

Such as they are, I present my rhymes to the public, craving their indulgence if I can not gain their applause. One merit, at least, I claim, for which I hope my readers will give me credit. I have not attempted to carry them to lofty heights, nor into deep waters. Knowing the weakness of my arm, I have kept my little boat near the shore!

In the years to come, I hope—what writer did not so hope?—that I will have many, very many, readers. In the variety presented, I hope that each reader will find something to please, something to while away a passing hour, and somewhere in these pages—I pray God!—something to incite to a nobler, better life.

COLUMBUS, Miss., 1878.

PALILA.

I.

Does the pale-face see the diamonds bright
Which twinkle on the brow of night?
As many moons as these before
Your fathers' feet had trod our shore,
There lived, close by Sebolee stream,
A chief, the whisper of whose name
Would make his en'my's cheek grow pale,
And cause the boldest heart to quail.
The flow'ry prairies on the East,
The Father of Waters on the West,
The country of the long leaved pine
Upon the South, the "bloody line"
Toward the North, beyond which dwelt
The Chickasaws, who often felt
This chieftain's ire—these were the lines
Which bounded Gray Hawk's wide domains.
A thousand hamlets owned him lord;
Ten thousand warriors, at his word,
Would grasp the tomahawk and bow,
And fall upon the trembling foe,
Like the fierce hurricane whose force
Spreads death in its impetuous course.
On many a field his tow'ring form
Had stood amid the battle's storm;
His sinewy arm had dealt the blow
Of death to many a gallant foe;
A thousand scalps in his wigwam hung,
And the Western world with his praises rung.

The moon waned oft, the chief waxed old;
His eye grew dim—his mien less bold;
His arm grew weak, his footstep slow,
And his raven locks turned white as snow.
Many moons before, his aged wife
Had winged her flight from the haunts of life
To the spirit land. An only child—
The sweet Palila—on the chieftain smiled.
O, she was fair as th' wild red rose
Which in the dark green forest grows.
Her hair was black as th' wing of night;
Her eyes as bright as th' orbs of light;
Her step like that of the timid doe;
Her voice as soft as the streamlet's flow.
As the tendrils of the creeping vine
Around the sapless oak entwine,
And shield it from the wintry blast
When the halcyon days of Spring are past;

So young Palila's tender care
Made light the troubles of her sire.
Her own fair hands at night and morn
Prepared his meals—the parched corn,
The smoking venison, the fruits
Herself had culled, and many roots
Whose sav'ry taste is yet unknown
To the wise pale face. The gloomy frown
Which like a threatening cloud displayed
Itself on Gray Hawk's brow, would fade
Into a smile, when she, the pride
Of his old age, was by his side.

Young braves from many a distant land
Had sought the young Palila's hand.
Many a costly gift they bore
And laid at the old chieftain's door:
Gay plumes and costly gems t' adorn
The young Palila's brow; green corn
And luscious fruits from th' southern isles,
Where the hunter is lured by fauries' wiles;
The shaggy skins of grizzly bears
Slain in their lofty mountain lairs;
And deer-skins soft, dyed many a hue—
Green, orange, yellow, red and blue.
But the chief would send the braves away,
And bid them call some other day.

The young Palila never smiled
Upon their suit. Love's passion wild
Had never fired her youthful blood.
Content to wander in the wood,
And cull the flowers of varied hue
Which there in rich profusion grew;
Or with her bow and arrow slay
The redbird or the noisy jay,
And with their plumage soft and fair
Adorn her glossy raven hair—
She never sighed for man's warm love,
Ne'er wished from her fair home to rove.

II.

Close where the chieftain's wigwam stood,
A little stream flowed through the wood.
On each side of the narrow plain
In which it ran, a verdant chain
Of gently sloping hills arose.
Beside the stream a fountain flows,

Whose magic waters, bright and clear,
Were sought by red men, far and near,
To heal their sickness, and impart
New life and strength to every part.

One day the dark-eyed Indian maid
Into this lovely valley strayed.
Wearied with wand'ring through the wood,
She sat her down in pensive mood
Beneath a bluff which overhung
The little stream. Her bow unstrung
Lay at her feet: her arrows tied
In a quiver neat, hung by her side.
A wreath of Autumn flowers around
Her broad and lofty brow was bound.
In glossy waves her raven hair
Fell on her nut-brown bosom bare.
Her skirt of doe-skin half concealed
Her rounded limbs, and half revealed.
And moccasins of yellow hue,
Embroidered with green and blue,
Adorned her dainty little feet.
Her cheeks were glowing with the heat
Of exercise, and her eyes were bright
With wild enthusiastic light,
As she with soul enrapt surveyed
The scene which nature here outspread.

The Indian summer had just begun.
The mellow rays of th' Autumn sun
Diffused a light soft and serene
O'er Nature's face. The robe of green
Which gentle Spring o'er the forest threw,
Was changed to one of varied hue.
The luscious grapes and muscadines
In clusters hung upon the vines.
Upon the huckleberry bush,
Bending with fruit, the russet thrush
Poured forth her sweet melodious song.
The black-eyed squirrel frisked among
The hickory trees, and at each bound
Scattered the brown nuts on the ground.

The evening waned; in the distant west
The sun sank gently down to rest
Upon a soft, voluptuous bed
Of rosy clouds. His last rays shed
A flickering gleam upon the pines,
Which stretched their misty, blue outlines
Like a mighty wall with towers high,
Across the face of the western sky.
Still sat Palila by the stream,
Wrapped in that sweet, poetic dream
Which o'er the soul, like twilight dews,

Oft steals, and paints with heav'nly hues
Whatever meets the enraptured eye
In earth, the ocean or the sky.
She sat and gazed with dreamy look
Into the waters of the brook,
Where th' azure sky, and spreading trees
With branches waving in the breeze
Were dimly mirrored. The spirit land,
With all its bright, immortal band,
Its verdant plains and valleys fair,
Its silvery trees and flowers rare,
Seemed floating in the dim twilight,
Far down below the waters bright.
But soon her blissful dream was broke.
The crimson hue her cheeks forsook,
And left them deadly pale with fear.
Reflected in the water clear,
She saw the hideous outlines
Of a panther crouched among some vines
That grew upon the bluff o'erhead.
Its angry, scorching eyes were red
As glowing coals of fire; its jaws
Half open, displayed two shining rows
Of long sharp teeth; while on the ground
Its tail was writhing round and round
Like a wounded snake. One moment short
Palila gazed with pulseless heart
Upon the sight, then rose to flee.
Fearful that he would lose his prey,
The panther sprang with piercing scream;
But tell midway the little stream—
An arrow quivering in his heart.
Soon a young brave, with bow and dart,
Leaped from the bluff, and stood beside
The affrighted girl. His face was dyed
A sanguine red—the dreadful hue
Which the Indian maiden too well knew,
Was the hated badge of Gray Hawk's foes—
The fierce and warlike Chickasaws.
"Fear not, sweet maiden," spoke the youth,
In tones that breathed of love and truth.
While young Palila, like a hare
Caught in the hunter's fatal snare,
Stood trembling by. "Shrink not away.
Think you that Toppasha would slay
Yon cruel beast, only to wreak
His hate on you? Think you he'd take
The life he risked his own to save?
Such deeds would not become the brave."
And with a smile of winning grace
He gazed into the maiden's face;
Gazed till her heart with quick'ning beat
Drove the warm blood in blushes sweet
To her soft cheeks; and the liquid light

Of wild and rapturous delight
 Glowed in her dark and languid eyes,
 Like sunbeams in the morning skies.
 Soon did Palila cease to fear;
 Soon did her ravished, willing ear
 Drink in each softly spoken word
 The stranger's eloquent lips outpoured.

He told her of his native hills
 Far to the North, where crystal rills
 Now gently murmured through the dell,
 Now in wild cascades headlong fell
 O'er jutting rocks; where all day long,
 The woods were vocal with the song
 Of the mocking bird and timid quail,
 Which echo bore from hill to vale,
 And down the stream meandering by,
 Till it melted in the distant sky;
 Where in fierce-eyed eagle built her nest
 Mid fleecy clouds, upon the crest
 Of the towering pine; and the hunted stag
 Disdainful leaped from crag to crag,
 Swift as the equinoctial wind,
 Leaving the hunter far behind.
 He told her of his chieftain sire,
 Before whose dreadful eye of fire
 The toeman quailed with trembling heart,
 As from the lightning's forked dart;
 And of the hosts that chief could lead
 Against the foe in th' hour of need.
 And then how he had chanced to roam
 So far from his fair mountain home.

One day, while hunting in the wood,
 He spied a creature strange which stood
 Down in a dark and deep ravine,
 Which lay two rocky hills between.
 In shape 'twas like a little doe;
 But white and spotless as the snow
 Which lines the earth, when the Winter King
 Spreads o'er the sky his gloomy wing.
 Fast clinging to the vines which grew
 Upon the precipice, he threw
 Himself from rock to rock, until
 He reached the bottom, gazing still
 Upon the creature, where it stood
 Half hidden in the little wood.
 But even as he gazed 'twas gone;
 And looking up he saw it on
 The precipice's topmost rock,
 Calmly gazing, as if to mock,
 Upon the hunter far below;
 While he, with timid step and slow,
 Climbed up the bank. But when

He reached the top he found again
 That it had fled. He saw it now
 Upon a lofty mountain's brow,
 Far to the south. Swift as the gale,
 He onward sped o'er hill and dale,
 Until he gained the mountain side.
 Then bending low, so as to hide
 Himself beneath its grassy bed,
 He crept with soft and stealthy tread
 Toward the lofty summit bare.
 When near the top, he chose with care
 A polished arrow straight and true,
 And fixed it to his supple bow.
 With quick'ning heart he slowly raised
 His head above the grass. Amazed,
 He looked upon the vacant height—
 The doe had vanished from his sight!
 He looked toward the South again,
 And saw it on a distant plain;
 Again sped on—again drew near,
 And saw it vanish in the air.
 And thus he followed on till night
 Concealed the creature from his sight;
 When lying down upon the ground
 He fell into a sleep profound.
 Next morn, refreshed with sweet repose,
 At rosy dawn's approach he rose.
 He saw, by the dim twilight gray,
 The spirit-doe not far away,
 And followed on. Six times the sun
 Through his diurnal course had run;
 Six times on earth the stars and moon
 Had smiled; and still he wandered on:
 Up many a mountain's craggy side;
 Through many a forest dark and wide;
 Across full many a broad deep stream,
 Whose dark-blue waters the bright sunbeam
 Could never kiss. Like the witch's light
 Which often in the dark wet night,
 We see beside the boggy stream,
 Lighting the swamp with flick'ring gleam,
 The spirit-doe still lured him on,
 But when within his grasp—was gone.
 The seventh morn, when he awoke,
 He found himself beneath an oak,
 Whose spreading branches overhung
 A stagnant stream which wound along
 The valley, like a huge black snake.
 And now his limbs began to ache
 With pangs he never felt before,
 And sharpened-tooth hunger pinched him sore.
 For six long days his only food
 Had been the wild fruits of the wood,
 Which he had gathered by the way.

For he had never paused to slay
 The deer which gazed with wondering eye
 On him, as he was speeding by.
 While he was musing on his wo,
 He saw the little spirit-doe
 Standing upon a mound close by,
 Looking tow'rd him with pitying eye.
 With trembling hand, he seized his bow
 And fixed the shaft. The little doe
 Flew not. He aimed the deadly dart
 Toward the little creature's heart;
 Drew back the string, the string let fly—
 And then there came a mournful cry,
 Like a murdered infant's dying wail
 Borne on the midnight's moaning gale;
 And the spirit-doe dissolved away,
 Like the morning mist before the ray
 Of the rising sun. He turned and fled,
 While every hair upon his head
 Stood straight with wild affright. The night
 Came on, ere he had ceased his flight.
 At last his limbs refused to bear
 Him farther, and he fainted near
 The bluff, where through the night he slept.
 At rosy dawn's approach he crept
 Into a grove of little pines,
 Which, interwove with tangled vines,
 Concealed him from the intruder's sight.
 He saw the maid with footstep light
 Trip by; and from his hiding place
 He stole to gaze upon her face,
 As wrapt in her elysian dream,
 She sat beside the little stream.
 His heart beat wild with sweet delight,
 As he gazed upon the vision bright;
 And, O too soon! his captive soul
 Submissive bowed to love's control.
 He saw the panther on the bluff
 Prepared to leap. It was enough—
 He sent the keen unerring dart
 Swift to the horrid monster's heart.

Long ere the youth had told his tale,
 The dark-browed Night had thrown her veil
 O'er slumbering Nature's face; and soon
 From o'er the eastern hills, the moon
 With trembling ray shone through the wood
 Upon the spot where the lovers stood,
 And warned them that 'twas time to part.
 Young Toppasha, with swelling heart
 And mournful look, now gently prest
 Palila to his heaving breast,
 While she with blushing upturned face,
 Responded to his warm embrace.

A moment more he held her there.
 As if his soul would quaff fore'er,
 Th' intoxicating cup of bliss;
 Then, bending down, a long, sweet kiss
 Upon her half-oped lips he sealed,
 Rushed from her arms, and was concealed
 In the forest's thick and gloomy shade,
 Before the languid, weeping maid
 Could realize that he was gone,
 Or feel she was indeed alone.

III.

Love is a wizard; at his touch
 The strong man's heart, though e'er so much
 With pride entozed it may be,
 Melts like the iceberg when the sea
 Blushes beneath the ardent kiss
 Of the summer's sun. New founts of bliss,
 Beneath his soft yet stern control,
 Are opened to the thirsty soul.
 The gloom upon the pensive brow
 Is chased away; while eyes that glow
 And sparkle with mischievous mirth,
 Are made to droop all sad to earth.

A change came o'er the chieftain's child:
 No more she roamed in the forest wild
 With lightsome step and sunny face,
 Or merrily danced with childish grace
 Before her father's lodge. A shade
 Of sadness, like soft twilight, played
 Upon her features; and a beam
 Of pensive light, like the last gleam
 Of the setting sun, shone in her soft
 And languid eyes. She wandered oft
 To the dear-loved spot beside the stream,
 Where first her soul was taught the dream
 Of love. Here she would sit alone
 And muse upon the loved one;
 Recall each gentle word which fell
 Upon her soul like the magic spell
 Which moonlight weaves around the grove—
 And each sweet, melting glance of love.
 Again she felt his burning kiss
 Upon her lips; and O, the bliss
 E'en in the thought! again was prest
 With rapture to his manly breast.

The gentle, brown-haired Autumn drew
 Her flowing robe of rainbow hue
 Closely around her shivering form,
 And, mounted on the swift-winged storm,
 Flew to the South. While Nature slept,
 Old Winter from his cavern crept

With stealthy tread : and his icy breath
 Spread o'er the wood the chill of death.
 The withered leaves, with rustling sound,
 Fell slow and mournful to the ground ;
 And the tall trees sighed with deep despair,
 To see their limbs thus stripped and bare.
 The leprous frost, at midnight hour,
 Crept to the bed of the humble flower ;
 Next morn it lay upon its bed
 All pale and cold—the flower was dead !
 Palila, too, the young and fair,
 Seemed drooping 'neath the wintry air,
 As if the frost which nipped the flower,
 Had, in the self-same evil hour,
 Nipped every bud of youthful hope.
 That in her heart began to ope.
 Her lovely cheek grew thin and pale,
 Like a tree in summer which the gale
 Has thrown to earth ; her step grew slow,
 Like the mournful tread of the timid doe
 That's lost her mate ; and eyes once bright
 Lost all the splendor of their light.

Old Gray Hawk saw his lovely flower
 Repining—withering, every hour,
 And blamed his selfishness and pride,
 That he had kept her by his side,
 While she was pining for the love
 Of some twin heart, like mateless dove,
 Or flow'r shut out from the evening dew
 By the branches of the spreading yew.

Young White Wolf—chieftain of a band—
 Whose home was in the lovely land
 Of the long-leaved pine, had often sought
 Palila's hand. His sire had fought
 By Gray Hawk's side in days gone by,
 And the son had proved a true ally.
 So Gray Hawk sent old Spotted Deer,
 His faithful messenger, to bear
 To White Wolf in his distant home,
 The pleasing news, that he might come,
 When spring's soft breeze had oped the flow'rs
 In nature's lovely, verdant bow'rs,
 And take his bride, the chieftain's child,
 Unto his home in the forest wild.

IV.

The red-faced Sun in flaming ire
 Came from the south. His darts of fire
 Shivered Old Winter's icy shield,
 And drove him howling from the field.
 The bright-eyed, amorous Spring again
 Resumed her soft voluptuous reign.

The laughing trees put on anew
 Their waving robes of verdant hue ;
 Again the violet's drooping head
 Reclined upon the mossy bed ;
 And the brier rose and fragrant pink
 Hung o'er the gurgling streamlet's brink.

But the crimson rose bloomed never more,
 As in the happy days of yore,
 On young Palila's cheek. The sun
 Warmed ev'ry flower to life ; that one
 Was far beyond his healing art.
 The winter of a broken heart
 Had froz'n the fount whose crimson stream
 Its life sustained ; and not a gleam
 Of hope peered through the cheerless gloom,
 The darkness of her soul t' illumine.

The nuptial eve arrived : the young,
 Athletic braves their bows had strung,
 And gone into the woods in quest
 Of ven'son for the nuptial feast.
 The morrow was to be a day
 Of joyous feasts and pleasures gay,
 Throughout old Gray Hawk's wide domains.
 From noon to eve came joyous trains
 Of girls, with flowers to strew before
 The aged chieftain's wigwam door.
 But when they saw the pale, sad face
 Of the youthful bride, their joy gave place
 To tears ; for each one called to mind
 Some act—some little token kind—
 Which made them love their chieftain's child
 With all the warmth of natures wild.

When evening came Palila sought,
 For the last time, the dear-loved spot
 Beneath the bluff. While sitting there,
 Gazing into the water clear,
 The witch of the hills, old Oradore,
 Came from the wood and stood before
 The affrighted girl. Her shrivelled face
 Was smeared with paint, yet one might trace
 Those lines of hellish passion there
 Which mark the witch. Among her hair,
 Whose long, grey tresses swept ahe ground,
 The skin of a rattlesnake was wound,
 With e'en its rattles and its head,
 From which one shrinks with shivering dread.
 Palila, trembling, rose to flee.
 "Ha !" screamed the witch, "you shrink from me !
 The daughter of the chief is proud ;
 The poor old witch whose form is bowed
 With age and grief, she treats with scorn.
 Away ! may that proud heart be torn

With grief; may devils haunt your path,
And feast upon your soul in death!"

"Nay, do not curse the chieftain's child,"
Palila said in accents mild.

"The poor old squaw she did not mean
To treat with scorn or proud disdain.
With grief her heart's already sore:—
O, do not curse me, Oradore."

"The maiden speaks with a serpent's tongue,"
Exclaimed the witch; "what has the young
Palila's heart to do with grief?
You are the daughter of a chief—
A mighty chief whose faithful band
Would yield their lives at his command.
What 'tis to want you ne'er have known;
You've but to will and it is done.
And I have learned that you're to wed"—
"Alas! 'tis this," Palila said,
"That now with sorrow wrings my heart.
For Oh! the soul no keener dart
E'er felt, than being forced to wed
One not beloved. The nuptial bed
With sharpest thorns is interwove,
Unless 'tis spread by the hands of love."
"You love another!" the witch exclaimed;
"The chieftain's daughter is ashamed
To let her proud old father know,
His darling child has stooped so low,
As to bestow her hand on one
Of humble blood." And the withered crone
Looked with a taunting, bitter sneer
In the maiden's face, still pale with fear.
"The witch of the hills has spoken a lie,"
Exclaimed the maid, with flashing eye;
"He whom I love is a chieftain's son;
Nor would I be ashamed to own
My love for one of humble blood—
I know no ranks but the bad and good.
But the youth I love is a hated foe
Of Gray Hawk's tribe—a Chickasaw."
"A Chickasaw!" the beldam screamed,
And in her snaky eyes there gleamed
A light of joyous triumph; while
Upon her haggard face a smile
Of more than hellish pleasure played,
Which e'en her toothless gums displayed.
Palila turned, and would have fled.
"Stay, maiden, stay," the beldam said;
And the demon smile upon her face
Was changed to one of winning grace.
"Poor, tender child! your fate, indeed,
May well cause your heart to bleed:—
Doomed by your cruel sire to wed
One not beloved; constrained by dead

Of a father's anger to conceal
The love your heart would fain reveal.
But, maiden, would you not once more
Behold the one that you adore?"

And the witch looked in Palila's eyes,
As if beneath the bright disguise
She'd read her very soul. "I would,"
The maiden whispered as she stood,
With palpitating heart, before
The searching gaze of Oradore.
"Then take this vase," the witch replied;
And from the pouch hung by her side,
She took a vessel made of stone.
"The secret's known to me alone,
How to prepare this liquid rare
From the waters of yon fountain clear.
Take this; and when the midnight hour
With gloomy frowns begins to lower,
Steal from the wigwam of your sire;
Go to yon spring and build a fire
Close by; and then securely tie
Your moc'sin to a twig you'll spy
Beside the spring. Six circuits round
The little fire, without a sound,
You then must make. Then in the blaze
Pour out the liquid from the vase,
And you will soon behold once more
The form of him whom you adore."
Thus having spoke, the wicked crone
Walked on, and left the maid alone.

When hidden from Palila's sight,
The hellish smile of dark delight,
Played like a writhing serpent on
Her lips again; and fury shone
In her fierce eyes, like the fires of hell
When the Devil tolls a witch's knell.
"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "the little hare
Has come into the hunter's snare.
Ha! ha! I'll be revenged at last.
Though many, many years have past,
Since Gray Hawk scorned Tuscora's love
To wed her sister, Turtle Dove,
Yet in her heart, with tender care,
She's nursed the thorn he planted there.
He's thought me dead e'er since the day,
When from the feast I stole away—
His nuptial feast—but Oh! to me
A funeral feast 'twas doomed to be.
He little dreams old Oradore,
The hag who begs from door to door,
Is the once proud Tuscora. No!
He thinks I'm dead—ho, ho! ho, ho!—
She's very fair—that well may be;

They say she's good—what's that to me!
 She has her mother's hated face—
 The same soft smile of winning grace—
 The same dark eye and glossy hair—
 Yes, so like *her* that I could tear
 Her very heart from out her breast,
 And of it make a bloody feast.
 Revenge, though long delayed, is sweet;
 At midnight, Gray Hawk, we shall meet!"

V.

The midnight hour drew near: the moon
 Smiled sadly, wanly from her noon,
 And shed a flood of silvery light
 O'er lowly dell and mountain height.
 O'erhead the moaning evening breeze
 Swayed to and fro the tall, dark trees,
 Whose flickering shades would now grow deep,
 Now dim, as the pale-faced moon would peep
 Out from behind the fleecy cloud,
 Or in its folds her form enshroud.

Palila rose from her little bed,
 And stole with soft and timid tread
 From the wigwam door. Her lovely face
 Was very pale; and one might trace
 On it those marks of deepest gloom,
 Which oft foreshade our coming doom.
 She plunged into the forest's shade,
 Where the raccoon and the wild-cat played,
 And the swamp wolf's eyes with hideous glare,
 Gazed on her from the hidden lair;
 Into the deep and tangled brake,
 Where the ven'mous, sharp-toothed rattlesnake
 Hissed at her fast retreating form,
 As he rattled loud his dread alarm.

She climbed the steep and rugged hill,
 Upon whose crest the whippoorwill
 Was uttering her mournful cry,
 A token sure that death was nigh.
 On—on, into the gloomy dell,
 Where the owl was hooting in his cell;
 On, with a footstep like the deer,
 On, though her heart beat fast with fear;
 On, though her limbs could scarce uphold
 Her trembling form, and drops of cold
 And clammy sweat were gathering now,
 Like dew-drops, on her lovely brow.
 At length, she reached the fountain clear,
 And with some brushwood, kindled near
 Its brink a blazing fire. She found
 The twig, and bending down, she bound
 Her moccasin secure and fast

Upon its stem; and having cast
 Around a look of anxious fear—
 Like some poor, timid, frightened deer,
 When menaced with the hunter's ire—
 Her circuit round the crackling fire
 She then began. Six times she made
 The circuit round, with noiseless tread.
 Then with a trembling hand she threw
 The liquid from the vase into
 The ruddy flame. Straitway, a cloud
 Of smoke—black as the sable shroud
 Of night, when the fierce tempest's ire
 Bursts on the earth—came from the fire
 In spiral wreaths, and wound
 Itself, like some huge serpent, round
 Palila's form. A moment more,
 And the gentle wings of the zephyr bore
 It far away; and the maiden saw
 Her long-loved, long-lost Toppasha
 Standing beside the spring. But O!
 His look was cold as the winter snow;
 His melting glance of love was gone;
 The chill of death, it seemed, was on
 His lofty brow; and his eagle eye
 Was vacant—dim. With joyful cry,
 That through the silent forest rang,
 Palila tow'rd the spectre sprang.
 But with a frown upon its face,
 It slowly shrank from her embrace.
 And like the magic village seen
 By travellers on the prairie green,
 'Twould always flit away, whene'er
 Palila's trembling steps drew near.
 "O, Toppasha," the maiden cried,
 "Why shrink'st thou from Palila's side?
 E'er since the sweet, yet mournful hour,
 When first we met in yonder bower,
 My very life, by love's decree,
 Has been one long, long thought of thee.
 O, come, and let me once more rest
 This fevered brow upon your breast.
 O, come, and round me twine your arm,
 And let me feel your kisses warm
 Upon my lips. Then I could die
 In peace, and cast no ling'ring sigh
 On aught behind." But the spectre stood
 With folded arms, in gloomy mood,
 Cold and unmoved. And the maiden bowed
 Her lovely form, and wept aloud.

Meanwhile, the witch, old Oradore,
 Had wound her way to Gray Hawk's door,
 And roused him with her piercing screams.
 "Who wakes me from my midnight dreams?"

The chief, in tones of thunder cried,
 "No matter, now," the witch replied;
 "Let the chieftain string his good, strong bow,
 And to the medicine fountain go.
 Haste—quick—the chieftain's daughter fair
 Has met her Chickasaw lover there."
 Old Gray Hawk rose in frenzy wild,
 Strode to the bedside of his child,
 And found that she indeed was gone.
 Then his dark eye, like lightning shone;
 His brow grew dark as the tempest cloud;
 And like the thunder, his voice loud.
 "My bow!" he cried, "my trusty bow,
 I'll teach the coward Chickasaw,
 What 'tis to creep with catlike tread,
 And steal my daughter from her bed."
 He grasped his bow, where it had hung
 O'erhead for many a year, unstrung,
 And fixed the string. Then having tied
 His well-stored quiver by his side,
 He bounded from the door, and sped
 Into the forest, with a tread
 As light as 'twas in days of yore,
 When with unsparing hand he tore
 The reeking scalp from the foeman's head,
 As from the battle field he fled.
 At last he reached the spring, and saw
 Palila and the Chickasaw,
 Not closely locked love's in embrace,
 But gazing in each other's face,
 With mournful look of deep despair.
 Like a wild-cat wounded in the lair,
 The aged chief with fury raged.
 Quick from his quiver he disengaged
 A barbed arrow straight and true,
 And fixed it to the bow. He drew
 The string, and glanced along the dart—
 'Twas pointed toward the stranger's heart—
 The bowstring twanged—the arrow sped—
 Quick from his sight the phantom fled—
 And Oh! the sharp and murderous dart
 Was buried in Palila's heart!
 With piercing scream, upon the ground
 The maiden fell; while from the wound
 The warm, red current bubbled forth,
 Like a spring of water from the earth.
 Old Gray Hawk raised her lifeless form
 Upon his almost nerveless arm;
 Drew the keen arrow from her side,
 And strove to staunch the crimson tide.
 Alas! he found that 'twas too late.
 Her wounded heart had ceased to beat,
 And her young spirit winged its flight,
 Beyond the ken of mortal sight,

To join the bright and happy band
 Who range the woods of the spirit land.
 "My child! my child!" the chieftain cried,
 "Would that 'twas I—not thou—that died?"
 And in the agony of despair,
 He wildly tore his long, grey hair;
 And wept, until the woods around,
 Were vocal with the mournful sound.
 Straitway, a peal of laughter clear,
 Rang out upon the midnight air;
 And Oradore came from the wood,
 And with a mocking countenance stood
 Before the chief. "Gray Hawk," she screamed,
 And from her furious eyeballs gleamed
 The hellish fires of demon hate:
 "Gray Hawk, revenge is sweet, though late.
 Rememb'rest thou Tuscora? How,
 In this same wood, she once did bow
 All humbly at thy very feet,
 And there, with streaming eyes entreat
 Thy love? And thou, with scornful eye,
 Did'st turn away, without a sigh
 Of pity e'en! The pois'nous dart
 Rankled in young Tuscora's heart,
 Like the arrow in the buffalo's side.
 The Turtle Dove became thy bride.
 That day the fair Tuscora fled
 Into the wood. All thought her dead.
 She did not die. She lived to hate
 Thee and thy race. She lived to wait
 The coming of the happy hour,
 When she could have thee in her power;
 To crush thy heart, and rack thy brain.
 And feast her soul upon thy pain.
 Know then, that she has leagued with hell,
 And learned to weave the witch's spell;
 That the young stranger, at whose heart,
 Thy rashness aimed the fatal dart,
 Was but a phantom, which her power
 Had conjured up this very hour,
 That thou might'st shed, in frenzy wild,
 The heart-blood of thy darling child.
 Say, has she not fulfilled her vow?
 Tuscora stands before thee now!"
 This said, into the woods she sprang,
 With a laugh that through the forest rang.
 And from that day was nevermore
 Beheld the face of Oradore.

Next day the White Wolf found his bride,
 Lying all pale and cold beside
 The medicine spring. Beside her lay
 Her aged sire; his long locks grey
 Stained with the maiden's blood—his arm

Clasped round her stiff and lifeless form.
 Gray Hawk was dead! A keener dart
 Than that which pierced Palila's heart,
 Had found its way to his. Remorse
 Had crushed him with its iron force.

They dug a grave in a little wood
 Close where the chieftain's wigwam stood,
 And by the moonlight, buried there
 The chieftain and his daughter fair—
 The maiden, with her jewels rare
 Braided among her raven hair;
 The chieftain, with his sturdy bow
 And tomahawk, which many a foe
 Had caused to bleed, when he, the dread
 Of every foe, the column led.
 A little mound above the grave
 Was raised, and many a brave
 Stood round, and dropped the scalding tear
 Upon his loved chieftain's bier.
 From all old Gray Hawk's wide domains,
 The Choctaws came in mournful trains,
 To join the solemn funeral rites;
 And for a score of days and nights,
 The neighb'ring hills, and plains and vales,
 Resounded with their piteous wails.

VI.

The moccasin still hung beside
 The medicine spring, where it was tied

Fast to the twig. When the Winter King
 Usurped the throne of gentle Spring,
 And nature's face was wan with grief,
 It fell and mouldered with the leaf
 Upon the ground. But when again
 Spring spread her mantle o'er the plain,
 And the tender plants put forth anew
 Their flow'rs, a bud of yellow hue
 Upon the little twig was seen,
 Nestling among the foliage green.
 At length it oped its bosom fair
 Unto the wooing, morning air.
 A tiny moccasin it now
 Appeared, hung to the tender bough,
 Such as the one Palila hung
 Upon the twig. From it has sprung
 The curious, little, yellow flower
 We often find in nature's bower
 In spring. 'Tis called by the wise pale-face,
 In the polished language of his race,
 The LADY'S SLIPPER. By red-men
 'Tis called Palila's Moccasin.

Of, in the forest's pleasant shade,
 The Choctaw and his dark-eyed maid
 Search for this flow'r, which having found
 They sit down on some mossy mound,
 And there the lover will relate
 The sad tale of Palila's fate.



The Old School House.

I see it now—that rude old hut—
The wooden chimney, low and wide,
The stage of clay before the door,
And the bush arbor by its side:
The old gray oak, beneath whose shade
I oft have played at noon-day hours;
The little rill that murmured by,
With banks o'erspread with moss and flowers.

It seems it was but yesterday,
That I, with slate and book in hand,
Trudged slowly up the oft-trod path,
To join the school-boys' merry band.
In fancy oft I sit me down
Within those smoky walls again;
See dear old schoolmates seated round,
And listen to their noisy din.

Off on yon grassy plat I've sat,
And viewed the sports of stouter boys;
And wept, to feel that I was formed
Too weak to share their active joys:
Or watched the school-girl's fairy form
Glide lightly through the merry play,
Till the teacher's loud stentorian voice
Warned us from sport to haste away.

Years—many years—have passed away—
Years fraught with evil and with good—
And tangled briars now overspread
The spot where the old school-house stood.
The oak has shared the cabin's fate—
The ruthless axe has laid it low;
And a new school-house now stands upon
The spot where once in pride it grew.

The rocky Spring where oft at noon
We quaffed the water clear and cool,
Is filled with leaves and blackened earth,
And naught remains but a stagnant pool.
And where, O where, are those dear friends
I loved to meet in by-gone days?
Where are those girlish forms that woke
The youthful poet's earliest lays?

Some have removed to other lands;
Some in the silent grave are lain;
And friendship's chain no longer binds
The hearts of those who still remain.
We meet no more with cordial smiles,
As in the happy days of yore;
But oft I think of schoolboy days,
And sigh that they return no more.

The Cuban Maid to the American Volunteer.

O, come, soldier, come o'er the broad rolling wave
To the island where dwell the lovely and brave;
O, come where the flowers bloom throughout the year,
And the voice of the nightingale ever is near.

O, hard is the yoke, and galling the chain,
Imposed on our land by the tyrants of Spain;
The blood of our brothers has crimsoned the earth
For daring to love the sweet land of their birth.

But the power of the tyrants is passing away,
Like the mist on the hills at the dawning of day;
For brave men are arming on mountain and plain,
And the battle of freedom was never in vain.

Then come, soldier, come, and aid us to wrest
From the grasp of the Spaniard the Gem of the West;
Come aid us to rear, in our bright, sunny clime
An empire to last throughout all future time.

Then, in some lonely dell where the orange trees grow,
Where nightingale's warble, and soft zephyrs blow,
With no monarch to serve but our Father above,
We'll glide through a life of happiness and love.

1851.

O Come Dear Girl!

O come dearest girl, O come with me now,
And I'll weave a wreath for your snowy brow;
Come, and let the breeze fan your raven hair,
And blow on your cheeks so soft and so fair.

Come let us sit on the banks of this stream,
And of love and joy we will sweetly dream.
We will dream of times forever gone by—
Of some with a smile, others with a sigh.

I'll cull thee flowers, the fairest in the grove,
I'll get thee a rosebud, to tell thee of love,
Then come, dearest girl, and wander with me,
And I'll be a kind companion to thee.

1847.

Farewell to Erin.

Farewell—a long and last farewell—
To Erin's lovely shore;
The friends and scenes to me so dear,
Shall meet these eyes no more.

I once did live in yonder vale,
Beside yon murmur'ing stream;
My little field with plenty smiled—
How happy was the dream!

My gray-haired father blest his son,
My mother on me smiled;
O, happy, happy, was my lot,
Ere want the scene dispelled.

My cottage now in ruin lies,
My little field in waste;
My father sleeps beneath the turf,
My mother is at rest.

The blight destroyed the poor man's food,
The fields all barren lie;
The landlord drove the pig away,
And left the serf to die.

The Saxon turned a cold, deaf ear
To Erin's starving cry;
He drained the land of all her wealth,
And left her sons to die.

But there's a land beyond the sea—
'Tis freedom's happy home;
Her fields all smile with golden grain,
And bid the exile come.

The Tree Where We First Met.

My memory fondly clings to thee—
To thee and to the past;
Thou wilt fore'er be dear to me,
Where'er my lot is cast.

Methinks I see thy dark form now,
Wide towering o'er the plain;
Methinks I hear my lover's vow
Repeated o'er again.

Beneath thy shade I once did rove,
My lone hours to beguile;
Beneath thy shade I learned to love,
To sigh, to weep, to smile.

I oft have sat thy shade beneath,
Beside my heart's first love;
While round my brow he twined the wreath
He gathered in the grove.

My lover false has gone away,—
Forever gone from me,—
But till my last, my dying day
Will I remember thee.

1848.

The Irish Felon.

He's far from his home and the scenes of his youth—
The gallant defender of freedom and truth:
He dwells on the crest of the broad rolling wave—
The dark FELON ship is the home of the brave.

The fair fields of Erin—his own native shore—
Shall gladden the eye of the FELON no more;
All lonely he dwells on the prison ship drear,
With not a kind friend his condition to cheer.

With loud cries of anguish his wife walks the shore,
Bewailing the husband she'll embrace no more.
O pale is her cheek, O tearful is her eye,
And deep are the woes that in her bosom lie.

O, dark was the CRIME that they laid at his door:
When Erin lay bleeding at every pore,
He dared to condemn the base tyrants that crushed
Her chivalric children so low in the dust.

Aye, he, a VILE SUBJECT, did e'en dare to raise
His *pteban* voice in sweet liberty's praise;
Did speak of *resisting* the dark iron hand
That bound in oppression his own native land!

Yes, *this* is the *crime* of the gallant and brave:
For *this* he must lead the base life of a slave—
Deprived of the dearest enjoyments of life—
His freedom, his friends, his dear country and wife!

Ye sons of Hibernia, whose glorious name
Has long filled the loftiest niche of fame,
By Emmet's fond mem'ry, O, swear you'll be *free*,
And tear from proud England the gem of the sea!

O, rally around the green flag of the brave;
In every breeze let that proud banner wave;
And never return your bright swords to their sheath,
Until you have won INDEPENDENCE or DEATH.

The Murderer's Doom.

The burnished sun's last gilded ray—
Bright token of the close of day—
Cast a bright flood of mellow light
On lowly dell and mountain height.
The grey twilight crept slowly on;
The twinkling stars peered forth; anon
The pale moon with her silv'ry sheen,
Cast her soft rays upon the scene.

II.

Along a deep and tangled wood,
Fit only for the dark abode
Of fierce and savage beasts of prey,
A lonely horseman wound his way.
His brow was dark as the face of night,
When not a star appears in sight;
Dark hate and fear both lingered there—
A mark upon the murderer!
"Ho! ho!" he laughed, "I'm safe at last;
My fears are o'er, the danger's past."
"Safe?" echoed back the swamp wolf's howl;
"Safe?" hooted loud the midnight owl;
"Safe?" croaked the bull-frog in the lake;
"Safe?" hissed the deadly rattlesnake.
A voice whispered in his ear,
"Thou art yet unsafe, even here.
The God that fixed the black'ning stain
Upon the brow of guilty Cain,
Saw thee thy fellow-creature slay:
Vengeance is His, He will repay."
The horseman rode to an oak that stood
Like a grim sentry in the wood;
Then tying fast his jaded beast,
He sank upon the ground to rest.

III.

Night wore slowly on; in the west
Appeared a thunder-cloud's dark crest;
It slowly mounted up on high,
Till its dark veil o'erspread the sky,
Shut out the twinkling stars from sight,
And e'en obscured the Queen of night.
The winds awoke from their calm sleep,
Like waves upon the troubled deep;
They howled among the tall, dark trees,
Like "warlocks sporting on the braes."
The lightning leaped from pole to pole;
Then came the deaf'ning thunder's roll;
The forest trembled as with fear—
Heaven's fierce artillery was there.

IV.

Still 'neath the tree the murderer slept:
Dark visions 'fore his fancy crept,
That froze the life blood in his heart,
And made him writhe with Conscience' dart.
Dark demons flitted swiftly past
His damp and lowly place of rest;
They laughed until the woods around
Echoed the loud, unearthly sound.
Amid the blackness of the storm
He saw his victim's bloody form:
It pointed to the ghastly wound,
Then slowly sank upon the ground.
Amid the darkness of the night
A gleam of lightning quivered bright;
Sped the bolt to the dark old oak—
A thund'ring crash the silence broke—
Beneath the tree the murderer lay,
A blackened mass of crisped clay.

1848.

To Miss Mary P——r.

Like the meteor which swiftly shoots
Across the gloomy fields of night,
Your lovely form before me shone,
Then vanished from my raptured sight.

But still that lovely form remains
Imprinted deeply on my mind;
As, when the meteor is lost,
It leaves a train of light behind.

In fancy yet I fondly gaze
Into your soft and dreamy eyes;
Still view that calm and beauteous face,
Bright as a beam from Paradise.

At eve I hear your gentle voice
In every passing zephyr's tone;
And new-born rapture swells the heart
Your charms, sweet girl, have made your own.

Years may elapse, and other arms
May clasp you in love's warm embrace;
But time and space can ne'er blot out
The mem'ry of your lovely face.

To Mary Jean.

In days of auld (I have been tauld,
And sae the history teaches,)
Our guid auld sires built rousing fires,
To raust alive the witches.

It 'twere sae now, fair lass, I trow
Ye'd fa' an early victin;
For there's a score of lads, or more,
Wad swear that ye've bewitched 'em.

I dinna mean that ye hae been
A leaguin' wi' the Devil;
Or that, astride the broom, ye ride
To witches' midnight revel.

But this I say—as weel I may—
Ye've leagued wi' wicked Cupid;
And got his darts, to pierce the hearts
Of us puir mortals stupid.

Ye didna know I saw his bow
Beneath your silken lashes,
When you so sly the darts let fly
At me, like lightning flashes.

We poets ken what other men
Hae not the gift o' spyin';
The spirit-land, wi' all its band,
Is open to our pryin'.

But still we rush into the mesh
Wi' which ye seek to bind us;
And the magic light o' second sight
But serves the mair to blind us.

A Shout for Pierce and King.

AIR—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

A shout for Pierce and King
Is borne on every gale;
'Tis heard upon the mountain top,
And echoed in the vale.
From the forest wilds of Maine
To California's shore,
One long loud shout of joy is heard—
"The *Gulphin* reign is o'er.

A shout for Pierce and King
In the Granite State is heard;
And gallant old Connecticut
Has caught the magic word.
The sons of York have girded on
Their armor for the fight;
And Seward, with his "wooly heads,"
Is trembling with affright.

A shout for Pierce and King!
The brave old Keystone State
Has thrown her banner to the breeze,
And sealed the Nation's fate.
The "Jersey Blues" are opening
A fire in Winfield's rear,
While cheers ascend from Maryland,
And little Delaware.

A shout for Pierce and King!
Virginia's in the field,
With the principles of '98
Inscribed upon her shield.
Old Rip Van Winkle has awoke
To see the glorious light,
While South Carolina—bless her name—
Sands ready for the fight.

A shout for Pierce and King!
In every Southern heart
Those names are shrined; and nobly will
The South perform her part.
For when fanaticism first
Revealed its snaky form,
Pierce stood beside our own Calhoun,
And braved its howling storm.

A shout for Pierce and King!
Like a lion from his lair,
The giant West has risen up,
And shook his locks in air.
From North to South, from East to West,
The work goes bravely on;
And onward still the ball will roll
Until the victory's won.

A shout for Pierce and King!
Let the loud echo sound
From shore to shore, until it spreads
The spacious earth around;
Till Europe's millions catch the cry,
And burst the tyrant's chain;
And "freedom's martyrs" find at last
Their work was not in vain.

Lines to Miss L. V. S. of Memphis.

Sweet girl, amid the desert waste
 Of vapid thoughts and jarring rhymes,
 Called POETRY in modern times,
 I've found an oasis at last.
 I've read the warblings of your muse ;
 They glow with that poetic fire
 Which genius can alone inspire.
 Your verse is soft as "twilight dew;"
 Your thoughts are clear—not overwrought ;
 That mist of words you scorn with pride
 Which scribbling fools employ to hide
 The stupid vacuum of thought.
 Press on to your high destiny ;
 On eagle pinions soar above
 The buzzing insect tribes who rove
 Amid the flowers of poesy.
 Let themes sublime your mind engage ;
 And with the pen of genius write
 Your name in lines of living light
 On glory's bright, enduring page.

Day.

O mortal man ! look up on high ;
 Behold the bright, the calm, blue sky :
 Behold the sun, in splendor bright,
 Disperse the gloomy shades of night.
 Look at the trees, in bright, full bloom,
 Shedding around their sweet perfume ;
 The earth arrayed in gaudy dress ;
 The brook that murmurs happiness.
 All these, so beautiful and grand,
 Were made by God's Almighty hand.

NIGHT.

The moon upon her nightly march,
 The stars adorning night's blue arch,
 Their great Creator's power display,
 And tell of worlds far, far away.
 Look at that bright and golden cloud
 That seems the heavens to enshroud ;
 Yon sil'ry lake, so clear and bright,
 Reflecting pale, fair Cynthia's light.
 Look thou, O man ! and tell me now,
 Does not thy heart before God bow ?
 Yes, yes, all things His power display,
 And praise His name by night and day.

1848.

Lines written in Miss L. W. H.'s Album.

"Write but a word—a word or two,
 And make me love to think of you."
 Think not of me amid the throng
 Where pleasure beams in every eye ;
 When music thrills each swelling heart,
 And th' hours on rosy pinions fly.
 But think of me, when twilight throws
 Her sombre veil o'er hill and dell ;
 When the sun has sunk in th' golden West,
 And speaks to us a sweet farewell.

Think not of me, when prosperous gales
 Transport thy bark o'er life's smooth sea ;
 When rippling waves reflect the beams
 Of th' morning sun—think not of me.
 But think of me, when frowning clouds
 O'erspread the bright cerulean sky—
 When lightnings flash, and thunders crash
 Beneath the storm that's hovering nigh.

Think not of me, when youthful lips
 In trembling tones fond love reveal ;
 And th' timid blush confesses what
 The maiden heart would fain conceal.
 But in some lonely, pensive hour,
 When life has lost its charms for thee,
 Turn to these lines my hand has traced,
 And think, sweet girl, O think of me.

Autumn Flowers.

Accept, my friend, this sweet bouquet
 Of autumn's fairest flowers,
 Which I have culled and wove for thee
 In Nature's fading bowers.

Far dearer are these flowers to me
 Than Summer's fragrant rose,
 Which 'neath the rays of a genial sun
 In gorgeous splendor grows ;

But when the chilling winds creep on,
 Forsakes the flowery glade,
 Like those false friends who leave us when
 Misfortune needs their aid.

But these are like the friend whose love
 Misfortune cannot sever—
 A friend in sunshine and in storm,
 A faithful friend forever.

Isola.

My brain is throbbing wild, Isola,
 My aching heart will break;
 And yet, I may not dare to breathe the words I long
 to speak;
 For, O, I know too well, 'twould give your gentle
 bosom pain,
 To know that you are loved by one you *cannot* love
 again.

I've striven often, sweet Isola,
 To tear you from my breast,
 And drive each burning thought of you to a Lethean
 rest:
 But when your large blue eyes are gazing calmly
 into mine,
 My soul rebels, and bows again before the dear-
 loved shrine.

For, O, that look recalls, Isola,
 Dear mem'ries of the past—
 Of hours I spent with you in childhood—hours too
 sweet to last;
 When through the dark, green woods we roamed—
 a happy little pair—
 And culled wild pinks to braid among your glossy
 raven hair.

But sorrow since has cast, Isola,
 O'er both our hearts a gloom,
 And many of our dearest hopes lie mouldering in the
 tomb;
 And oft, like spring-time violets wet with morning's
 limpid dew,
 Have been suffused with bitter tears your eyes so
 softly blue.

I do not ask your love, Isola,
 That once dear hope has flown,
 And I must tread life's path unloved—uneared for—
 and alone:
 Still you shall ever be the star, with soft and silvery
 light,
 To cheer me on my dreary way, through clouds and
 gloomy night.

Sweet thoughts of you shall paint, Isola,
 With hues of love my themes;
 And you shall be the spirit of the poet's daring
 dreams.
 Then, though the world may frown, the whisper of
 Isola's name
 Shall nerve me boldly to ascend the rugged steep of
 fame.

Nay, Do Not Pout.

Nay, do not pout your rosy lips,
 Nor frown upon the love
 Whose subtle web your countless charms
 Around my heart have wove.

It surely is no *crime* to love;
 And though my love were vain,
 I would not for a thousand worlds,
 Throw off its silken chain.

For, O, 'tis sweet to think of you,
 And feel my bosom thrill
 With wild delight, which Reason's voice
 Has not the power to still!

To fondly treasure every glance
 Of your dark liquid eye;
 And hang upon your every word
 With burning ecstacy.

Reject the tribute of my heart—
 Hate—scorn—me, if you will,
 Despite the frowns of cruel fate,
 I *will* adore you still.

Look Up.

When first your trembling feet essay
 The journey thro' life's mazy way,
 And a dark unknown, the future lies
 Before your sad, desponding eyes—
 Look up!

When pleasure strews your path with flowers,
 And gently glide the rose-winged hours;
 When calm content brings sweet repose,
 Remember whence each blessing flows—
 Look up!

When gloomy clouds around you lower
 In dark misfortune's fearful hour;
 When plunged in sorrow's Stygian deep,
 Your grief-strained eyes refuse to weep—
 Look up!

When Death's cold hand is on you laid;
 When earthly light begins to fade,
 And th' timid soul shrinks from the gloom
 Which hangs around the silent tomb—
 Look up!

Our Youth is Fast Fleeting.

Inscribed to my friend and former playmate, W. L. GREEN.

The spring-time of youth is fast fleeting away,
With all its rich freightage of pleasures so gay;
The clear-ringing laughter of childhood no more
Is heard by the rivulet's pebble-bound shore;
The gambols and sports of the gay, romping boy
No longer can fill the young bosom with joy:
The duties of *manhood*—its troubles and cares—
Must claim the whole time of our ripening years.

The spring-time of youth is fast fleeting away—
Its rose-pinioned moments no longer will stay;
The day-dreams are o'er which our young spirits fired,
And *acts* must achieve what our fancies aspired.
The high hopes which budded in childhood's sweet
hours,
By fond, gentle nursing have bloomed into flowers;
O, say, shall they wither and fall to the earth,
Or end in fruition as rich as their birth?

The spring-time of youth is fast fleeting away.
Old age will soon sprinkle our locks o'er with gray,
And youthful ambition will wither and die,
Like the leaves of the forest when winter is nigh.
Then, like the bold woodsman who blazes the road
Which leads through the wood to his rural abode,
Mark we ev'ry step in the pathway of time,
With th' noblest of virtues, and actions sublime.

To Mell.

Sweet maiden with the dreamy eyes,
Whose hues were stolen from April skies,
Your gentle, artless charms have wove
Around my heart the snare of love.
O lovely Mell! O sweet enchanting Mell!
I've lov'd before, but never half so well.

I've watched your bosom tall and rise,
Like th' 'ocean when 'twould kiss the skies,'
And wondered to myself, if e'er
A thought of me was treasured there.
O lovely Mell! O dear, bewitching Mell!
I've loved before, but never half so well.

I've gazed upon your damask cheek,
Where blushes play at hide and seek;
And thought 'twould be a heaven of bliss,
To steal from it one burning kiss.
O lovely Mell! O gay, mischievous Mell!
I've loved before, but never half so well.

I've gazed upon your half op'd lips,
Moist with the nectar Cupid sips,
And wondered if they breathed a sigh
For such a rhyming fool as I.
O lovely Mell! O fairest, dearest Mell!
I've loved before, but never half so well.

Alas! you've wove a spider's snare:
You mock the fool that's entered there,
Until his heart is wild with pain,
But ne'er will let him out again.
O lovely Mell! O cruel, laughing Mell!
I've loved before, but ne'er one half so well.

No One Loves Me.

How like the North wind's chilling breath
That clothes the flow'rs in robes of death—
How like the keen and barbed dart
Which quivers in the eagle's heart,
This sad—this heart-corroding truth—
Presents itself to th' mind of youth—
"No one loves me!"

No gentle heart, with quick'ning beat,
Sends the warm blood in blushes sweet
Unto the soft and glowing cheek,
When careless lips have chanced to speak
My name, or ever busy memory
Recalls some pleasant thought of me:—
No one loves me.

No eyes grow bright when I am near,
Nor mark my absence with a tear:
No bosom heaves a fragrant sigh,
When hands have squeezed a fond good-bye;
No lips confess my name is dear,
In whispers, lest the walls should hear:—
No one loves me.

As roses lose their crimson hue,
When sheltered from the twilight dew;
As wilt the waving fields of grain
When clouds their precious stores restrain;
So pines the heart of him who bears
The thought—in silence, though in tears—
"No one loves me."

A Blush.

Inscribed to MISS SALLIE E. S.

A little heart beat fast and wild
 Within a maiden's breast,
 As, sitting by her lover's side,
 She was by him caressed.
 And, ever and anon, *his* lips,
 Too tremulous to speak,
 Would print a warm, impassioned kiss
 Upon the maiden's cheek.

At this, the naughty little heart
 Began to fret and grieve,
 That it should bear love's keenest pangs,
 And yet no kiss receive.
 And thus it bade the crimson tide,
 Which flowed so warm and free—
 "Speed thou unto the happy cheek,
 And bring a kiss to me."

Quick as the lightning's quiv'ring flash,
 The blood obedient flew
 Unto the cheek, and soon suffused
 It with a rosy hue.
 The lover gazed with raptured eye,
 And pressed the cheek again;—
 The heart received its longed-for kiss,
 And did no more complain.

Autumn.

Let nobler poets tune their lyres to sing
 The budding glories of the early spring;—
 Its gay sweet-scented flowers, and verdant trees
 That graceful bend before the western breeze:
 Be mine the task to chant in humble rhyme
 The lovely autumn of our own bright southern clime.

No more the sun, from out the zenith high,
 With fiery tongue licks brook and riv'let dry;
 But from beyond the equinoctial line—
 Where crystal waters lave the golden mine—
 Aslant on earth he pours his mellow beams,
 Soft as the memories which light old age's dreams.

The green and yellow leaves peep out between
 The forest's foliage so darkly green;
 The scarlet berries line the dog-wood tree,
 Where sport the birds, with songs of highest glee;
 While o'er the gurgling stream the clambering vines,
 Hang low with loads of jet black grapes and mus-
 cadines.

The black-eyed squirrel sings his merry song,
 As he, with tail erect, reclines among
 The rich-lade branches of the hick'ry tree;
 And on the lawn, the drowsy bumble-bee
 Sucks from the purple, white, and yellow flowers
 A honied store, to serve through Winter's dreary
 hours.

From tree to tree, the parti-colored jay,
 With clam'rous cry, flits through the livelong day;
 With prudent foresight, she is culling now
 The chinquepins from off the bending bough.
 A rich repast they'll be in time of dearth,
 When cold, north winds with snow have lined the
 frozen earth.

Long ere the dawn has streaked the eastern sky,
 The little boys arise from bed and hie
 To th' well-known chestnut tree, and from the ground
 Pick up the nuts the wind has scattered round;
 Just as the sluggish swine, with piercing squeal,
 Rush there to hunt in vain a sav'ry morning meal.

And when the sun sinks gently down to rest
 Behind the crimson drapery of the west,
 The happy slaves in th' distant cotton field
 Sing merrily, as they pick the snowy yield:
 The song is answered from the fields around,
 And hill and dale reverberate the dulcet sound.

And when night draws her curtains round the sky,
 And shivering screech-owls shriek their plaintive cry,
 We sit beside the crack'ling fire, and pore
 Some fav'rite author's glowing pages o'er—
 Laugh with the young at merry jibes and jeers—
 Or hear old age relate the tales of bygone years.

O lovely Autumn! thou art bound to me
 By a thousand ties of blissful memory.
 Nor Spring, nor Summer to my boyish heart
 Could half thy dear, delightful joys impart.
 I've peep to see thee change to Winter drear,
 And, childlike, wished that thou wouldst last through
 all the year.

Lines to ———

No, no, I'll not woo thee while pleasure is beaming
 In the clear, liquid depths of thy soft, azure eye;
 While the bright smile of bliss on thy sweet lip is
 gleaming,
 Like glimpses of sunshine in morn's rosy sky.
 No, no, I'll not woo thee, while round thee centre
 A host of proud forms, far more manly than mine,
 Each striving the gate of thy young heart to enter,
 And pour out his incense upon its sweet shrine.

With all the bright hopes that now cluster around
 thee,
 'Twere madness to ask aught but friendship for me;
 And to offer a heart that's so lowly might wound thee,
 'E'en though with deep love it is bleeding for thee.
 Like the heathen who kneels in devout adoration,
 As he views in the ether his bright idol star,
 So, fondly I gaze on thy cheek's rich carnation,
 And silently worship thy beauty afar.

But should the dark storm of misfortune o'ertake
 thee—
 The smile quit thy lip, and the light, thy blue eye;
 Should those who now flatter, all, basely forsake thee,
 Like insects, the lawn when cold winter is nigh;
 Then come to this bosom where still shall be pulsing,
 A heart that is fondly, unchangeably thine;
 And every sorrow, thy bosom convulsing,
 A deep pang should waken responsive in mine.

The Magic Violin.

The sweet harp of Æolus, when touched by the breeze,
 As it hung in the forest of green orange trees,
 Never yielded so soft, so melodious a strain
 As that which I draw from my old violin.
 'Tis more potent than brandy, to banish dull care
 From the stern breast of man, or the brow of the fair;
 For the sullen frown changes into a broad grin,
 When I strike the sweet notes of my old violin.

I passed through a village one bright, summer day,
 And stopped in the shade of an old oak to play:
 And such another hubbub was ne'er before seen,
 As that which took place on the smooth village green.
 The boy left his kite, and the merchant his wares;
 The black-smith his forge, and the tailor his shears;
 The matron her loom, and the toper his gin:
 And danced to the sound of my old violin.

I passed where a man was haranguing a crowd
 About banks and the tariff, in words long and loud;
 I struck a few notes—like magic they flew,
 The crowd went to dancing, and the orator too.
 There was hopping and skipping, and crossing of
 shanks;
 The tariff was forgotten, and so were the banks;
 They cared not a penny which party might win,
 As they tripped to the sound of my old violin.

O, the power of music, when it glows with the fire
 Which Heaven-born genius alone can inspire!
 It pierces the deepest recess of the soul,
 And holds the strong heart in its magic control.
 Old age's cold fetters encircle me now;
 His frost's on my locks, and his seam's on my brow;
 But still the warm current will bound through the
 vein,
 When I strike the sweet tones of my old violin.

NOTE.—A German minstrel once carried with him
 in his wanderings through his fatherland, a violin,
 the sound of which set all who heard it to dancing.
 I have here changed the scene of his wanderings to
 the United States.

Lines.

When shining cherubim with swords of flame,
 Our parents drove from Eden's bower,
 And spoke the curse of Heavenly ire
 Which scorched their guilty souls like fire—
 In that same dark and torturing hour,
 A smiling seraph from Jehovah came,
 And thus addressed poor Adam and his dame:

"It pleases Him who sits upon the Throne,
 In pity for your fallen state,
 That you may choose the dearest, best
 Of all things which you once possessed,
 Ere cherubim have shut the gate.
 Then speak and let the Heavenly will be done—
 Which will you keep when all the rest are gone?"

Then shades of thought came over Adam's brow,
 And oft he heaved the deep-drawn sigh:
 Each was so dear, he sought in vain
 What he'd resign and what retain.
 But Eve exclaimed with sparkling eye—
 "O give us love—O give it, seraph, now,
 And to our fate we will submissive bow."

Lolla Tona:*

Come, sit thee down upon my knee—
Give up awhile thy childish glee,

For I have wove a song for thee—
A simple, little childlike verse,
Which I would in thy ear rehearse,
Lolla Tona!

Thou'rt like a little rosebud bright,
Just opening to the morning light.
Oh! may no cold and chilling blight
Upon thee fall, to blast thy joy,
And all thy rising hopes destroy—
Lolla Tona!

May tender care thy mind imbue
With wisdom's sweet ambrosial dew;
May virtue give her glorious hue,
To color thy expanding mind,
And always in thy heart be shrined—
Lolla Tona!

And O, may He whose tender eye
Melts when the little ravens cry,
Fore'er unto thy heart be nigh,
To guide thee mid the storms and strife
Which lower o'er the path of life—
Lolla Tona!

1853.

* I have a little niece named LAURA NEWTONIA, aged about two years and a half. In her infant dialect she calls her name Lolla Tona.

The Child's Lament.

Little brother's in the cold, cold grave,
Over on yon tall and grassy mound,
Where the branches of the willow wave
To and fro above the hallow'd ground.
Gaily sing the spring-birds
In the boughs o'erhead;
Brightly blooms the moss-rose
O'er his narrow bed.
His little ear
No more can hear
The wild-bird's joyous strain;
His little eye
Can ne'er espy
The crimson rose again.

Little brother's in the grave! It seems
Scarce a week since we, with eager eyes,
Stood and watch'd the sun's last rosy beams
Fade to twilight in the western skies.
Visions of the future
Rose before us bright;
And we talked of manhood
With a sweet delight.
Our golden dreams,
E'en as the beams
We then did watch, have fled—
Each bud of hope
Which then did open,
Lies buried with the dead.

Little brother's in the cold, cold grave!
Lonely is the swing—the mossy seat—
And the streamlet, where we used to lave,
When oppressed by summer's heat.
Lonely is the garden
Where *our* flowers grew—
Ev'ry thing is lonely
That I shared with you.
What *shall* I do!
Away from you
Life loses all its charms;
A world I'd give
To see you live,
And clasp you in my arms.

Song.

O, smile on me again, love,
As in the days gone by,
Ere grief your brow had clouded,
Or tears had dimmed your eye.
Then hope and joy were ours, love,
And life appeared as bright
As summer's gorgeous rainbow,
Or morning's early light.
But now our sky is dark, love,
As midnight on the Nile;
And naught is left to cheer me
But your angelic smile.
That smile is like the star, love,
Which guides the wandering ship
Across the trackless waters
Of the dark and mighty deep.
Then smile on me again, love,
Though tears are in your eye,
And I will banish sorrow,
While that dear form is nigh.

The Wounded Dove.

The wounded dove sat in the wood
 With drooping head and fading eye;
 The sportsman's lead was in her breast,
 And she had sought that spot to die.
 All sad and lone, she pined away,
 No loved one's form was hovering nigh;
 And fainter grew her low, sweet voice,
 As thus she breathed her plaintive cry—

"Coo-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

No more, at rosy dawn's approach,
 She'll mount on pinions soft and fair,
 And with a light and joyous heart,
 Skim thro' the misty morning air.
 No more her soft and silvery notes,
 As she salutes the new-born year,
 Shall tell the fond, expectant maid,
 Where beats the heart that owns her dear—

"Coo-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

She thought of loved ones waiting then
 Her slow return in th' mossy nest—
 Whose little forms would know no more
 The tender warmth of a mother's breast.
 She thought of them—and oh! her heart
 Beat fast and wild with crushing pain:
 "Poor babes," she mused, "your mother dear
 Can ne'er return to you again"—

"Coo-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

"Coo-oo! coo-ooo!" what sound was that
 Which came from out the woody dell?
 Why grew her dying eyes so bright?
 Why did her bleeding bosom swell?
 Her mate had come! with trembling wings
 He hovered o'er the dying dove;
 While she, o'erjoyed that he was near,
 Sung low her last, sweet song of love—

"Coo-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

Her voice grew still—her wild, bright eye
 Was turned toward her dear-loved mate—
 Her head drooped on her purple breast—
 The poor dove's heart had ceased to beat.
 Sadly around her lifeless form
 Her mate, heart-broken, lingered long;
 And ere he sought the distant nest,
 He chanted thus her funeral song—

"Coo-oo, coo, coo, coo!"

The Three Sisters.

I saw three sisters bending
 Above a new-made grave
 Beside the sandy sea-shore,
 Where the dark-blue rolling wave
 Sent back a plaintive chorus,
 To the music of the breeze,
 As mournfully it whispered
 Among the leafless trees.

One was an aged matron
 With stern, though tearful eye,
 Whose features void of passion,
 And proud humility,
 Told that she was descended
 From the brave old pilgrim stock
 That landed from the Mayflower
 On Plymouth's famous rock.

The second was more lovely;
 And on her queen-like face
 Time's unrelenting finger
 Had left a lighter trace.
 Her eyes, dark, soft, and liquid,
 And sweet, voluptuous mouth,
 Showed that her form had ripened
 In the bright and genial South.

A wild flower was the youngest;
 And though the heavy yoke
 Of grief had crushed her spirit,
 Her azure eyes bespoke
 A heart as free and generous
 As the cool and limpid rills
 Which irrigate the valleys
 Between her western hills.

"Dear sisters," spoke the eldest,
 "Come let our tears bedew
 The grave of him who battled
 Through life for me and you.
 My son is lost forever—
 His voice forever stilled;
 And in his *Mother's* bosom
 His place can ne'er be filled."

Then spoke the youngest sister—
 She with the azure eye—
 "I feel your woes, my sister,
 With mournful sympathy.
 For th' flowers have not yet budded
 Upon the silent grave,
 Where rests my noble Henry,
 The generous and brave."

"I too," exclaimed the sister
 With th' dark and radiant eyes,
 "Can tell the pain of breaking
 The tender, holy ties
 Which bind us to our children;
 For Death has taken one,
 Dear as the light of Heaven—
 My pride—my darling son.

The eye is dimmed forever
 Which burned with angry fire
 On th' haughty, Northern foeman
 Who woke his deepest ire,
 By casting e'en a shadow
 On Carolina's fame;
 For O, he madly worshipped
 His mother's very name."

"Sweet sisters," said the youngest,
 "For many, many years,
 Our anger tow'rd each other
 Has caused me many tears.
 O, let us kneel all humbly,
 And with the lifeless great
 Entomb each bitter feeling
 Of jealousy and hate."

Then knelt the weeping sisters
 Upon the landscape bare;
 And soon to Heaven ascended
 A deep and fervent prayer.
 The spirits of their children
 Gazed from the azure skies,
 While tears of holy rapture
 Were sparkling in their eyes.

1853.

* Massachusetts, South Carolina and Kentucky.

The Haunted Church.

"'Twas many—many years ago,"
 In solemn tones the old man said,
 As from his polished hickory staff,
 He slowly raised his aged head.
 'Twas Christmas eve; the sharp North wind
 With fleecy snow-flakes lined the earth;
 And brightly blazed the crackling fire,
 Upon the clean-swept, spacious hearth.
 A merry crowd of boys and girls
 Had formed a circle around his chair,
 And begged that they some thrilling tale

Of the olden time that night might hear.
 "'Twas many—many years ago,
 When I was but a thoughtless child;
 My father in a village lived
 'Mongst old Virginia's mountains wild.
 Upon a smooth and flow'ry lawn,
 One lovely morn in early May,
 We children met with happy hearts,
 To spend the hours in merry play.
 While we were at our highest glee,
 And loud our silv'ry laughter rung,
 A stranger came from out the wood,
 And stood amid our little throng.
 Her dress, close fit, of sable hue,
 Displayed a form of faultless grace;
 And the huge hat worn in those days,
 Half hid her pale but lovely face.
 She stood in thoughtful mood, and gazed
 Upon our little crowd awhile,
 And smiled; but then I thought it was
 Not like my sister's happy smile.
 At last, she begged that one of us
 Would leave awhile his merry play,
 And to the village pastor's house
 Be kind enough to show the way.
 I was the boldest of the boys;
 And so I threw my ball aside,
 And bounding to the little path,
 Told her that I would be her guide.
 When we had reached the pastor's house,
 She thanked me with the sweetest grace;
 And I ran off to tell at home,
 The strange things which had taken place.
 Next day, when father came from work,
 He took me on his knee to tell
 Me, how the stranger lady there
 Had come to teach us how to spell.
 This was the first school we had had—
 For schools were not so num'rous then;
 And I could scarce await the day,
 It was appointed to begin.
 The happy day at last arrived;
 With book in hand and clean-washed face,
 I mounted up the broad church-steps,
 And made my bow, and took my place.
 The school-ma'am looked so beautiful!
 It seems, that I can see her now;
 With raven tresses parted smooth
 Upon her pale and lofty brow:
 With soft dark eyes—so eloquent,
 They showed each feeling's light and shade,
 And half-sad smiles which round her lips,
 Like mellow sunbeams, ever played.
 Before a day had passed, she won

Each little heart of our young band;
 For she ne'er spoke an angry word,
 Nor gave a harsh, abrupt command.
 Time sped; each day the hearts of all
 Were drawn more closely toward sweet May.—
 (She gave no other name, and it
 Remains unknown until this day.)

II.

I said that I was but a child;
 And yet I saw that her young heart
 Was bleeding from a hidden wound,
 Inflicted by some pois'nous dart.
 For when she thought she was alone,
 The lip compressed—the frenzied eye—
 Contracted brow—and heaving breast,
 Told of the soul's deep agony.
 I longed to throw my little arms
 Around her neck, and bid her tell
 Me of the dark and with'ring blight
 Which had on her young spirit fell.
 One morn, I reached the church before
 The time, and hid me, that I might
 The next one who arrived at school,
 With piteous groans and screams, affright.
 It was not long before I heard
 A gentle footstep at the door;
 And May walked slowly up the aisle,
 And softly knelt upon the floor.
 Her lovely face was very pale,
 But placid as the cloudless skies;
 And a bright seraphic lustre shone
 Within her dark and brilliant eyes.
 There was a moment's silence, then
 Her trem'lous lips began to move
 In deep and fervent prayer unto
 The God of mercy and of love.
 Her prayer was offered in the name
 Of a bleeding Saviour crucified;
 She begged that she through grace might live,
 Since He for her had groaned and died.
 She spoke of dear-loved parents—then
 Mould'ring in earth's last resting place,
 Whose too fond hearts were broken by
 Their erring daughter's deep disgrace.
 And then she prayed for him whose black
 And perjured love had caused her shame:—
 That he might leave the paths of vice,
 And mercy gain in Jesus' name.
 Her prayer done, she calmly rose,
 And walked the floor with gentle pace,
 While a smile of holy rapture played
 Upon her sweet, angelic face.

III.

May had the sweetest voice for song
 That ever was to mortal given;
 I oft have thought that it was like
 The music which they have in Heaven.
 Now it would fall upon the ear
 Like the sound of harp by zephyrs played;
 And then 'twould softly die away,
 Like the night-wind's whispered serenade.
 One Sabbath, we all met at church—
 The ground was covered o'er with snow:
 That day is fresh in memory yet,
 Though it has been so long ago.
 The pastor rose—old age his brow
 Had furrowed o'er, and bleached his hair,
 But had not dimmed his clear blue eye,
 Nor quenched the fire which sparkled there.
 He opened his well-worn book, and read
 His hymn in clear and thrilling tones.
 Its subject was a Saviour's love
 For us, his erring little ones.
 It told how Jesus, Son of God,
 His holy, precious blood had given,
 To loose the gate which justice reared
 To bar a sinful world from Heaven:
 That, though the heavy load of guilt
 Might crush the heart with tortures wild,
 Christ would not break the bruised reed—
 God would forgive his erring child.
 With voices in sweet harmony
 Attuned, the little flock now sang
 The noble hymn: and with the sound
 Melodious the old roof rang.
 Amid the general melody,
 Was heard the low sweet voice of May,
 Soft as the tinkling of the bell
 Borne o'er the hills at close of day.
 The song was done: the stillly air
 Far off the trembling echo bore—
 When a gentle moan was heard, and May
 Fell from her seat upon the floor.
 They raised her up with tender hands,
 But the vital spark fore'er had fled—
 Our sweet, beloved May—the joy
 And pride of every heart—*was dead!*
 But though her lovely form was cold
 Beneath death's dark and chilling shade,
 That smile of holy ecstasy
 Still o'er her pallid features played.
 They dug a grave in the old church-yard,
 Beneath an oak's wide-spreading shade,
 And in this narrow tenement,

With tearful eyes, May's form they laid.
 Next Sabbath, when the hymn began,
 A voice, low, tremulous, and sweet,
 Was heard proceeding from the spot
 Where May had always chos'n her seat.
 The hymn was checked in mute surprise—
 Men held their breath, with fear oppressed;
 But death-like silence reigned around—
 The unseen singer, too, had ceased.
 That low sweet sound was often heard
 In after years. Sometimes it rose
 Among the voices of the flock,
 When *that same hymn* the pastor chose;
 But oftener, when around the church
 The wintry night-winds shrieked and moaned,
 And the tall old trees that o'er it stretched
 Their leafless branches, sighed and groaned.
 Men often shook their heads, and said
 The church was haunted; and no more
 The children gambled on the green,
 On moonlit nights, before the door.

The old man's tale was done. He leaned
 His head upon his staff again,
 As the clock upon the mantel-piece,
 Told that the night was on the wane.

A Hymn.

Dedicated to the memory of my brother, THOMAS JEFFERSON BERRYHILL, who died Nov. 5th, 1853.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
 and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor
 crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the
 former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi-4.

Beyond the troubled sea of life,
 Where sorrow's billows roll,
 And raging winds ne'er cease their strife
 Around the trembling soul,
 What glorious scenes in splendor rise
 Before the eager sight—
 What verdant plains, what azure skies,
 What rivers of delight!

There, clouds no more the sky enshroud,
 Nor lightnings play their dart;
 No tempest raves, no thunders loud
 Appal the timid heart.
 The lights which ruled the night and day,
 No more their course pursue—
 "The former things have passed away,"
 Behold, all things are new!

A purer light—of sovereign grace—
 Than sun and moon afford,
 Beams from the sweet and smiling face
 Of our redeeming Lord.
 With holy joy, the ransomed soul
 Basks in the glorious beams,
 And "drinks" the sacred "waters cool"
 Which flow in "crystal streams."

There, friends long-severed meet again,
 Where death no more can part,
 And sorrow's deep and racking pain
 No more can crush the heart:
 And "God shall wipe away all tears"
 From every weeping eye,
 With gentle words remove our fears,
 And hush the mourner's cry.

Lines.

Dedicated to the memory of my little Nephew, JOHN MITCHELL STURDIVANT, who died Dec. 24th, 1853—aged one year and four months.

The fairest, sweetest flowers will fade
 Before the sunny Spring is past;
 And, oh, too soon the clouds' dark shade
 The fairest morn will overcast.

Death found thee in thy early youth,
 Sweet child! ere yet the cares of time
 Had come, to soil thy spotless truth,
 Or stain thy gentle soul with crime.

He came; thine eyes grew dim, and pale
 The cheeks where health was wont to bloom;
 Thy mother's love could not avail
 To save her loved one from the tomb.

They laid thee in thy place of rest,
 With all the hopes that round thee clung;
 And on thy cold and lifeless breast,
 With trembling hands the dust they hung.

But though that little form now lies
 All pale and cold beneath the sod,
 Thy ransomed soul beyond the skies,
 Rests in the bosom of his God.

The Christian's Rest.

Inscribed to my friend, Dr. W. G. RULGER.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the People of God."—Heb. iv-9.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God,"
When life's fleeting moments are o'er,
When their frail mortal forms are consigned to the sod,
And sorrow and pain are no more.
On the pinions of mercy their spirits arise,
And mount to the bright, shining plains,
Where their God wipes away all the tears from their
eyes,
And Jesus eternally reigns.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God!"
What though the fierce tempest may roar,
And to wild fury lash the Tartarean flood
Which beateth 'gainst life's desert shore?
The deep sorrow and pain which we suffer below,
Can never—no never—compare
With the noontide of rapture which God shall bestow
On those who shall enter in there.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God!"
Oh! then let us patiently bear,
Thro' our life's lurid morning, His chastening rod,
Nor murmur at sorrow and care.
Let us walk in the path which our Saviour has
blessed—
The path all the ransomed have trod;
Let us struggle to enter the Heavenly rest
Prepared for the people of God.

I'd Tell Her That I Love Her.

I'd tell her that I love her,
But, oh! I sadly fear
She'd listen to my story
With an unwilling ear.
There might a shade of anger
Come o'er her snowy brow,
And a naughty pout might hover
Where smiles are playing now.

I'd tell her that I love her,
But I have gazed into
The depths, so calm and liquid,
Of her sweet eyes of blue,

And, reading there her spirit,
Could never—never see
A single sign or token
That told of love for me.

I'd tell her that I love her,
But if I try, I know
I shall begin to stammer—
My heart will flutter so.
I'd tell her that I love her,
If I but only knew—
But then I don't—oh tell me,
What can I—shall I—do!

He is Dying!

He is dying! big, cold drops are gathering
On his forehead, smooth and high;
And a more than earthly light is beaming
In his wild and brilliant eye.
'Neath the finger, beats his pulse as lightly
As a feather swayed by air;
And as cold as winter's snowy shronning,
Are his hands, so thin and fair.

He is dying! ope the western window
Wide, and let the sunset ray
Greet once more on earth his fading vision,
Ere his spirit pass away.
Let him breathe the pure sweet air of heaven:
Let him hear the wild bird's song—
Quickly bring some water cool and limpid—
Moist his parched lips and tongue.

He is dying! loved ones are bending
O'er his pale and wasted form;
One his icy hand is fondly pressing;
Tears of grief are gushing warm.
Now his bloodless lips are tremulous moving—
Brighter grows his brilliant eye—
Ears are bent to catch the broken whisper
Of his long and last good bye.

He is dying! see the smile of rapture
Playing on his pallid face;
Bright, seraphic forms are waiting—
Soon he'll feel their sweet embrace.
It is finished! death's dread struggle's over;
Homeward has the spirit fled;
Cold and lifeless as its dust primordial,
Lies the body on the bed.

An Allegory.

The Mind called her servants together, and said: "I will build a temple to Wisdom—a temple so vast and magnificent, that the whole world shall wonder at its greatness and splendor—one on whose burnished spire the reflection of the sunbeams shall never cease to play. Go, therefore, and begin the work."

So the servants went forth to do their mistress' bidding. Genius and Perception went to the quarry of knowledge, and brought thence fine marble, and porphyry, and massive blocks of granite. Some went to the hill of science, and felled the tall cedars and wide-spreading oaks which grew there. Some went to old Ocean's deepest recesses, and gathered diamonds, rubies, amethysts, and corals. Others collected the finest sculpture and painting which ever came from the artist's plastic hand, and the most gorgeous fabrics which human ingenuity had been able to weave. And as they brought the materials, Memory stowed them carefully away, so that nothing was misplaced or lost. Reflection and Judgment came with their trowels, their squares, their hammers, and their axes, and squared the timbers and stones; fitting each for its place, according to the plan which Reason had made of the building. After the materials were squared, Wit, with his pumice-stone, polished them, until they shone like molten silver. Reason laid the corner-stone deep and firm; and as the work went on, he stood always by, to try it with plummet and level. Taste, Fancy, and Imagination, superintended the lighter work of the interior—the arrangement of the tapestry, the precious stones, the sculpture and the paintings. At length, the temple was finished. In sooth, it was a noble structure. Its spire rose higher than the eagle soars in his wildest flight. Its fame went throughout the world: all wondered at its greatness and splendor, and admired its symmetrical beauty. But the Mind gazed on the splendid edifice, and sighed. 'Though the temple was grand, it was cold, cheerless and gloomy. The light of the presence of the Father—the divine shechinah—was not there, to radiate, and illuminate. When the Father saw that the Mind wept, he sent the Holy Spirit to the temple. And when the Spirit stood between the veil and the altar, the glory of the Father shone around; and dome, and pillar, and column, glowed and corruscated with celestial light. Then the Mind shouted and sang praises to the Father—"glory to God in the highest!" And the Father sent three seraphs, to keep the light always burning in the temple. And the names of these three were FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Lines

To a Poet whose Themes are unworthy of his Genius.

Your genius is a bright and limpid stream
Where fancy, wit, and taste, like diamonds gleam;
Pure gush its waters from th' ambrosial spring;
And there the Muse might bathe her wearied wing,
And gain fresh vigor for her upward flight.
The silver moon and twinkling stars delight
To see their image mirrored in its wave.
The trees their graceful branches bend, and lave
Them in its crystal brim. Its verdant shore
Is lined with flowers—a rich and varied store.
Yes, it is all that mortal could desire,
When touched by poesy's promethean fire.
What pity, then, so pure, so fair a rill
Should only turn a childish flutter-mill!

A Hymn.

Great God! to Thee I humbly raise
My feeble voice in notes of praise;
Thee, I would honor and adore,
To Thee be glory evermore.

My sins are like the scarlet, red;
I only plead that Jesus bled
On Calvary, and in His name,
Some drops of Thy free mercy claim.

O cleanse my heart—my wicked heart—
From sin, and fill its every part
With love for Thee, Thy righteous laws,
Thy saints on earth, and holy cause.

Sustain me with Thy spirit's power
In dark temptation's fearful hour;
And guide my steps along the road—
The narrow road—that leads to God.

Such temp'ral blessings, Lord, I crave,
As Thou dost know will tend to save
My soul from death, and to proclaim
The glory of Thy matchless name.

And, when the sands of life are run,
And Thou with me on earth art done,
O, take the spirit Thion hast given,
To praise Thee evermore in Heaven.

Democracy, Defeated Not Conquered.

We are not conquered! Though our flag no more
Floats in proud triumph, as in days of yore;
Though dire defeat has scattered all our host,
Like ship-wrecked vessels on the rock-bound coast;
Though foes, exulting, boast of victories gained,
And wield the pow'r their *stealth*, not strength ob-
tained;

We have a spirit which no pow'r can tame;
Undaunted by defeat, we still proclaim
Our deep devotion to the holy cause
Of union—sovereign States—and equal laws.

We are not conquered! When the sun at noon
Veils his bright form behind the opaque moon,
Think you that he has lost his golden light,
And left the world in everlasting night?
Though gloomy clouds around our fortunes low'r,
There yet shall dawn for us a brighter hour.
The sacred flame still in our bosoms glows,
Bright as it burned when Monticello rose
To crush the chiefs who forged a heavier chain
Than that our fathers' arms had broke in twain.
Aye, yet it burns—a bright—a holy fire—
And yet shall light, proud foes, your fun'ral pyre;
When 'gainst your treason freemen shall arise,
Thick as the stars which gem the azure skies;
When the bold legions of our host combine,
Rush to the field in an unbroken line,
And crush to ruin, with one mighty blow,
The masked batt'ry of our hidden foe.

We are not conquered! Raise our banners high,
And let them flash defiant 'gainst the sky:—
All is not lost while life and hope remain,
And high resolves within our bosoms reign.
Face with bold hearts whatever may oppose,
Nor basely "stoop to conquer" like our foes;
Then, though the fags and factions all may stand
United in one dark, unbroken band,
The light of victory on our arms shall glow,
And truth shall triumph over ev'ry foe.

Little Anna's Dream.

"Mother, I've been dreaming,"
Said a pale, fair child,
In whose large, dark eyes was gleaming
Lustre strange and wild;
While a holy light was beaming
On her features mild.

"I was sweetly sleeping—
All my pain had fled,
You had ceased your sobbing, weeping,
When, with gentle tread,
Bright, angelic forms came creeping
Round my little bed.

They had brought me flowers,
Little violets blue,
Wild pinks from the woodland bowers,
Roses wet with dew—
Which around the room in showers,
Richest fragrance threw.

One had brought a garland,
Evergreen and snow—
Gathered in the fields of star land,
Where bright waters flow
Smoothly o'er the glist'ning pearl—and
Twined it round my brow.

And they told me, mother,
I must say 'good-bye,'
To you and my little brother,
And on pinions fly
From my home unto another
Far beyond the sky.

Where 'tis spring forever;
Flowers never die;
Gloomy clouds and tempests never
Shade the azure sky;
Where friends meet, no more to sever—
Tear-drops dim no eye.

Gently they caressed me
With their arms so white;
Breathed a fervent prayer, and blessed me;
Spread their pinions bright,
Bending o'er me softly, kissed me,
Vanished from my sight."

And the little hesper
Closed her large bright eyes;
And her voice sank to a whisper
Soft as zephyr sighs,
When the placid face of Hesper
Smiles through autumn skies.

* * * * *

Ere Time's wheel diurnal
Brought another day,
The spirit winged its flight eternal
From its house of clay—
To the world whose joys supernal
Never fade away.

Sheba---A Hebrew Tale.

"Thy sons and thy daughters shall be given to another people, and thine eyes shall look, and fail with longing for them, all the day long,"—Deut. xxviii-32.

Old Sheba sat in thoughtful mood before his cottage door;
A mournful look of settled grief his aged features wore;
Upon his smoothly polished staff, his hands and chin did rest,
And, like a snow drift, lay his long, white beard upon his breast.

It was an autumn evening in the land of Palestine:
The setting sun o'er russet forest threw a mellow sheen;
The vesper hymn of gay-plumed birds flowed softly from the trees,
And mingled with the low, sweet whispering of the evening breeze;
The luscious purple grapes hung thick upon the clambering vine;
Atar were heard the tinkling bells of home-returning kine,
And the bleating of the snowy flocks which fed upon the hills,
Adown whose verdant slopes the fountains poured their crystal rills.

Old Sheba's soul felt not the beauty of all things around;
His eye was lost to form and hue, his ear was deaf to sound.
Sadly his grief-strained eyes were turned toward the darkening east,
Where, as the twilight grew, the shadows of the palms increased.
And oft in deep drawn sighs his heaving bosom sought relief,
As if it bore the crushing weight of half his nation's grief.

Two children—Tubal and Salome—once his lot had blessed:
Torn from their mother's arms—the doting father who caressed—
These two had gone to swell the throng of haughty Babel's slaves,
Where great Euphrates thunders down his dark, tumultuous waves.
Long, weary years had passed away, and yet there came, to cheer

Old Sheba's heart, no tidings of his absent children dear.

He melancholy grew with grief long-nursed and hope deferred,
And yet his tremulous lips ne'er uttered a complaining word.

But always, at the close of eve, he sat before the door,
And sought, with eager eyes, the forms of those who came no more.

He sat and gazed. A sudden light of joy played on his face,
Like sunbeams on a gloomy cloud. Up from its resting place
He quickly raised his chin, and softly called Rebecca's name.

With bustling steps, the dark-eyed matron from the cottage came.

"What wants my Sheba," she exclaimed in gentle tones, and laid

Her hand on his, as fondly as a newly plighted maid.
The old man slowly raised his hand and pointed to the East:

"My eyes are dim," said he "look well, and tell me what thou seest."

"Nothing," she said, "but shadows, waving, as the evening breeze

Sways gently to and fro the feathery foliage of the trees."

Old Sheba sighed: "I dreamed last night the captives had returned,

No more by Israel's foes to be oppressed, and crushed, and spurned.

Our children sat with us beside the blazing fire once more.

While Tubal told, with flashing eye, the wrongs the captives bore,

Salome sat—her dark hair falling on her snowy breast—

And from the grape the crimson juice into a cup expressed,

Until it mounted to the brim; when, with a smile, she rose,

And bade me drink the emblem of deliverance from our foes.

I thought the dream foreboded good," he said with tearful eye.

"And I my children should embrace once more before I die."

Rebecca went into the house, the frugal board to spread,

Old Sheba on his polished staff again reclined his head.

The meal prepared, Rebecca came and softly called
 her lord;
 But motionless old Sheba sat, and answered not a
 word.
 She came and laid her withered hand upon his hoary
 head—
 And started back!—her all of earth—her dearest
 lord—was dead!
 His heart was broke—his spirit from its house of clay
 had flown,
 To join the patriarchs who stand around Jehovah's
 throne.

A Dream.

I dreamed of thee at the midnight hour, when every
 thing was still,
 Except the mournful warbling of the lonely whippoor-
 will;
 When on the peerless brow of night, the gems were
 sparkling bright,
 And the moon baptized the forest with a flood of sil-
 ver light.

Methought I sat beside thee in a deep and lonely
 wood,
 Where the gnarled oaks and towering pines like giant
 sentries stood;
 Where every shrub was bending with its load of dewy
 blooms,
 And the morning air was fragrant with a thousand
 rich perfumes.

I took thy soft warm hand in mine, and told thee all
 my life—
 My joys and griefs—my crushed hopes—ambition's
 daring strife;
 And how all these—the strife of what I am with what
 I'd be—
 Had been concentrated—changed—and lost—in one long
 thought of thee.

And then methought that thou didst smile, as angels
 smiled when first
 Sweet mercy bore the boon of hope to sinful man ac-
 cursed;
 And then, all blushing as thou wast, those azure eyes
 of thine
 Gazed from beneath their trembling lashes fondly
 into mine.

I could not bear the weight of bliss—the dream-god's
 spell was broke;
 The wood, the flowers, and *thou*, quick passed away,
 and I awoke—
 Awoke to dream again ambition's dream—my dread-
 ful doom—
 And nurse the hopes—the burning hopes—which now
 my soul consume.

Ode to Love.

Thou bright, electric spark from Heaven, sent
 To tame the savage, human breast!
 In every age and clime have mankind bent
 Unto thy soft yet stern behest.

Ages roll by; earth's kingdoms pass away;
 Perish the proudest works of art;
 But *thy* sweet empire knoweth no decay—
 Thy empire o'er the human heart.

When sinful man, provoking heavenly wrath,
 From Eden's lovely bower was driven,
 God sent thy light to cheer his gloomy path,
 And raise his thoughts from earth to Heaven!
 1850.

The Beautiful.

I love whate'er is beautiful and bright—
 The landscape blushing in the morning light—
 The dew-drop clinging to the half-oped flower—
 The crimson glories of the sunset hour—
 The spangled radiance of the midnight sky—
 The languid sweetness of dear woman's eye.

The little flower which in some mossy bed
 All bashful bends to earth its lowly head,
 Wakes in my mind an admiration warm,
 And throws around my soul a gentle charm;
 For in each petal, azure bright, I find
 The graceful beauty of a Master-mind.

The star which twinkles on the brow of night,
 Pours in my soul a flood of deep delight;
 There's a glorious beauty in its calm sweet face
 As it moves onward in its destined race,
 Meek and obedient to the unchanging laws
 Fixed in Creation by the Great First Cause.

Bard and Bacchus.

I.

The tuneful Nine
At Bacchus' shrine
Too oft have bowed the knee;
And many a fine
Smooth-flowing line—
Esteemed divine—
Old God of Wine,
Is caught, I ween, from thee.

II.

The bard fills up
The silver cup
With wine of reddest hue;
The nectar flows—
His fancy glows—
All nature grows
Coleur de rose—
The bard is getting "blue."

III.

Now thro' his brain
A merry train
Of bright ideas swim—
"Cerulean skies"—
"Soft, languid eyes"—
"Love's silken ties"—
"Low-murmured sighs"—
"Bright stars"—and "moonbeams dim."

IV.

His "gray goose quill"
Obeys his will,
And o'er the foolscap moves;
It skips in glee
O'er each trochee,
While ink flows free
As simile—
Or the wine the poet loves.

V.

At every pause
The Medean laws
Of metre may require,
He sips the wine,
That every line
May glow and shine
With light divine
From Bacchus' sacred fire.

VI.

Dear goodness knows
Such thoughts in prose
Might "make a sorry show;"
But tinkling rhyme—
Like sleigh-bells' chime
In Northern clime—
Keeps merry time,
As dashing on we go.

Twilight Hours.

When twilight's veil is closing
Around the evening sky,
And thro' the tall old chinas
The gentle zephyrs sigh;
When to their airy couches
The bright-plumed birds are fled,
And the 'Katy-did' is chirruping
In the branches overhead:

Then thro' my brain come trooping
The thoughts of by-gone years,
And my eyes, unused to weeping,
Are filled with bitter tears.
I think of joys departed—
Of friendships long decayed—
Of hopes once fondly cherished,
Which budded but to fade.

And then, there comes before me
Many a dear loved face
Which long has been reposing
In earth's last resting-place.
A smile of friendly welcome
Upon their lips is seen—
I stretch my hands to greet them—
But Jordan rolls between!

A star—clear, bright and glorious—
Looks on me from the sky;
And then its low, sweet whisper
Is heard in the zephyr's sigh:
"Vain mortal, cease thy weeping,
And fix thy hopes above,
Where friends no more shall sever,
And all is joy and love."

The Maniac Girl.

The round, full moon
Was at her noon
In the starry arch of night.
And poured her beams
In silvery streams
Upon the landscape white.

The storm-borne cloud
A pure white shroud
Had o'er the forest flung;
And the frozen trees
In the midnight breeze
Like knightly armor rung.
In a drear, cold wood
A maiden stood,
Whose wildly heaving breast,
And frenzied eye
Turned tow'rd the sky,
Told of the soul's unrest.

In the moon's pale light,
Her face looked white
As winter's snowy shroud;
And the robe which round
Her form was wound,
Was like a fleecy cloud
On her bosom bare.
Her coal-black hair
In wild disorder hung,
As she wore a crown
Of leaflets brown,
And this sad ditty sung:

SONG.

No more on the mountain
I'll wander with you,
Nor sit by the fountain
With waters so blue.
No more will you gather
The violets fair,
Wild pinks and red roses,
And crocuses rare,
To braid 'mong the tresses
Of my black glossy hair.

The moss-covered mountain
Is cheerless and bare,
Like the life of the mourner
Who oft wanders there.
The snow lines the valley
Where violets grew,
And froze is the fountain

With waters so blue,
Like the heart of the maiden
That weepeth for you.

The leaves and the flowers
Are withered and dead,
Like the hopes which we cherished
Ere *all* hope had fled.
In the chill air of Autumn,
They grew wan and pale
As thy cheek where it resteth
'Neath the sod of the vale;
And then they were scattered
By the breath of the gale.

The cold, cheerless winter
Will soon pass away;
The spring-time is coming,
When soft zephyrs play;
When the mocking bird carols
In the green maple tree,
And the bright flowers carpet
The smooth grassy lea—
But oh! it will never
Be spring-time with me!

The soft, balmy zephyr
Sad memories will bring;
The bird in the maple
A requiem sing;
The fresh April shower
Your bosom will lave;
The oaks their green branches
Will mournfully wave,
And the dewy-eyed violet
Bloom—over your grave!

A Sabbath Evening in Autumn.

Behind the gold-fringed, crimson clouds
Which skirt the glowing West,
The round, red sun sinks slowly down
To his accustomed rest;
And his beams with flaming glory tip
The distant forest's crest.

The gentle Autumn's sun-browned hands
A thousand hues have dyed
The leaves upon the stately trees
In all the forest wide;
These look more lovely in their death
Than in their Spring-time pride.

The feathered songsters in the grove
 Their notes no longer trill :
 The tinkling bell alone is heard
 Upon the distant hill.
 The breeze scarce sways the clambering vine—
 All is so calm and still.

The busy scenes of active life
 No longer meet the eye ;
 The spirit, left alone with God,
 Bursts every sensual tie
 That binds it to the earth, and holds
 Communion with the sky.

Not in the stately, crowded church
 Where loud the anthems roll,
 And human forms and gaudy dress
 Distract the wearied soul,
 May sinful man expect to find
 The sweetest Sabbath goal.

But in a calm, sweet hour like this,
 Alone in the fading grove,
 The Spirit of the living God,
 Like Noah's meek-eyed dove,
 Bears to him from the Heavenly fields
 The olive-branch of love.

And if the souls of loved ones lost
 Their blissful home e'er leave,
 To whisper words of comfort to
 The souls of those who grieve—
 'Tis at the holy sunset hour
 Of an Autumn Sabbath eve.

Mary Ann.—A Song.

Jet black eyes, and dark brown hair—
 Brunette cheeks, and forehead fair—
 Coral lips, and teeth like pearls—
 Loveliest, sweetest of all girls
 Is my Mary Ann.
 Mary Ann ! sweet Mary Ann !
 Loveliest, sweetest of all girls
 Is my Mary Ann !

Voice as soft as the streamlet's flow—
 Bosom white as the drifted snow—
 Soft white hands and round plump arms—
 Who can paint thy thousand charms,

Dearest Mary Ann !
 Mary Ann ! sweet Mary Ann !
 Who can paint thy thousand charms,
 Dearest Mary Ann !

Skipping o'er the dewy lawn
 Lightly as the spotted lawn,
 Silvery laughter ringing clear—
 Nought on earth is half so dear
 As my Mary Ann.
 Mary Ann ! sweet Mary Ann !
 Nought on earth is half so dear
 As my Mary Ann !

Mudder Chloe.

Come all ye little darkey boys,
 And little massas too,
 And listen to de bran new song
 I'm gwine to sing to you—
 About a kind old darkey dame
 I knowed long time ago—
 She libbed in old Firginny State—
 Her name was Mudder Chloe.

CHORUS.

Dear old Mudder Chloe !
 Dat form is lying low,
 Wha de weeping willows grow
 Down in de dell.

Old Time's big bar-shear plow had made
 Deep furrows in her brow,
 And neaf de load of many years
 Her poor old form did bow.
 Her face was black as de chimney-back,
 Her hair was white as snow ;
 But a heart so kind 'twas hard to find
 As dat of Mudder 'Chloe !
 Dear old Mudder Chloe, &c.

Old massa was a clobber man—
 His heart was warm and mild ;
 He lubbed old Mudder Chloe bekase
 She nuss him when a child.
 And now she was too old to work,
 He built a little house
 Wid a little garden—wha she lib
 As snugly as a mouse.
 Dear old Mudder Chloe ! &c.

We used to go and hoe her patch—
 Me and young massa Joe;
 And when we'd done our little task,
 De dear old Mudder Chloe
 Would get us somethin' good to eat,
 And tell us stories strange,
 'Bout witches' spells, and blear-eyed ghosts
 Dat in de night-time range.
 Dear old Mudder Chloe! &c.

One day we went down to her house,
 And found her on de bed;
 Her limbs were stiff, her hands were cold—
 Old Mudder Chloe was dead.
 Dey dug a grave down in de dell,
 Wha de weeping willows grow;
 Old massa prayed, de black folks sung,
 And dey buried Mudder Chloe.
 Dear old Mudder Chloe! &c.

Each spring, me and young massa Joe
 Went down into de dell,
 And planted pinks upon her grave—
 De pinks she loved so well.
 At last, old massa move away,
 And now de briers grow
 In wild luxuriance o'er de grave
 Of poor old Mudder Chloe.
 Dear old Mudder Chloe! &c.

Will You Come to the Bar?

AIR—"Will you come to the bower?"

Will you come to the doggery I've shedded for you?
 Your drink shall be *bust-head* of bright, sparkling
 hue.

Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the bar!

Here, under the shed, on clean straw you shall lie,
 With a pimple on your nose, and the rheum in your
 eye.

Will you, &c., come in, dear sir!

For our wives and our homes we will care not a tip,
 As our whiskey and sugar we lazily sip.

Will you, &c., take a drink, my dear sir!

And, O, for the joys, when the "keeper" and you
 Both fall under the counter, most gloriously blue!

Will you, &c., liecough, my dear!

A Valentine.

Inscribed to Miss ——— of Choctaw county.

Once more from out the ether blue,
 The sun shines forth with genial ray,
 Shedding on earth a golden hue,
 Fo' usher in the *lover's* day.
 The North wind sleeps; the gentle breeze
 Is wooing 'mong the leafless trees;
 They feel his warm, impassioned kiss.
 And as they sigh for very bliss,
 The frozen current warms again,
 And courses through their every vein.
 Ere long, through all the stately grove,
 The swelling buds shall crown their love.
 Hark! in the forest bare, again
 The bright-plumed birds pour forth their strain—
 Sweet and melodious—clear and wild
 As the laughter of a happy child;
 Yet mournful—tender—soft—as though
 A broken heart poured out its woe.
 Know'st thou, sweet girl, why in this tone
 Such strange extremes should blend in one?
 It is the tender tone which tells
 The love which from the heart up-wells:
 Free from articulate control,
 It is the language of the soul.

See yonder bird with vest of red,
 And scarlet plume upon his head!
 He's breathing in his sweet-heart's ear
 His joys and griefs, his hope and fear.
 How thrills with joy her little breast,
 As he begs her share his mossy nest!
 With trembling wings she hovers near
 Her lover's airy swinging chair:
 And human voice could ne'er express
 Such rapture as her twittered "yes!"

All nature's works—the whispering breeze—
 The warbling birds—the waving trees—
 The sun's soft, warm, prolific beam—
 The gurgling waters of the stream—
 The earth below—the sky above—
 Breathe but one voice—the voice of *love*.
 And is thy ear deaf to the voice
 That makes all earthly things rejoice?
 Shall icy winter still maintain
 Within thy breast his cheerless reign,
 And *thou*, alone, of all below,
 Be cold as winter's drifted snow?
 Can mellow sunbeams never bring
 Into thy heart the reign of spring?

Nor warm-breathed zephyrs from the west
Melt off the snow that chills thy breast!
O, let the sunshine in thy heart—
Throw off the chain that winter wove—
And learn a sweeter, better part—
That *Love is Life, and Life is Love!*

Lines to Fanny.

'Tis long, sweet Fanny, since we met,
And in my memory
The lapse of years had scarcely left
A single trace of thee.
Still thoughts of thee would sometimes come
Like glimpses from the land
Of dreams, or music from the harp
That's played by zephyr's hand.

This morn—I know not why 'tis so—
The thoughts of by-gone years
Come gliding slowly through my mind,
And fill my eyes with tears.
I see a graceful, child-like form,
A face serene and fair,
A pair of dove-like, hazel eyes,
And a wealth of dark-brown hair.

I see thee as in by-gone years:
Time, in his ceaseless flight,
Though shedding midew all around,
Has left thy image bright.
'Tis strange my mind retains so well
Thy picture in the hours
We spent in chasing butterflies,
And culling woodland flowers.

I see the beech whereon I carved
Thy name beside my own:
'Twas foolish, but it pleased me well
To see them joined in one.
Long time ago, the old beech fell
Before the wintry gust,
And the bark whereon our names were carved
Has mouldered in the dust.

I loved thee, Fanny, three long years,
And though my years were few,
No knight in olden time was e'er
To lady-love so true.
But time flew by, and cruel fate
Ordned that we must part;

And another's form usurped thy niche
Within my boyish heart.

A happy youth in the far-off West
Obtained thy heart and hand;
And now sweet children round thee smile—
A happy, rosy band.
Perhaps, some one of these is like
The Fanny whom I knew—
With the same soft eyes and smiling lips,
And hair of dark-brown hue.

And I am still a lonely oak,
Around whose branches cling
No vines to shield from wintry blast,
And beautify in spring.
But I'm wedded to the pictures bright
Which the book of memory bears;
And as I turn the pages o'er
They oft are wet with tears.

Mary.

Who does not love this little name,
So simple, short, and neat,
So full of poetry and love,
And all that's fair and sweet.
No other name I wot doth fall
So sweetly on my ear;
No other name in memory shrined,
Is to my heart so dear.

A Mary bore our Saviour Lord,
And watched His early years;
A Mary humbly kissed His feet,
And washed them with ner tears.
Two Marys ministered to Him,
In sunshine and in gloom;
They lingered longest at the cross,
And earliest sought His tomb.

And THOU, sweet idol of my youth,
The spirit of each dream,
That flashed across my early years,
Like a meteoric dream,
What wonder if this sacred name,
Should be entwined by me,
With all that's fair, and pure and bright,
WHEN IT WAS BORNE BY THEE.

Lula---A Song.

Sweet little Lula was my love,
In the days of long ago,
Ere age had furrowed o'er my brow,
Or turned my locks to snow.
Before I had to manhood grown—
Before I learned to rove—
Before I trod ambition's path—
Sweet Lula was my love.

Ah! she was fair!—her golden hair
Was like the sunset gleam;
And her eyes were blue as the violet's hue,
Beside the gurgling stream.
Her brow was white as the chaste clear light
The moon pours on the lawn;
And her motions gay as the gentle play
Of the graceful spotted fawn.

The earliest flowers that bloomed in spring
I culled for Lula dear,
And the scattered few that lingered last
When winter's frost drew near.
To win a smile from her moss-rose lips
Was all my pride and joy;
For she alone spoke soft kind words
To the wild and wayward boy.

But an angel band from the spirit-land
Took my darling Lula home,
And left *me* here in a desert drear
For weary years to roam.
All pure and bright as the snow-flake white—
Beyond the bounds of time—
She winged her flight to the realms of light
In the trans-Jordanic clime.

"Let There Be Light."

In chaos wild and gloomy night
The embryo creation lay:
Jehovah said, "Let there be light!"
And all was bright and glorious day.
The sea recedes, the mountains rise,
The isles and continents appear;
And all the star worlds of the skies
Move, each to its predestined sphere.

Defiled by sin, the Gentile race
Groped in the death-vale's gloomy shade;
And in the holy, chosen place
Shekinah's beams no longer played.

"Let there be light!" the Father said—
The Star of Bethlehem appears,
On every land His beams to shed,
Till Time shall cease to count the years.

"Lord, that I might receive my sight,"
In melting tones Bartimeus cried,
Whose eyes were longing for the light
Which to them long had been denied.
"Go," speaks the Saviour—"go thy way,
Thy faith in me hath made thee whole."
His eyes behold the light of day—
The light of grace beams on his soul.

Along death's dark and dangerous way
The soul is staggering to its doom;
But stops to pray one heavenly ray
May pierce the deep and awful gloom.
The Spirit says, "Let there be light!"
The dark, cold shadow flees away,
And the soul's redeem'd from sin's dread blight,
To bask in pure celestial day.

The heathen nations dwell in night—
No Word of Life illumines their way;
Our Master bids us spread the light,
And how shall we dare disobey?
Go, open to them the Word of God—
The source of light, and life, and love—
And point them to the blest abode
In the radiant courts of light above.

O, Let Me Die at Home.

O let me die at home!
Death loses half its sting
When 'mid the hallowed scenes of youth
The spirit plumes its wing.

O let me die at home—
In the old and dear loved hall,
Where the pictures I in childhood saw
Hang on the papered wall:

Where the setting sun's last rays
Through the western windows pour,
And balmy breezes from the south
Rush through the half-open'd door.

O let me die at home,
Where those I love the best
May watch the last convulsive heave
Of my expiring breast:

Where my mother's hands may smooth
The pillow 'neath my head,
And a brother's fingers gently close
My eyes, when I am dead.

O let me die at home,
Where my father's trembling voice
May tell me of a Saviour's love,
And bid my soul rejoice:

Where around my dying bed
My sisters dear may stand,
And whisper in my ear "good-bye!"
As they press my icy hand:

Where the neighbors that I knew
Long time ago, may come,
And sing the songs I loved to hear,
To waft my spirit home.

O let me die at home,
And let my grave be made
In the old church-yard on the hill,
Where loved ones' forms are laid.

Where my mother's hands may plant
The aianthus at my head,
And fragrant pinks and the red moss-rose
To bloom upon my bed.

O let me die at home!
Death loses half its sting,
When 'mid the hallowed scenes of youth
The spirit plumes its wing.

Lines to Jim.

Don't you remember, Jim, when we were young and
gay,
And how we spent the live-long days in merry play;
How with our pop-guns to the dog-wood tree we'd go,
And there bombard the web-fort of the spider toe?

Then thirsting for more conquest—grown bolder with
success,
We stormed the yellow-jackets' fortified recess?

Ah! those were happy moments, Jim, warriors bold
were we,
The seourge and dread of hornet, wasp, and bumble-
bee!

When tired of winning victories from the insect foe,
We'd find two mounds whereon the velvet moss did
grow:
On these we'd build two forts, full twenty inches high,
And each would turn his arms against his late ally.

And then we'd hunt the big-eared rabbit: O what
fun
To slay the mottle-coated rogue without a gun;
To chase him through the woods into a hollow tree,
And twist him out with switches—wasn't it a spree?

The fishing, too, was glorious in the little brooks,
With stolen yarn for lines, and crooked pins for hooks:
When minnows nibbled, how we trembled with de-
light,
And O, what rapture hung upon a full grown bite!

We had our sweet-heart, too, a bright-eyed little
belle,
For whom we gathered brier-roses in the dell;
You won her sweetest smiles, you had no cripple
limb,
And in my wrath I larruped you, don't you remem-
ber, Jim?

Lines.

In the morning's dewy dawn,
When the Eastern sky was streaked with red,
And the rising sun his first rays shed,
Through purple mists in golden showers,
Upon the landscape robed in flowers,
I saw two children, blithe and fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair,
A sporting on the lawn.

As they watched the reddening sky,
They planned new gambols for the day,
And e'en next week's delightful play.
Then following out the golden thread
Which *hope* had spun, their fancies sped
Along the track of *future* years,
Where manhood's pleasures knew no tears,
And life, no bitter sigh.

When from his clear-blue noon
The round, white sun poured down his beams
On hills and dells, and plains and streams,
I saw a mower mowing hay.
In sooth, his was no idle play;
And as he swung his sickle round,
The grass fell thicker on the ground
Than trees by tempest strewn.

He stopped, and wiped his brow;
And, leaning on his sickle, stood
A moment in a thoughtful mood.
Then, swinging wide his keen edged blade
Among the grass, he sternly said:
"No time to muse on the future bright!
While manhood's noon affords its light,
I must improve the *now*."

When Nature was arrayed
In the mantle bright of varied hue
Which Autumn o'er her shoulders threw,
And the setting sun his last rays shed
In a rosy halo round her head,
I saw a man with snow-white hair
A rocking in his big arm-chair,
Beneath a spreading shade.

He talked in whispers low
About the times long passed away,
When he was young, and strong, and gay.
Now he would smile, and now he'd sigh,
And now the tear-drop dimmed his eye,
As he coned the book of *memory* o'er,
And viewed the forms its pages bore,
And the scenes of *long ago*!

The South to the North.

Give us the Union that our fathers made
In the purer days of long ago,
When revolution's red, right arm had laid
Old England's rampant lion low.

Ah! "there were giants in those days" of old—
Giants in nerve, and mind, and heart—
Men who would scorn for fame or gold
To play the demagogue's base part.

They stood together in the bloody fight;
And when their noble work was done,
None did dispute his brother's equal right
In all their common toil had won.

The humblest and the greatest in the land
Were of the self-same rights possessed;
And the feeblest member in the shining band
Of States, was peer unto the rest.

How, then, shall we be asked to yield
The equal rights our sires possessed—
The rights they earned upon the battle-field,
And left to us—a rich bequest!

Give us our cherished fathers' Union, then—
'Tis all we ask when you oppress;
And by the memory of those noble men
We never will submit with less!

Lines

In memory of my aunt, LUCINDA L. PORTMAN, who
died August 10th, 1856.

Hushed fore'er is the voice that in infancy soothed
My sorrow, and sickness, and pain;
And the hands that so often my pillow have smoothed,
In mine shall be clasped ne'er again.

The dear, cherished hours of the long winter night,
No more in sweet converse we'll spend;
Nor read by the light of the fire blazing bright
What our favorite authors have penned.

Thy dear-loved form lieth cold in the ground—
No more will it gladden our eyes,
Till the archangel's trumpet from heaven shall sound,
And bid the pale sleepers arise.

Though we sorrow for thee, hallelujah to God!
For the blessed assurance He's given,
That though thy cold body lies under the sod,
Thy spirit is living in Heaven.

For we know thou art gone to the land of delight,
Beyond the blue ether above,
Where the seraphim robed in their garments of white
Are chanting their anthems of love.

No fierce tempest raves in that bright sunny clime;
The skies are forever serene;
The amaranth trees are in bloom through all time,
And the valleys eternally green.

Pain, sorrow, and death are unknown to the band
Who dwell in that bright world above;
For Jesus, the Saviour, is king of the land,
And the law of His kingdom is love.

Billy Boles, or the Shoemaker's Courtship.

Some years ago in Chisleville

There lived a man called Billy Boles ;

His calling was the *heeling* art—

Besides he had the *cure* of *soles*.

For years he sat in his little shop,

And cut and stitched, and pegged away,

Till his hair, once glossy as his boots,

Began to turn a grizzly gray.

Poor Billy heeded not the flight

Of time, in his pursuit of gold ;

He sat and *waxed* his flaxen thread,

Nor deemed that he was *waxing* old.

He stitched and stitched from morn till night,

Poor luckless wight, nor *seemed* to know

While he was sewing on the *seams*

Old age was *seaming* o'er his brow.

Bill was a *mateless shoe*—some said

A *soulless* ; riches was his goal ;

Though he touched the *sole* of many a girl,

His *soul* bowed not to love's control.

At last the eyes of Peggy Jones

The subtle snare around him wove ;

For while he *shoed* her tiny feet,

She *showed* him what it was to love.

Poor Bill was caught ; the live-long day

His bosom heaved with deep-drawn sighs ;

He could not *peg*, for Peg's sweet form

Forever stood before his eyes.

He *mused* upon his feelings long,

And then resolved to *mend* his life,

Convinced that nothing on the earth

Could *heal* his troubles but a wife.

So he brushed his hair with greater care

Than e'er he brushed a shoe or boot,

And having donned his *suit* of cloth,

He went to press his amorous *suit*.

Peg, smiling, bade him take a seat,

Not dreaming of his errand there ;

He crossed his legs and cleared his throat,

And thus addressed the lady fair :

"Sweet girl, I long have longed to wed,

But could not find a maiden, who

Would *fit* the *measure* of my heart

Until I cast my eyes on you.

"O, tie with me the holy knot

Naught but the knife of death can sever,

And I'll devote my life—my *all*

To you, my lovely wife, forever."

She heard him through with curling lip,

Then putting on her haughtiest airs :

"Tom, *shew* this man the door," she said,

"Or *pu* will *boot* him down the stairs."

Bill stood with wide dilated eyes,

And wildly tore his grizzly hair ;

He who had lived by *driving* pegs,

By *Peg* was *driven* to despair.

"O, cruel Peg, you've *pierced* my *soul*,"

In tones of agony he cried ;

"In losing you I lose my *all*—

What *boot* all earthly things beside !"

The *brittle thread* of life was broke—

On Peg one mournful look he cast,

And, falling flat upon the floor,

He groaned aloud and breathed his *last*.

Lines.

Inscribed to the Know Nothings and Freesoilers of
Massachusetts.

When crushed in spirit Europe's exile poor

Seeks a green spot on freedom's dear-loved shore,

Whereon to cast with grateful heart his lot,

And plant his vine, and build his humble cot—

Thrust not the stranger forth with ruthless hand—

Your fathers once "were strangers in the land."

When cunning priests forsake the word of God,

And bid you scourge and goad with iron rod

Your neighbors for the faith they hold and love—

Remember 'twas the self-same spirit drove

Your sires from all on earth they held most dear,

To seek a forest home in winter drear.

When demagogues, with sanctimonious face,

Bewail the wrongs of Afric's ebony race—

Then think *whose were the ships* that bore

The savage negro from his native shore ;

Think *who* maintain their stately pomp and pride

With th' captive's price—and let the subject slide !

A Kiss in the Corner.

Let epicures boast of their delicate dishes,
 And wine like the nectar that Jupiter sips;
 They're sweet to the taste, but not half so delicious
 As a kiss in the corner from woman's sweet lips.
 A kiss in the corner! O, joy without measure!
 It fills to overflowing the cup of delight;
 The world hath no treasure that yieldeth such pleasure
 As a kiss in the corner a Saturday night.

Old woman nods over the stocking she's knitting;
 Old man's busy reading the last "SOUTHERN SUN;"
 The shadows grow deep in the nook where you're sitting
 In low *tele a tele* with the dear-loved one.
 Around her waist slender your arm you pass slyly,
 And close to your bosom you press her fair form;
 She, blushing and sighing, looks up at you shyly,
 And you steal a sweet kiss from her lips rich and warm.

"O quit," says she, pouting, "the old folks will catch us,"

You press her more closely and smack her again;
 Old man wipes his glasses, and wishes the wretches
 Would print, in the future, his paper more plain;
 Old woman discovers she can't see the stitches,
 And tosses a chunk of fat pine in the fire;
 The sweet little vixen her chair slyly hitches
 Three feet further from you—*she never sat nigher!*

The Land of Rest.

Beyond the reach of solar light,
 Beyond the wandering comet's flight,
 Beyond the circle in whose bounds
 Ten thousand systems roll their rounds
 Without a discord or a jar
 Around their central axis star;
 Beyond the shining milky way,
 Where stellar systems, great as ours,
 Are scattered thick as vernal flowers
 Upon the lawn in early May—
 Away—away—away—so far
 Beyond creation's outmost star,
 That human thought itself, can scarce
 The intervening space traverse
 Without a pause to rest its wing—
 There is a land of endless spring.

No black-winged tempest rages there;
 No thunders rend the stilly air;
 No summer scorches with its heat,
 No winter drives its freezing sleet.
 In living green the fields appear,
 And flowers bloom thro' all the year.
 Nor dazling noon, nor murky night
 Is known within those precincts bright:
 For there the Great White Throne of God
 Sheds its pure, silvery rays abroad,
 And the evening and the morn appear
 As in Creation's natal year.
 Death reigns not o'er the happy band
 Whose home is in that glorious land.
 The coffin black—the snowy shroud,
 The mourner's form in sorrow bowed,
 The yawning grave, the funeral bier,
 The aching heart—the scalding tear,
 Are all unknown; God wipes the tear
 From every eye; and grief and fear,
 And anguish deep, and racking pains,
 Are never felt where *Jesus reigns*.

The Forgotten Picture.

In the dark old chamber of my mind,
 Up many a winding stair,
 I have a little room that's full
 Of pictures old and rare.

I've portraits there of gray-haired men,
 And maidens young and fair,
 Sweet matrons with their angel smiles,
 And babes with golden hair.

Dear kindred that have left the earth
 To join the angel band,
 And friends I loved in early years—
 Gone to the spirit land.

And I have me there fair landscapes, too,
 With verdure fresh and green—
 Houses, and fields, and gurgling streams,
 With clumps of trees between;

And many a scene of joy or grief
 I knew in by-gone years:
 Death-beds of those I loved—but these
 Are sadly soiled with tears.

Yest're'en I was aweary grown
Of the toils, and eares, and strife,
That ever have beset the path
Which I have trod through life;

And I shut me up in this little room,
Where sunbeams rarely fall,
And watched the pictures as they hung
Upon the dark-brown wall.

In the darkest corner of the room,
I found upon the floor,
A picture moldered o'er with age,
I had not seen before.

I bore it to the feeble light,
But I could scarcely trace—
The mildew was so thick on it—
The outlines of the face.

I brushed away the cruel dust,
AND SAW MY NANCY THERE!
Just as she looked long time ago,
When she was young and fair.

Her dark-brown hair was parted smooth
Upon her pale, sweet brow,
And fell in rich profusion o'er
Her shoulders white as snow.

Her lips half-parted, still were wet
With the kiss I left on them;
And *purity* sat on her brow,
Like a queenly diadem.

Her hazel eyes gazed into mine
With a look that seemed to say,
"Couldst thou not give one thought to me
While I was far away!"

Oh! how my spirit trembled then,
As pictures of the past,
Along the wall in the shadowy gloom,
Came thronging thick and fast.

The drama of our early love,
Glided before my view
Like a panorama, and I lived
Those blissful hours anew.

But the ghosts of all my withered hopes
Came gibbering round me then,
And mocked me with a bitter taunt
Of what *I might have been*.

And I hung the picture on the wall
Where the deep'ning shadows lay,
And walked with sad, dejected steps
From the gloomy room away.

The Ideal.

You ne'er have seen my love: no mortal eye,
Save mine, hath ever gazed upon her charms;
For she is not a dweller on this earth,
And ne'er has been. She lives for me alone.
I would I had the painter's kingly art—
That it would thrill my fingers' ends, as erst
It thrilled the grand old Raphael's, when he
Would picture Heavenly things. Then I would paint
A picture of my love, and it should be
More beautiful than aught the world hath seen.
I oft have thought, that in this wondrous age
Some cunning genius might invent a plan—
A union of Daguerre's and Mesmer's arts—
By which the pictures that the mind conceives
Might be transferred to canvas, unimpaired
By the bungling touches of unskilful hands.
If this were done, I'd draw my love, that all
Might see the beauties I have worshipped long.
Her eyes are large and blue—blue as the dome
Of Heaven when no cloud nor murky mist
Obscures its splendor in the early spring—
Blue as the violets which hang their heads
Over the gurgling streamlet's mossy brink—
Blue as old ocean when the tides have ceased,
And not a wind disturbs his deep repose.
Dark silken lashes fringe those azure eyes,
And half conceal—e'en as the bending trees
Half hide from view the deep-blue mountain lake.
Her brow is broad and white—white as the snow
Which robes the earth when winter reigns supreme.
Her hair is golden—brighter than the beam
Which plays at sunset on the western cloud—
And, in rich curls of silken fineness, falls
O'er a neck and shoulders whiter than her brow.
The rose and lily for the mastery strive
Upon her cheeks—save when her large blue eyes
Meet mine in tender gaze; for then the rose
Doth triumph, and the lily disappears.
On cheeks and rounded chin, sweet dimples play,
And come and go, and chase each other round,
Like tiny ripples on a placid stream.
And then her mouth—ah! who can paint that mouth?
Those lips so full, and ripe, and coral-hued—
Those teeth far whiter than old ocean's pearls—

And the tender smile which plays forever there!
 Methinks, one kiss from such a mouth as hers
 Were far more worth than kingly diadem.
 Her form, not tall, nor large, is round and full
 With buoyant health; her motions light and free
 As the merry gambols of the spotted fawn
 That nips the grass in the forest's cool retreats.
 Her voice is full of music—soft and low
 As the breathing of a zephyr on a harp,
 But sweet and full of gladness as the song
 With which the mocking-bird doth cheer the grove.
 In the silent hour of night, when every eye,
 Save mine, is closed in gentle balmy sleep,
 That voice doth speak to me from out the breeze—
 Doth speak of love, and happiness and hope,
 And all that's pure, and beautiful and bright.
 And then she bendeth o'er me, and her eyes
 Gaze with a tender love-look into mine
 That doth my spirit gladden; and her lips
 Press kisses sweet upon my cheeks and brow.
 Until I fall asleep—and dream of Eden!

In a Horn.

Now, Tom, I wish you'd leave me;
 I hate you in my sight;
 I always thought you ugly—
 Indeed a perfect fright.
 You'd do in papa's cornfield
 To scare away the crow—
 But it is in a horn, Tom—
 It's in a horn, you know.

What! kiss those horrid lips, sir,
 That I can not see for hair!
 I'd rather kiss a monkey,
 Or hug a grizzly bear.
 I wish you'd take your hat, Tom,
 I wish that you would go—
 But it is in a horn, Tom—
 Just in a horn, you know.

Pick up your gloves and vamoose;
 It is no use to woo;
 For I will never marry
 So plain a man as you.
 I'm sure I wouldn't have kissed you.
 But I thought 'twould make you go—
 I'm talking in a horn, Tom—
 Just in a horn, you know.

Don't put your arm around me—
 I will not have it there;
 And four and twenty kisses
 Are more than I can bear.
 O dear! the clock has struck eleven—
 I wish that you would go—
 But then it's in a horn, Tom—
 All in a horn, you know.

Petticoats.

A POETIC PLAGIARY.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
 When everything was dark and still;
 Which made each hair stand straight with fright,
 Stiff as the porcupine's sharp quill:
 Methought that petticoats had grown
 To such a vast and monstrous size,
 That there was room for them alone—
 And none for man—beneath the skies.

That beasts and every creeping thing
 Had died. The flowers bloomed no more.
 The grass and tender herbs of Spring
 Were withered on the desert shore.
 Ten million leagues of erinoline
 Stretched over all like a funeral pall;
 And on the cold and cheerless scene,
 The sun's warm rays could never fall.

On Ararat's cloud-curtained peak,
 The *last man* stood with pallid face,
 Sick, trembling, weary, worn and weak—
 Sad remnant of a smothered race.
 In vain—alas! poor man!—in vain,
 His footsteps sought that hallowed place;
 For clouds of skirts soon filled the plain,
 And rolled around the mountain's base.

Still bigger grew those spheres of white,
 Until they reached the summit high,
 And streamed above the wretched wight,
 Like snowy banners in the sky.
 The man looked o'er a precipice,
 "Make way for petticoats!" he cried,
 And plunging down the dark abyss,
 Made way for petticoats—and died!

The South's Response.

Respectfully dedicated to the White Men of the North.

THE SOUTH yet lives! the black fanatic horde
Their wrath, in vain, upon our heads have poured.
A venal press that shrinks from no disgrace,
And demagogues who'd sell their souls for place;
SHE-politicians lusting for renown,
And hoary tricksters in the priestly gown!
Th' ambitions beardless youth just free from school,
Th' enthusiast run mad, the knave and fool,
Find in the South a fruitful theme for all
Their eloquence and wit, their slime and gall.
The poets, too, have joined the motley throng,
And tuned their *lyres* to curse the South in song:
LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, WHITTIER have sought
To blacken us, as *British copyists ought*.
But, spite of all, our institutions stand,
Green as the bay-trees of our native land.
The house our fathers built has braved the shock,
For it is founded on a granite rock:
That rock is Nature's own unchanging laws,
Fixed in creation by the Great First Cause.

But, now alas! dire fear has seized our hearts;
And we, who smiled at treason's puny darts
And laughed to see its mimic lightnings play,
Are trembling in our boots, in pale dismay;
For Kalamazoo's bard—illustrious HILL—
For "nigger rights" has blown his whistle shrill!

This BARD has put us under Heaven's ban—
"Defiers of the laws of God and man"—
"Oppressors of a poor, unlucky race,"
Whom he would have to "know our proper place,"
And "keep down South" to 'scape the scorching fire
Of his—the Kalamazoo Poet's—ire!

We of the South are much behind the age;
We read God's laws on inspiration's page,
And, thoughtless mortals, little care to know
What WAYLAND writes, or GRANNY HARRIET STOWE.
The Saviour, Paul, and Moses are our teachers—
Not saintly KALLOCH nor the RIFLE BEECHERS!
The laws of God approve, and in no place
Condemn th' enslavement of th' inferior race.
But *these*, perhaps, though wholesome in their days,
Suit not this age's dazzling noon-day blaze!
Th' Apostle sent th' absconding servant back,
But then we do not know *his* skin was black;
Paul had not read what WAYLAND since has shown,
And *railroads underground* were then unknown!
Had it but been in *this* enlightened day,

Paul would have sent the slave another way,
To beg, and steal, and pine away and die,
Beneath the cold and bleak Canadian sky!
OUR POET tells us plainly what *he'd* do—
He'd "strip us of our slaves!"—perhaps our purses too!

He "grants our sires enslaved the Afric race,"
But then their "course" was "blind"—a "deep disgrace!"

And we, their sons, *far wiser* than our sires,
With hearts *more warmed* by freedom's holy fires,
Should straightway rid us of so great a "curse,"
"Since *cotton gins* (!) have made the evil worse!"
"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?—
There is more hope"—but I will not repeat
What Solomon, the sapient king, did say—
He was too much a foggy for our day!

But then, OUR BARD declares—oh brilliant thought!—
Our gallant sires for *nigger freedom* fought!
And since "our fathers' blood for freedom ran,"
Our claim's "unrighteous" to our "fellow-man."
If this were so, why did our sires retain
Their "fellow-man" still bonnd by slavery's chain?
Why not have let their dusky bondmen go,
To ransom whom their richest blood did flow!
When revolution's bloody strife was done,
And freedom's noble heritage was won,
Was there one "slave" the less of Afric's race?
Was there one effort made the "slave" to place
In higher sphere, and with those rights invest
Of which our free-born sires were then possessed?
No, this was left for men of modern days,
Before whose *dazzling intellectual blaze*,
The *feebler* lights of seventy-six grow pale,
As stars, in solar-light, their brightness veil!

Our noble sires for *white men's* freedom fought;
They broke the chains with which the Briton sought
To bind the limbs of those who were as free
By th' sacred laws of Nature's God, as he.
And when they formed a union to secure
The rights of man "immutable and sure,"
The franchises of *freemen* they bestowed
On those who thus were made by Nature's God.
To th' negro, on whose dusky, sensual face
Is stamped the brand of an interior race,
Whose history, from the earliest date of time—
In foreign lands or his own native clime—
Presents no mark of mind—no brilliant light
Of great event t' illumine its gloomy night;
Who, 'mid the changes of all earthly things—
The rise and fall of empires, kingdoms, kings—
In science' dawn, and in its noonday blaze,

In heathen night and evangelic days,
 Has always been, in every land, the same
 A brutal savage or a bondman tame;
 To him, I say, they deemed it unwise
 To intrust so rich a boon—so dear a prize.
 It was not meet to "cast before the swine"
 This pearl of priceless worth—this gift divine.
 His former station was to him assign'd,
 Which suited well his low and groveling mind;
 A station low, indeed, but one wherein
 His nature rude, by wholesome discipline
 Might be restrained from those revolting crimes
 Which mark him in all ages and all climes;
 A station that would win for him the grace,
 And not the hate, of the superior race;
 And one wherein the labor of his hands,
 Directed by a master's wise commands,
 Would for his creature comforts all provide,
 And good confer on all mankind beside.

Experience hath shown us that the place
 We of the South assign the negro race,
 Is that which suits their rugged natures best—
 That they are blest by "slavery," not oppressed.
 Their rapid increase and their lengthened years—
 Despite the awful groans, and shrieks, and tears,
 With which fanatics have the public plied—
 Show that their *creature wants* are well supplied.
 In *knowledge*, too, the negro has improved!
 Since he, a savage, in the jungle roved;
 And many arts of civilized mankind
 Are now familiar to his feeble mind.
 Wholesome restraints have checked his black desires,
 Which erst did burn like hell's sulphurous fires;
 And the negro, famed for passions fierce and wild,
 Is here as docile as a little child.
 The negroes' hands have cleared our forests deep,
 And drained the swamps where reptiles erst did creep;
 They till our fields which smile with golden grain,
 With cotton white, or thrifty sugar cane.
 The useful products of their toiling hands,
 Freight yearly fleets of ships to other lands,
 And furnish toiling millions there a way
 Whereby to earn their bread from day to day.
 Let mad fanatics wrangle as they may,
 The negro's labor *clothes the world* to-day.
 But for this labor and the master's skill,
 The spindles of the world would now stand still;
 Ten million hungry throats would shriek for bread,
 And dire rebellion hoist its banners red.

And yet, our sapient POET views "with shame"
 The dear-loved Union which our sires did frame,
 Because in it the *negro* is denied

The rights for which the *white man* fought and died.
 It has no charms for him—he longs to see
 A better "union where ALL men are free!"—
 A union that would blot out every trace
 Dividing us from the inferior race;
 And negro "*slaves*" with all those rights invest,
 Of which it is our pride to be possessed.
 Then might the negro cast his vote with ours,
 And exercise the judge and juror's powers;
 Sit with our statesmen in the Congress hall,
 Gallant our daughters to the church and ball,
 And mix with ours—O damning, deep disgrace!—
 The brutish blood of his degraded race!

Such is the *union* which our BARD would have
 Instead of that our fathers to us gave.
 And though not *now*, "with shame he does confess,"
 Yet, "at some future day he'll have no less."
 When this will be is past our POET's ken,
 But brothers of the North, we'll tell you *when*:

When *you* forget the worth of your descent,
 And in the blindness of your zeal consent
 Your sacred rights and species to degrade;
 When by "blind leaders of the blind" betrayed,
 You join the negro horde a war to wage
 'Gainst your own blood which spares no sex nor age;
 When every Southern stream with blood shall flow,
 And th' midnight sky is lurid with the glow
 Of cities, towns and villages on fire;
 When, in despair, each heart-broke Southern sire,
 Virginian-like, has stabbed his maiden child,
 To save her from the negro's passion wild;
 When cold in death is every Southron's hand,
 And desolation reigns o'er all our land;
 Then, not till then, this horrid thing shall be—
 This motley "union where *all* men are free!"—
 A bloody saturnalia which might well
 Call shrieks of laughter from the depths of hell!

Mr. Brown:

OR CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"O tell me, Mary, have you seen
 That ugly Mr. Brown,
 With the pumpkin head, and brimstone hair,
 And manners like a clown?
 What could have made young Charley Smith
 Bring such a *gawk* to town?"

He has no breeding, I am sure—
 He stares at ladies so
 With those great dumpling eyes of his—
 And I would like to know
 How Betty Jones can condescend
 To take him for a beau "

Quoth Mary, " What you say is true ;
 He's awkward and he's plain ;
 But then, you know, he's very rich,
 And wealth with some will gain"—
 " Indeed, I never heard of that,"
 Said pretty Martha Jane ;

" I only got a glance at him
 At Mrs. Jenkins' ball ;
 And on acquaintance he may not look
 So ugly after all.
 I wonder if young Charley Smith
 Will ask his friend to call ?"

A Lover's Lament.

The word is spoken ;
 The spell is broken
 Which bound my heart to thee ;
 From the snares which love
 Around it wove,
 My spirit now is free.

With passion wild
 As e'er despoiled
 Man of his peace and rest,
 I loved thee, girl,
 But now I hurl
 Thine image from my breast.

I thought thy face
 Had every grace
 That could a bosom melt ;
 But now no more
 Do I adore
 The charms to which I knelt.

The time is gone,
 Thou haughty one,
 Of my blind love for thee ;
 Thy lips have said
 Thou would'st not wed
 So green a chap as me !

The Old Red Fiddle.

The Old Red Fiddle's on the shelf
 Above the kitchen door ;
 The dust has gathered thick on it,
 And we'll hear its sound no more.

Chorus—The old red fiddle
 Is broke in the middle—
 Alas ! alack-a-day !
 When the dancers meet
 With shuffling feet,
 What shall old Pompey play !

The screws are gone, the neck is broke,
 And hairless is the bow
 Old Pompey flourished with such grace
 At the frolics long ago.

Chorus—The old red fiddle, &c.

The old red fiddle ! how sweet the tunes
 Old Pompey from it drew,
 As round the room in a giddy whirl
 The merry dancers flew.

Chorus—The old red fiddle, &c.

But now above the kitchen door
 It lieth—broke in twain ;
 And poor old Pompey ne'er can coax
 From it a tune again.

Chorus—The old red fiddle, &c.

The Deserted Home.

Beside the road upon a hillock's brow,
 There stands a little house with whitewashed walls ;
 'Twas once the dwelling place of man, but now
 Grim solitude dwells in its darkened halls.

From th' chimney top no curling smoke ascends ;
 No noisy fowls make music at the door ;
 The faithful watch-dog, truest, best of friends,
 Barks by the gate at passers-by no more.

The clambering vines which cling around the eaves,
 Hang dry and withered in the Autumn wind ;
 The rose-bush now has lost its blooms and leaves,
 But all its thorns, alas ! are left behind.

The early frost has nipped the trees which therw
 Their lengthened shadows on the whitewashed wall;
 Their leaves have lost their deep-green summer hue,
 And pale and yellow wait their coming fall.

Thick o'er the yard the withered grass doth stand;
 The stunted shrubs a mournful aspect wear;
 And sickly flowers deprived of tending hand,
 Droop pale and languid in the chilly air.

No smiling faces meet you at the door;
 No rustic chair awaits you in the room;
 No rosy children gambol on the floor;
 But all is silent—silent as the tomb.

The clock above the fire-place in the hall
 No longer tells how swift the moments fly;
 But th' death-watch ticks behind the papered wall,
 And warns the list'ner death is always nigh.

All cold and dreary is the hearth-stone, where
 The crackling fire blazed cheerful and bright,
 When loved ones gathered in a circle there,
 To while away a happy winter night.

The black-eyed mice frisk where old Tom-cat lay
 In drowsy sleep outstretched upon the floor;
 The cricket's merry song is hushed for aye;
 The kettle sings upon the fire no more.

Upon the wall, above the mantle-piece
 The cunning spider weaves his silken snare;
 Securely he enjoys a life-time lease,
 Nor brush nor broom can e'er disturb him there.

The walls are bare, no pictures hang around;
 Chairs, tables, beds and bureaus, all are gone;
 Your foot-falls through the empty rooms resound,
 And make you start to find yourself alone.

For it is haunted—this deserted home—
 Haunted by treasured mem'ries of the past,
 Which in the stillness of the gloaming come,
 Like wand'ring goblins thronging thick and fast.

Faces long resting in the silent tomb—
 Faces of loved ones living far away—
 Peer from the darkened corners of the room,
 Then glide and vanish in the twilight gray.

And old familiar voices whisper low
 In th' breeze that rattles 'gainst the window pane,
 As the faces in the corner come and go—
 Then all is silent as the grave again.

The Old and the New Year.

'Twas new year's eve, and the wintry blast,
 As it southward swept from the frozen zone,
 By the chimney paused, as it hurried past,
 To tell that the year was breathing his last,
 And shriek and moan.

An old man sat in his big arm-chair,
 In a cosy nook by the crackling fire;
 Old age had silvered his silken hair,
 And furrowed the brow, once smooth and fair,
 Of the village sire.

He watched, through the pane, in the twilight gray,
 The snow as it fell on the frozen pave;
 And he thought of the year which died that day,
 And now in its cold white shrouding lay,
 Prepared for the grave.

He thought of the friends who had died that year—
 Who had left the world for the spirit land;
 And as he recalled their features dear,
 He brushed from his eye the starting tear
 With trembling hand.

His mind traveled back to his childhood bright,
 To his boyhood's bloom, and his manhood's prime;
 And he tracked the years by memory's light,
 By the footprints left in their rapid flight
 In the sands of Time.

"Another"—whispered the aged sire,
 "Another year of my life has fled;"
 And he shivering drew his arm-chair nigher
 The clean-swept hearth, where the hickory fire
 Blazed warm and red.

A fair young girl in her youthful bloom,
 With a rich red lip and a soft dark eye,
 Sat by the bed in her lamp-lit room,
 While the snow-clouds gathered in thicker gloom
 Across the sky.

The glossy curls of her raven hair
 Fell over her neck and shoulders white,
 And nestled upon the bosom fair
 That her snowy ngh.-robe, with all her care,
 Scarce hid from sight.

The earth in her bridal robes of white
 She looked through the frosted pane and spied,
 And bride's-maid trees in their jewels bright;
 For the Earth was to be, that very night,
 The Young Year's bride.

In the hazy light of the rising moon,
The skittish snow-flakes whirled and danced;
And the North-wind whistled a merry tune,
As over the hills in his silver shoon
He madly pranced.

And the maiden thought of the pleasures gay
Which the coming year to her would bring;
And she longed for the dawn of New-Year's day,
And wished that the hours would fly away
With swifter wing.

The friends she loved she would meet again:
Sweet friendship their hearts should closer bind,
And add new links to her golden chain;
And the hopes she had cherished for years in vain
Would fruition find.

And she smiled, and a blush suffused her cheek,
As she thought of the hearts that would own her
dear,
Of the gallant youths that her hand should seek,
And the trembling lips that of love should speak,
In the coming year.

Rhymes and Rhymesters.

Sympathetically inscribed to bored Editors and cross-grained Printers.

Writing in rhyme is all the rage,
The muses have us in subjection;
People of every sex and age
Have caught a strange infection,
And itch to blot a foolscap page
With rhymes without connection.

Sim Simpkin's wife has had a child,
And Sim wants all the world to know it;
So in his happy frenzy wild
Sim Simpkin turns a poet,
And the village paper is defiled
With wretched rhymes to show it.

Young Jemmy Jenkins falls in love
With a Miss just out of short-tailed dresses,
And he must needs call her his "dove,"
And praise her "auburn tresses,"
And call upon the "powers above"
To witness his "distresses."

Matildie Jane, from the "female school,"
Grown green-sick, sad and sentimental,

Returns a seven times bigger fool
Unto her home parental.
She, too, must write—it is the rule—
Sonnettas transcendental.

Toots "saw the sun in Autumn set,"
And he must write some lines upon it;
Miss Carrie Snucks "can ne'er forget,"
And she must write a sonnet;
Dick Noodle "doth remember yet,"
And Dick in rhyme has done it!

Ye muses fair! whose home was erst
Amid the clouds of Mount Parnassus!
Say, say, how long shall we be cursed
With such a set of asses!
When shall a bard by Genius nursed
Again mount old Pegasus?

Lines.

In the stillness of the star-lit night
The limpid dew by heaven distilled,
Falls on the landscape parched with thirst,
And every tiny cup is filled.

There is no sound to mark its fall,
So soft and light in its descent;
But the flowers refreshed the coming morn,
Attest the life and strength it lent.

Even so the good man's daily walk
(Tho' humble be the path he treads;
And his life-time pass unknown to fame)
A genial influence round him spreads.

Work for All.

There's work for every hand to do;
The Earth's a mighty field,
Which, if we do not tend it well,
Its fruits will never yield.
There are farms to clear, and towns to rear,
And roads to make, and lands to drain,
And soils to plow, and seeds to sow,
And ships to steer across the main.

There's work for every hand to do;
The gold of knowledge lies
Deep in the ground, and he must dig

Who would obtain the prize.
 There are tasks to do for those who'd woo
 Fair Science in her regal home :
 And for those who'd write, in lines of light,
 Their names on Fame's proud temple dome.

There's work for every hand to do :
 Not work for SELF alone,
 For man may not a hermit live,
 Nor call himself his own.
 There are books to write, to spread the light
 Of useful knowledge among our race ;
 The poor to feed in time of need,
 And tears to wipe from sorrow's face.

Uncle Sam is very Rich.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

MR. EDITOR.—From the beginning of the present great convulsion in the financial affairs of the country, the eyes of many—merchants, manufacturers, planters, artisans and stockholders—have been turned to the General Government for relief. Incapable of prudentially taking care of our own affairs, "Uncle Sam" is invoked to take out letters of administration on our estates. To promote these efforts I have composed the following song, to which you will please give a place in the columns of your widely circulated journal. I hope that some musical gentleman of your great city will give it an appropriate air, in order that a company of minstrels may go on to Washington and sing it, with banjo accompaniment, in the ears of the President and Congress, until they grant the desired relief.

The ten-horned panie's been along,
 And caused great consternation ;
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Are in much tribulation.
 No line of business prospers now
 Under our own direction ;
 Old Uncle Sam must kindly take
 Us under his protection.

CHORUS—O, Uncle Sam is very rich—
 * Why don't the old man aid us ?
 The ten-horned panie's been along,
 And on the shelf has laid us.

From Pumpkinville to Injun Creek
 A railroad was projected ;
 The bonds were sold, the route surveyed,
 And officers elected.
 But the thing smashed up, the stock went down,
 And not a foot completed ;

And "bulls" who bought to cheat the "bears,"
 Found they, themselves, were cheated.
 O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

Legrand imported goods enough
 To stock a half a nation,
 And laid out all his ready cash
 In lands, on speculation.
 And now he's broke ; the last I saw
 Of him he was a lying,
 With a Cuba six between his lips,
 In mournful accents crying :
 "O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

Smith got a special act to make,
 Said Smith a corporation ;
 With pictured promises to pay
 He flooded all creation.
 But Smith at last was called to fork—
 A thing he ne'er intended—
 And having "nary red" in bank,
 The thing, of course, suspended.
 O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

Sid Snider drove a pair of bays
 Which cost, on tick, nine hundred,
 And lived in such a splendid style
 That everybody wondered.
 But *brass*, alas ! in these hard times,
 Is not a lawful tender ;
 And Snider's broke—alack ! poor man !—
 And gone upon a bender.
 O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

The Yankee looms are standing still —
 Supply exceeds consumption ;
 And operatives are discharged
 Until the bank resumption.
 The carpenter won't shove his plane—
 The smith throws down his hammer—
 They will not work at panic price,
 And with the rest they clamor :
 "O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

The banks for traders won't discount,
 Nor will they grant extensions ;
 And petticoats to thirty yards
 Must lessen their dimensions.
 The merchants' clerks no more can live
 Like princes oriental—
 O, why don't Uncle Sam extend
 To us, his care parental.
 O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

The farmers will not sell their grain,
 Except at famine prices :
 And planters hold their cotton back
 Till they have passed the crisis.
 The wheels of commerce will not move—
 The axles need a greasing—
 If Uncle Sam would lend a lift,
 We all would stop our teasing.
 O, Uncle Sam is very rich, &c.

Dec. 14, 1857.

Quitman.

Long years ago, with buoyant hope elate,
 A friendless youth came to our noble State,
 To cast his lot with ours, and carve a name,
 Fit to adorn the deathless page of fame.
 His gen'rous breast no mean ambition fired ;
 A purpose high his noble soul inspired.
 His was a wish to win himself a place
 Among the benefactors of his race—
 A place among the wise, the good, the great—
 And honor shed on his adopted State.
 The people called him to their councils ; there,
 His Roman firmness and his judgment clear,
 Their impress made, e'en at that early age,
 Upon our infant State's historic page.
 When, in the bright meridian of his life,
 His country called him to the field of strife,
 "He grasped the sword and threw away the shield,"
 And on full many a hard-contested field
 His gallant soldiers unto vict'ry led,
 Where valor's self might well have quaked to tread.
 Scarce had he rested from the field of strife,
 When he again was called to public life—
 Called to the helm of State by those who knew
 The South had not a friend more warm and true.
 His acts as Governor what need to tell ?
 Enough to say, he did his duty well,
 And foremost stood among the ranks of those
 Who Federal usurpation dared oppose.
 Again the people's voice the patriot calls
 To represent them in the Congress halls.
 He swerves not from the faith to which his life
 Has been devoted. And mid the angry strife
 Which o'er the Congress of our nation threw
 A shade of infamy, he yet was true
 To gentlemanly instinct—yet maintained
 That calm yet firm demeanor which has gained
 The high respect of even those who hate
 The institutions of our noble State.
 But death, alas ! had marked him for his spoil,

Long ere he ceased from busy public toil.
 And now, with sunken eye, and shattered frame,
 And tottering step, the brave old hero came
 Back to his home beneath the southern sky,
 To rest him from life's busy work—and die.

Too late, alas ! too late ! the nation learned
 Our Quitman's worth. Too late their eyes were turned
 To him, as unto one whose hand could guide
 The bark of State safe o'er the troubled tide.
 While yet upon the bed of death he lay,
 And, inch by inch, his life slow ebbed away,
 E'en then, from far off sister States there came
 Applauding murmurs of his dear-loved name ;
 And words prophetic of a future bright,
 When he, our chief, should guide the helm aright.
 O came there not, while millions spoke his praise,
 Some cherished vision of his early days—
 Some high-born hope that fired his youthful soul
 To scale Fame's rugged steep, and reach her highest
 goal ?

Alas ! methinks that it were hard to die
 With life's fruition full, so bright and nigh !
 The wounded eagle turns his burning eye
 Toward the craggy cloud-capped summit high,
 Whereon his nest is built. He longs to soar
 Among those fields of rolling clouds once more,
 And breathe the air of that empyreal height—
 But, ah ! his broken wing torbids his flight !
 E'en so, methinks, 'twould be with one, if death
 Should come with stealthy tread to steal the breath,
 Just as there rises to his fading sight
 A future full of glory, grand and bright—
 A future pregnant with his country's fate,
 That bids him lead the way, but bids alas ! too late !
 But though the hero died in manhood's prime,
 Ere yet was finished half his task sublime ;
 Though his loved form went down into the tomb
 While honor's buds were bursting into bloom ;
 Yet, yet, there came to cheer his dying hour
 A thought more sweet than worldly fame and power—
 The consciousness of duty nobly done—
 Of life's great battle bravely fought and won—
 Of honest purpose unto which his soul
 Had ever pointed, like the needle to the pole.

In ancient times, when mighty heroes died,
 They were by priest and poet deified.
 The proudest works of art commemorate
 The deeds and virtues of the buried great ;
 And poetry and eloquence have shed
 Their brightest radiance o'er the mighty dead.
 But QUITMAN needs no high-wrought sounding phrase

To tell his noble deeds in future days.
 This short and simple epitaph will tell
 The glorious history of his life full well :—
 "His chosen place was in progression's van—
 He lived and died a patriot and an honest man !"

The Poet's Grave.

On the hill-top cold and bleak,
 Where the North winds howl and shriek,
 Let his grave be made ;
 There among the tangled vines—
 There beneath the stunted pines,
 Let his form be laid.

Cold and dreary is the spot,
 But the world which knew him not
 It was colder still ;
 And the poor short life he led
 Bare of flowers as his bed
 On the rocky hill.

Ah ! ye knew not—could not know
 What he suffered here below ;
 How his spirit yearned
 For one kindly spoken word—
 For one look that might have cheered
 The poor heart ye spurned.

Ye knew not, dull sons of earth,
 There were gems of priceless worth
 In that poor boy's mind—
 Gems of beauty that might now
 Crown his pale and lofty brow,
 Had ye been more kind.

Never throbbed in human breast
 Nobler heart than he possessed—
 Heart more warm and true ;
 But alas ! ye never strove
 To awake its latent love
 For mankind and you.

Ever longing but in vain
 For the love it sought to gain—
 Love ye would not give,
 It had withered, like a flower
 Shut out from the summer shower,
 Ere he ceased to live.

What he MIGHT have been had you
 Been to manhood's duties true,
 Heaven only knows :

Thank the Lord ! his strife is done,
 And a brighter crown he's won
 Than the world bestows.

Let his memory be forgot ;
 Let no tears bedew the spot
 Where his relics lie ;
 With no one to love him here—
 None his hopes and griefs to share,
 It was best to die.

Let the pines their vigils keep,
 Let the North-winds moan and weep
 O'er that grave-spot wild ;
 Nature, whom he loved so well,
 Will his funeral anthem swell,
 And bewail her child.

Isabel.

Gather flowers—violets blue,
 Brier-roses wet with dew,
 Honey-suckles, eglantines,
 Woodland pinks and jessamines ;
 Bring them hither to the dell—
 Strew the grave of Isabel.

Oft with us she wandered here ;
 Oft her ringing laughter clear
 Filled the wood with music sweet
 As the sound where waters meet.
 Ah ! I do remember well
 Days we spent with Isabel.

Here we gathered flowers fair,
 Wove bright garlands for our hair,
 Then in yonder quiet nook
 Viewed our faces in the brook.
 None in beauty could excel
 Brown-haired blue-eyed Isabel.

Often in yon mossy seat
 We have sat in converse sweet,
 Painting all the future bright
 As the morning's rosy light.
 Ah ! no mortal then could tell,
 We should lose our Isabel.

She is gone ! Ah—never more
 On this side of Canaan's shore,
 Shall our darling's silvery voice
 Make our mourning hearts rejoice.
 She has left us—It is well—
 Angels keep our Isabel !

Blue-eyed Jenny.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss R. Virginia M——.

Let city bards from silver goblets quaff their ruby wine,
And then, with fancy warmed to life at Bacchus' rosy shrine,
Sing city life "a heaven on earth," and city girls "divine."
Enough for me my backwoods home, where peace and plenty are,
The deep blue sky, the singing birds, the woods so green and fair,
And, best of all, my blue-eyed Jenny with the golden hair!

My Jenny is no angel yet—I'm glad she is not so;
The angels are created for a different sphere I trow;
A woman true best suits the life we mortals lead below.
And I would not exchange one glance of Jenny's soft blue eye,
One little smile from Jenny's lips where nestling kisses lie,
For all the silk-and-whalebone angels 'neath the starry sky!

I would not tread ambition's path—too rugged is the way;
To-morrow fades the laurel wreath we proudly wear to-day;
Nor would I spend my life on earth in idle pleasures gay.
Give me a cottage in the woods with Jenny for my bride,
And I will ask of earthly things no other gift beside,
But be contented with my lot, whatever may betide.

Betty Bell.

SONG.

It was in huckle-berry time—
I do remember well—
When first I saw the smiling face
Of my sweet Betty Bell.
Thick o'er the earth the autumn blast
The russet leaves had flung;
And plump and bright on the bending trees
The ripe persimmons hung.

Chorus—O Betty Bell!

No words can tell
How dear thou art to me:
When stars shine bright
On the brow of night,
I sit and think of thee.

How sweet she looked in home-spun frock,
With arms and shoulders bare,
And yellow flowers and scarlet leaves
Twined in her auburn hair;
With saucy lips and fingers plump
Stained by the berries wild;
And hazel eyes, whose drooping lids
Half hid them when she smiled.
O Betty Bell, &c.

I could have kissed the little tracks
Her brown bare feet had made;
There was no huckleberry pond
Too deep for me to wade—
There was no rough persimmon tree
Too tall for me to scale—
If Betty Bell was standing by
With the little wooden pail.
O Betty Bell, &c.

But the pine trees died—the tar crop failed—
And it nearly broke my heart,
When Betty Bell moved to the West
In her father's two-wheeled cart.
O Betty Bell! where'er thou art—
On mountain or in vale—
May huckleberries strew thy path,
Persimmons never fail!
O Betty Bell, &c.

Hymn for the Fourth of July.

Air—"Portuguese Hymn."

While millions join in Freedom's grand ovation,
And brighter the fires upon her altars burn,
All hail unto the birth-day of our nation!
Let songs of gladness welcome its return.

To-day, let peace be on the troubled waters:
Let party and section veil their raging fires;
And let Columbia's noble sons and daughters
Keep green the sacred mem'ry of their sires.

God save the Union as our fathers made it,
 When the Revolution's bloody strife was o'er!
 Keep the foundation as our fathers laid it,
 And we'll maintain the Union evermore.

Now, to our God, who hath preserved our nation,
 Who keepeth us in the hollow of His hand,
 Be honor, glory, praise and adoration,
 For all His wondrous mercies to our land!

Song.

O think of me dearest, when in the red west
 The sun sinketh down, like a child to its rest;
 When shadows are stealing thro' valley and glen,
 O think of me dearest, O think of me then.

O think of me when on the forest-elad hill
 Is heard the sad wail of the lone whippoorwill;
 When stars twinkle bright on the brow of the night,
 And the moon bathes the earth in her soft silver light.

O think of me, dearest, when Spring's sunny skies
 Are blue as the depths of thy own azure eyes;
 When in the green woods the wild roses bloom fair,
 And freight with their fragrance the fresh morning air.

O think of me, love; when my spirit is sad,
 And the present and future in sorrow are clad,
 How sweet to me then will the consciousness be,
 That Lula, dear Lula, is thinking of me.

Song.

Oh, bring my harp—my dear-loved harp—
 My soul is sad to-day;
 Oh, bring my harp! I'll sing awhile
 To drive my gloom away;
 For the smile has quit my Lucy's lip,
 A shade is on her brow;
 She greets me coldly when we meet—
 I know she hates me now.

Oh! 'tis enough to break the heart
 And rack the fevered brain,
 To love with all the spirit's strength,
 And nought but hatred gain!

To mark the half-averted face
 When I am standing near,
 And see the smile I love so well
 Turn to a bitter sneer!

Oh, bring my harp! I'll pour my soul
 In a wild, impassioned strain;
 The agony I'm suffering now
 Shall not be all in vain—
 For it shall bring from quivering strings
 A melody divine!
 'Tis only when the grapes are crushed
 That we obtain the wine!

Bid Me Not Cease to Love Thee.

Bid me not cease to love thee,
 I could not if I would;
 Bid me not cease to love thee,
 I would not if I could.
 For, O, what would my life be,
 If love were ta'en away?
 A flower without an odor,
 A star without a ray.

My life is spent in dreaming;
 Full many a castle fair
 I've reared by dint of fancy
 In the regions of the air.
 And I've installed thee mistress
 Within those precincts bright,
 Where every hall's illumined
 By love's own silvery light.

What, though there's nothing real
 In all the visions bright
 Which cheer me in the day-time,
 And haunt my dreams at night?
 My castle and its mistress
 Are dearer far to me
 Than queen, and crown, and palace,
 Unto a king can be.

And though my heart's deep passion
 May cause no throb in thine,
 In the realms of the ideal
 Thou art forever mine.
 In spite of all thy coldness—
 O pleasure, sweet and deep!—
 I clasp thee in my day-dreams,
 And kiss thee in my sleep!

The Old Song.

O take your harp, sweet lady,
And sing that song again;
Earth hath no sweeter music
Than that old tender strain.
For oh! it doth remind me
Of happy moments fled,
Of those I loved in childhood,
Now numbered with the dead.

The little white-washed cottage
Where first I saw the light,
In all its old-time beauty,
Rushes before my sight.
The deep blue morning-glories
Are blooming o'er the door,
And the moss box sits beside it
Just as it sat of yore.

Cleomas, pinks, and roses,
Beside the gateway grow;
The grim old oaks their shadows
Across the greensward throw;
And in the golden sunlight
The ruddy peaches glow:
Just as I used to see them,
Full forty years ago.

Close where the cool, clear waters
Gush from the mossy spring,
The little ones are gathered
Around the grape-vine swing.
I hear their ringing laughter,
I see their faces fair,
And roguish eyes half hidden
By their curly golden hair.

My sun-browned father sitteth
Beneath the old oak tree,
With blue-eyed baby sister
Asleep upon his knee.
His hands with toil are hardened,
But, ah! he deems him blest,
For a kingdom could not purchase
The jewels he possessed.

My mother, on her loom-bench,
The "battern" swiftly plies,
While through the opened webbing
The polished shuttle flies.
And as she weaves she singeth,
In tones soft, sweet, and clear,
This same old song, dear lady,
I love so well to hear.

Then, take your harp, dear lady,
And sing it once again—
This sweetest of earth's music—
This dear, old, tender strain.
And, lady, do not blame me,
If tears like childhood's flow,
As mem'ry calls before me
The scenes of long ago.

Song.

I DREAMED THOU WAST ANOTHER'S BRIDE.

I dreamed thou wast another's bride,
And, O, methought I ne'er
Until that moment knew thou wast
To me one half so dear.

As traveler's in the desert see
The green oasis rise,
With shady trees and crystal springs,
Before their longing eyes;

But find, as they approach the spot,
The mirage floats away;
E'en so I felt when first I learned
That thou wast lost for aye.

My soul grew bitter at the thought
As wormwood mixed with gall;
And life grew dark as though 'twere hid
Beneath a funeral pall.

O, it an evanescent dream
Can bring such pain to me,
How can I bear thy ACTUAL LOSS—
What will the REAL be!

The Girl that's Got the Cash.

SONG.

Let fools and poets tune their harps
Of woman's charms to sing, sir,
Of queenly forms and brilliant eyes,
And all such foolish things, sir;
Give me the girl that's got the cash,
The shining yellow boys, sir,
For *squid* charms alone can fill
The measure of my joys, sir.

I care not if her eyes be black,
 Or blue, or gray, or green, sir,
 Nor if a horrid length of nose
 Stick out a *feet* between, sir.
 Enough for me to know that she
 Has got the pile of *ten*, sir;
 For *cash*, like charity, will hide
 A multitude of sins, sir.

Don't talk to me of ruby lips,
 Nor cheeks like lilies fair, sir,
 Nor snowy brow, nor pearly teeth,
 Nor flowing *golden* hair, sir.
 The only *gold* that takes my eye—
 For *it* my spirit hankers—
 Is that which jingles in the purse,
 And passes at the bankers.

Give me the girl that's got the cash,
 A fifty thousand cool, sir;
 I care not if she's young or old,
 A Portia or a fool, sir.
 Be she as meek as any saint,
 Or as the devil bold, sir,
 I'll shut my eyes to every fault,
 If she has got the gold, sir!

My Sweetheart.

Thou art beautiful, my little love,
 As the stars which shine in the vault above:
 As beautiful as the rose-bud bright
 Just opening to the morning light.
 Thou art beautiful, with thy forehead fair,
 And thy flowing wealth of chestnut hair;
 With thy rounded cheeks, where the blushes glow,
 And the tiny dimples come and go,
 When thou dost smile, as ripples break—
 The placid face of the mountain lake.

As the Spring doth smile from the April skies,
 Thy soul shines forth from thy glorious eyes—
 Thy eyes so bright that I never knew
 If they were hazel, gray, or blue.
 Thy smile is like the beams which play
 On the rosy cloud at the dawn of day.
 Thy voice is soft as the notes of love
 That are cooed in Spring by the turtle dove;
 And thy silvery laugh as clearly rings
 As the glad some song the red-bird sings.

Thou hast brought the spring-time to my heart,
 For all is sunshine where thou art.

I brood no more in the gloomy shade,
 O'er hopes which budded but to fade,
 O'er darling schemes to ruin hurl'd,
 And the sneers and hate of a heartless world.
 Thy little hands have broke the chain,
 And set my spirit free again—
 To roam the fields where the skies are blue,
 And the fragrant flowers are wet with dew,
 Where the birds are warbling among the trees,
 And the air is cooled by the gentle breeze.

And I love thee, as I love the star
 Which smiles upon me from afar;
 As I love the spring-time for its bloom;
 As I love the flowers which yield perfume;
 As I love the moon for her silver light,
 As I love whate'er is pure and bright.

Lines to M.

Blame not the bard, sweet maiden, if his lyre
 Should breathe a tender, am'rous strain;
 When soft dark eyes like thine the song inspire,
 How can the muse from love refrain!

I *could* repress the language of delight,
 While wandering 'neath Italian skies;
 Or stand upon the snowy Alpine height,
 And feel no wild emotion rise.

But ah! to look upon that face so fair,
 And feel no throb of love for thee—
 By Cupid's silver bow, sweet girl, I swear,
 This is a task too hard for me!

The Frost and the Forest.

The Frost King came in the dead of night—
 Came with jewels of silver sheen—
 To woo by the spinster Dian's light,
 The pride of the South—the Forest Queen.

He wooed till morn, and he went away;
 Then I heard the Forest faintly sigh,
 And she blushed like a girl on her wedding day,
 And her blush grew deeper as time went by.

Alas! for the forest! the cunning Frost
 Her ruin sought, when he came to woo;
 She moans all day for her glory lost,
 And her blush has changed to a death-like hue.

My Castle.

They do not know who sneer at me because I'm poor
and lame,
And round my brow has never twined the laurel
wreath of fame—
They do not know that I possess a castle old and
grand,
With many an aere broad attached of fair and ter-
tile land;
With hills and dales, and lakes and streams, and fields
of waving grain,
And snowy flocks, and lowing herds, that browse
upon the plain.
In sooth, it is a good demesne—how would my scorn-
ers stare,
Could they behold the splendors of my CASTLE IN THE
AIR!

The room in which I'm sitting now, is smoky, bare,
and cold,
But I have gorgeous stately chambers in my palace
old.
Rich paintings, by the grand old masters, hang upon
the wall,
And marble busts and statues stand around the spa-
cious hall.
A chandelier of silver pure, and golden lamps il-
lume,
With rosy light, on festal nights, the great reception
room,
When wisdom, genius, beauty, wit, are all assembled
there,
And strains of sweetest music fill my CASTLE IN THE
AIR.

About the castle grounds, ten thousand kinds of
flowers bloom,
And freight each passing zephyr with a load of sweet
perfume.
Thick clumps of green umbrageous trees afford a cool
retreat,
Where oft I steal me, when the sun pours down his
scorching heat,
And there, upon a mossy bank, recline the live-long
day,
And watch the murmuring fountains in their marble
basins play;
Or listen to the song of birds, with plumage bright
and rare,
Which flit among the trees around my CASTLE IN THE
AIR.

Sometimes the mistress of my castle sits beside me
there,
With dark-blue eyes so full of love, and sunny silken
hair,
With broad, fair, classic brow, where genius sheds his
purest ray,
And little dimpled rosy mouth, where smiles forever
play.
Ah! she is very dear to me; her maiden heart alone
Returned my soul's deep love, and beat responsive to
my own;
And I chose her for my spirit-bride—this maiden
young and fair.
And now she reigns sole mistress of my CASTLE IN
THE AIR.

The banks may break, and stocks may fall, the Cro-
nus of to-day
May see, to-morrow, all his wealth, like snow, dissolve
away,
And th' auctioneer, at panic price, to the highest bid-
der sell
His marble home, in which a king might well be
proud to dwell.
But in my castle in the air I have a sure estate,
No panic, with its hydra-head, can e'er depreciate.
No hard-faced sheriff dares to levy execution there,
For universal law exempts a CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Meet Me in Dreamland.

O meet me in Dreamland, when night throws her veil
O'er the wood and the field, o'er the hill and the dale;
When earth's weary millions are wrapped in repose,
And time's deep dark stream imperceptibly flows.

O meet me in Dreamland—the mystical shore
Where life's gloomy shadows can haunt me no more;
Where I roam through the forest as free as the fawn
That nips the wild flowers which carpet the lawn.

O meet me in Dreamland, and smile on me there
With the sweet sunny smile which thy lips used to
wear;
While I clasp thy white hand, let those dear eyes of
thine,
With a sweet tender love-look, gaze up into mine.

O meet me in Dreamland, and list to the vow
My lips are too trem'lous to breathe to thee now;
And when thou hast heard it, then whisper to me
The three sweetest words ever spoken by thee!

In the Shadow.

O, gather me flowers all dripping with dew,
 Fresh roses, and lilacs, and violets blue,
 Young primroses bright as the star-worlds above,
 And pinks like the lips of the maiden I love.
 Perhaps their bright hues, and their fragrant perfume,
 May banish a moment my sadness and gloom;
 For thoughts, maddening thoughts, are now racking
 my brain,
 And I dwell in the mountain's cold shadow again.

The mountain's cold shadow! the shadow which fate
 Has cast o'er the pathway I've trodden of late;
 Which shutteth out all the bright world from my
 view,
 And leaves me in darkness my way to pursue.
 I know, as I walk o'er the cold, cheerless ground,
 There's gladness and light in the bright world around;
 But, O, not for me are the gladness and light—
 I have for my heritage sorrow and night.

O come with soft music: perchance its sweet strain
 May lure me away from the shadow again;
 Come with viol and harp, let the tunes you shall play
 Be those which lend wings to the feet of the gay.
 And sing to me songs that are merry and sweet
 As the warbling of birds in their forest retreat;
 Let laughter ring clear, and each lip wear a smile,
 And I'll leave the dark shade for the sunshine awhile.

He Rests from His Labors.

Inscribed to the memory of the late Rev. A. B. HICKS.

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their
 labors, and their works do follow them."

He rests from his labors—no more he'll proclaim
 Salvation to sinners in Jesus' name;
 No more will he beg the ungodly to fly
 From the storm of destruction that's hovering nigh;
 Nor kneel at the altar to wrestle in prayer
 For mourners that quake on the brink of despair.
 These labors are over—he rests from them now,
 With a harp in his hand, and a crown on his brow.

He rests from his labors—his struggles to keep
 From the snares of the tempter the wandering sheep.
 His counsel and warnings—too often in vain—

Shall never be heard from the pulpit again.
 His sorrows are over—his groanings and cries;
 And Jesus has wiped all the tears from his eyes.
 He rests from his labors—his labors of love—
 He dwells in the home of the ransomed above.

He rests from his labors—'twas Jesus's will—
 But the *fruits* of those labors are left to us still.
 The handful of seed which he sowed by the way
 Shall multiply still, till the great final day,
 When the angels shall come to the field of the Lord,
 And reap the rich harvest—the yield of the word.
 Rest, friend of my youth, from thy labors on earth,
 In Heaven we'll know what thy labors are worth!

My Three Sweethearts.

Inscribed to my friend, Dr. JACK M. GILBERT.

Think not, friend Jack, my caption strange:
 Free FANCY takes a wider range
 Than blind boy LOVE, despite his wings.
She plays "a harp of a thousand strings;"
 And, free as air, roams here and there,
 To claim whate'er is sweet and fair.
 "Monarch of all her eyes survey,"
 There's none on earth to tell her, nay.
 The heart can hold but one dear treasure,
 But earth can't fill the *fancy's* measure.

My first is tall, with queenly air,
 And glossy curls of raven hair,
 A brow where genius' crown is set,
 And brilliant eyes as black as jet.
 She is—let this a secret be—
 The *fairest fair one* of the three!

My number two has eyes of blue,
 Peach cheeks, and hair of golden hue,
 And ways as wild as the spotted fawn
 Which skips and plays on the grassy lawn.
 She is—but this 'twixt you and me—
 The *loveliest love-lass* of the three!

My number three is a little sprite—
 A flower just opening to the light—
 Whose sunny smile and artless ways,
 Have won my heart—inspired my lays.
 She is—pray keep this dark for me—
 The *sweetest sweetheart* of the three!

He Kissed Me and Called Me Darling.

SONG.

Dear John was at our house last night,
 And there till moonset lingered;
 He gazed into my azure eyes,
 And my golden ringlets fingered.
 I don't know how it came about—
 My brain so wild was whirling—
 But at last he put his lips to mine,
 And kissed me and called me "darling!"
Chorus—He kissed me and called me darling!
 Oh! he kissed me and called me darling!
 He pressed his warm red lips to mine,
 And kissed me and called me darling!

I know not when the moon went down,
 Nor when dear John departed;
 My cheeks were wet with tears of joy,
 I felt so happy-hearted.
 The fountains of my spirit's bliss
 Were by his kiss up-broken;
 As flowers the dew, my soul drank in
 The word which he had spoken.
 He kissed me, &c.

I fear I love dear John too well—
 My thoughts are all about him—
 What if he's playing false with me—
 But no, I cannot doubt him.
 For he kissed me, and the kissing caused
 His tongue to break its fetter,
 And whisper "darling"—what word could tell
 A lover's secret better.
 He kissed me, &c.

The Lily and the Rose.

Will and his Kate sat in a shady nook,
 Viewing their faces in the quiet brook.
 Kate's cheeks were pale, and very, very fair;
 Will pointed to them in the water clear,
 And vowed they were lilies growing there.

Sweet Katy sighed—as little maidens would;
 Will kissed her lips—as tender lover should:
 Kate blushed, of course, as everybody knows:
 Cried Will, (she should have cracked the fellow's pate),
 "See! see!—I am a wizzard, dearest Kate,
 For I have changed my lily to a rose!"

Lines.

In memory of my sister, MRS. MARTHA M. SNOW, who
 died August 21st, 1859.

Thou art gone from us, sister,
 To the dark silent tomb,
 And left thy dear homestead
 In sadness and gloom.
 Thy little ones listen
 For thy footsteps in vain,
 And the love-tones which never
 Shall soothe them again.

Thou art gone from us, sister;
 Thou hast found the bright shore,
 Where saints dwell forever,
 And sorrow no more:
 Where in anthems of rapture
 Their voices they raise,
 And strike the bright harp-strings
 In Jesus' praise.

Thou art gone from us, sister;
 We shall miss thee through life—
 The sister, the daughter,
 The mother, the wife.
 We shall long for thy presence,
 But always in vain;
 For we never—oh! never—
 Shall meet thee again.

Thou art gone from us, sister;
 Thou art lost to our sight,
 But by faith we behold thee
 In realms of delight.
 Through the merits of Jesus,
 By the grace of our God,
 We may meet thee, dear sister,
 In that blissful abode.

"Put not Your Trust in Princes."

Inscribed to "Young Italy."

Put not your trust in Princes; their embrace is death;
 Their smile more fatal than the Simoon's breath.
 They'll stab you to the heart, while they caress,
 And, Judas-like, betray you with a kiss.
 Think of the wooden horse in days of old,
 Which brought the Greeks into the Trojan hold.
 Drive from your council-boards the royal spies

Who seek your confidence with flattering lies;
 And promise help to break your tyrant's chain,
 That *they* may guide you with a silken rein
 To barren victory, and mar your plan
 To wrest from despot clutch the rights of man.
 Trust in your own stout arms, and in the might
 Of Him who gives the victory to the right;
 And learn this truth—a truth all men should know—
 "WHO WOULD BE FREE, THEMSELVES MUST STRIKE
 THE BLOW!"

Loved Ones Gone.

The day has vanished in the West,
 The twilight shades appear;
 And angels light the twinkling lamps
 In Heaven's chandelier.
 The birds have hushed their glad songs,
 And to their perches flown;
 No sound of human voice is near—
 I sit and muse alone.

And yet not all alone, for now
 Fond mem'ry brings again
 The time, ere Death had broke one link
 In our dear family chain.
 I see them all around me here—
 The loved ones gone before,
 Whose wearied feet have stemm'd the flood,
 And pressed the radiant shore.

My aged grandsire rests his chin
 Upon his polished cane;
 Repeats the oft-told tale, and "fights
 His battles o'er again."
 The frosts of ninety winters lay
 Upon his silken hair,
 When Death, the mighty conqueror, came
 And snatched him from our care.

My cripple brother—first to die,
 And best beloved of all—
 With Bible closed upon his knee,
 Is leaning 'gainst the wall.
 He sings the song he always sung
 When Sunday night drew nigh—
 "And let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die."

My aunt sits near him—she whose hands,
 When fever racked my brow,
 Were press'd upon my throbbing brow,

To ease the raging pain.
 How full of joy her beaming smile!
 How soft her mild blue eye!—
 Ah! there was sorrow in our house
 When she was called to die.

The eldest of my sisters three
 Has just closed up her book,
 And listens to my grandsire's tale,
 With mild and thoughtful look.
 In spirit mild, she meekly bore
 The cares and ills of life;
 Fulfilling well her duties as
 A daughter—mother—wife.

There, in the old brown rocking-chair,
 With roses in her hand,
 Is sitting mother's best beloved,
 The youngest of our band.
 I hear the music of her laugh,
 Like the rippling streamlet's flow;
 And see the face with smiles lit up,
 As I saw it long ago.

They all are here—they all are here—
 The loved ones gone before;
 And though their spirits long have dwelt
 On the trans-Jordanic shore,
 And earth hath hid their dear-loved forms
 Forever from our sight,
 Yet Love hath kept, on mem'ry's page,
 Each image clear and bright.

Write to me soon, Love.

SONG.

Write to me soon, love, O write to me soon;
 For I am waiting for tidings from you,
 As the pale roses which wither in June,
 Wait for the fall of the twilight's tresh dew.

Write to me soon, love; I'm longing to see
 Lines that your sweet little fingers have penned—
 Lines that shall bear the warm greeting to me
 Heart to twin heart always loveth to send.

Write to me soon, love; my spirit is sad,
 Far from my home and those that I love;
 Write to me soon, and my spirit made glad,
 Ever shall bless thee, wherever I rove.

Melancholy.

My life is growing weary,
Time moves on leaden wings,
The morning's rosy sunlight
No gladness with it brings.

The dreams which fired my spirit
Have vanished all away;
To-morrow has no beacon
To cheer me on to-day.

My life is like a desert,
With no oasis green,
Nor streams, nor hills, nor valleys,
T' diversity the scene.

My harp hangs on the willow,
I strike its strings in vain;
For now there is no music
In its dull and dirge-like strain.

An Acrostical Valentine.

Inscribed to Miss **** A. ****.

In the sanctuary of my heart,
Locked up from the vulgar prying gaze
Of the world, a picture is enshrined
Very, very fair to look upon.
Earth contains no other half so fair;
Yet does she—the sweet original
Of this lovely picture—always seem
Unaware of all her countless charms.

Draw aside the curtain of my heart—
Enter thou its secret deep recess—
And behold the image bright of her
Round whom all my fond affections twine.
E'en as in a polished looking-glass,
Shalt thou see, upon affection's shrine,
THY OWN IMAGE—dear as life to me!

Lily Rose.

Tell me, darling Lily Rose,
Do you sometimes think of me,
When the twilight shadows close
Round your home in Tennessee?
Do you, when the sunset ray

Tips with gold the mountains blue,
Think of one, who, far away,
Ne'er has ceased to think of you?

Do you miss me, Lily dear,
Now that Spring has come again?
Do you sometimes wish me near—
Weep to find your wish in vain?
Scent of pinks that drip with dew,
Song of bird, and hum of bee,
Always make me think of you—
Do they make you think of me?

Have the morning-glories fair
Oped their tender eyes of blue
O'er the little window, where
Oft I caught a glimpse of you?
And our rose-bush, Lily love,
Tell me, is it blooming now,
As it bloomed the eve I wove
Garlands for your snowy brow?

Vainly now the bright-eyed Spring
Robes in white the hawthorn tree;
Vainly now the zephyrs bring
Perfumes from the wood to me.
For my thoughts keep wandering still
Back toward the rising sun,
To the cottage on the hill,
Where your home is, dearest one.

Think of me, then Lily Rose,
In the morning's rosy dawn;
At the stilly evening's close,
When the dews fall on the lawn.
When the full moon bathes in light
Hill and stream, and shrub and tree,
Look out on the lovely night,
Lily Rose, and think of me.

The Rosebud and the Thorn.

One morning bright in early May,
When dews were on the lea,
My sweetheart—pretty little minx—
A rosebud sent to me.
In sooth, it was as fair a bud
As e'er my eyes had seen;
I vowed 'twas like the giver's lips—
For I was young and green.

I pressed the treasure to my lips,
And in a transport cried :
" Thus would I kiss that rosy mouth,
If she were by my side !"
But a thorn was hid beneath the leaves,
And pricked my finger sore ;
Which made me swear with pain, and drop
My love-gift on the floor.

I put my rosebud in a case,
Where I kept such *treasures rare*—
Embroidered book-marks, billet-doux,
And bits of braided hair.

* * * * *

And years have passed ; the blue-eyed girl
I once esteemed divine,
Has been full twenty years a wife—
But—thank my stars—*not mine* !
The rose has faded from her cheek ;
Her smile has passed away ;
But her *temper*, like Damascus blade,
Grows sharper every day.

I oped my case to-night to get
(Such things afford me pleasure)
A billet-doux to light my pipe,
And spied my boyish treasure.
The bud I kissed had turned to dust,
The leaves were dead and dry ;
But the thorn was still as keen and bright
As a serpent's glittering eye.

My Love-Lass is a Wee-Bit Thing.

SONG.

My love-lass is a wee-bit thing,
With eyes of bonnie blue,
And saucy smiling lips, just like
Two rosebuds wet with dew.
Her locks are bright as western clouds
Tipped by the sunset beam,
And on her cheeks the dimples play,
Like ripples on a stream.

Chorus—A wee-bit thing—

A bonnie thing—

A saucy thing is she,
As ever broke a lover's heart,
Or danced upon the lea.

My love-lass has a graceful form ;
Her step is brisk and light,
As that of wild gazelle which climbs
The craggy mountain height.
Her voice is low, and soft and sweet,
As turtle's coo in spring ;
And like the song of mocking-bird,
Her merry laugh doth ring.

A wee-bit thing, &c.

My love-lass is a cruel elf ;
She knows I love her well,
But wo is me ! she will not hear
The tale I long to tell.
Whene'er to speak the secret dread
My trembling lips essay,
With roguish smile, or ringing laugh,
She's sure to run away.

A wee-bit thing, &c.

Time.

Thou hast all regions for thy realm, O Time !
Nations of every kindred, tongue and clime,
Submissive bow unto thy sceptre's sway,
And meek obedience to thy mandates pay.
The haughty Czar upon his jewelled throne,
Whose empire stretches to the frozen zone,
Before whose face the millions bow the knee,
Is but a serf, a poor weak serf, to thee.
The wandering Arab, Nature's rugged child,
Whose home is in the eastern deserts wild,
And who, back to his father Ishmael's day,
Has never owned an earthly monarch's sway,
Is yet thy slave, a slave as weak and base
As ever crouched to Hindoo king's ukase.

Thou art a conqueror, imperial Time :
Thou crushest nations in thy march sublime,
And leavest scarce a mouldering wreck to tell
Their glorious past, or how they rose and fell.

Assyria bound the ancient world in chains ;
What vestige of her glory now remains ?
The grass grows green o'er Nineveh's buried walls,
And wild goats feed where stood her spacious halls.

Old Babylon her bloody conquests spread,
And shook the East, beneath her iron tread ;
But thou, O Time, didst pull her city down,
Her throne upset, and rob her of her crown ;

Wrest from her grasp the sceptre of her sway,
And sweep almost her very name away.

The Persian kingdom yet retains a place
Upon the map of earth; but scarce a trace
Of her princely splendor now is left
To tell how great she was. Thou hast bereft
Her of her warlike race; the hosts she led
To victory; the mighty fleets which spread
The terror of her name on every sea,
Till forced to yield, at last, to Greece and thee.

Egypt, where Science drew her earliest breath,
Thou'st left, O Time! unto a living death.
For thou hast robbed her of her wealth, her power,
Her martial strength, and left her for a dower,
The broken ruins of her temples grand,
And massive pyramids, which tow'ring stand,
As if in mockery of the pigmy race
Who dwell in filth and rags around their base.

When, crushed by thee, these tottered to their fall,
Then Greece arose, superior to them all.
Mighty in arms, but mightier far in mind,
Her sons became the masters of mankind.
To her, from all the world, as to a mart,
Men came for stores of science, law and art.
What though on many a bloody battle-field
Her hosts to foreign foes were forced to yield?
The victor was victorious but in name,
Who conquered Greece himself a Greek became.
She fell at last; thou, like a bold corsair,
Didst seek her shores, in quest of treasures rare;
Pull down her cities, spoil her temples grand,
Her fields lay waste, and desolate the land;
Bear the proud triumphs of her art, the lore
Of all her sages, to a distant shore,
And hide them there in convent walls, till light
Began to break through Europe's mental night.

Throned on her seven hills by Tiber's side,
Rome, Queen of Nations, sat in haughty pride;
Sent her bold legions forth to bloody war,
And hatched the world to her triumphal car.
But thou didst work her fall. Behold her now!
She wears no crown upon her wrinkled brow;
She bears no sceptre in her palsied hand,
To shake, as erst, the ocean and the land.
A ragged beggar crouching by the road,
She begs for pennies "in the name of God."

But to destroy is not thy mission, *all*,
Triumphant Time! Now nations at thy call
Spring from the mouldering ashes of the past—

Nations more grand and glorious than the last.
Upon the flag thou bearest in the fight,
"Excelsior" is inscribed, in lines of light;
And onward, upward, still thy course shall be,
Till th' angel, standing on the land and sea,
Proclaims, in tones that shake the farthest shore:
"Eternity has dawned, and Time shall be no more."

The Dead Hope.

I.

Sigh on, O, plaintive summer breeze!
Sigh on among the tall dark trees,
In whispered cadence soft and low,
As if thou bore the secret wo
Of hearts that bleed but will not break.
A funeral anthem, for my sake,
Play on thy harp of many strings;
While, like the flapping of the wings
Of death-birds rushing to their prey,
I hear the branches as they sway.
A hope I cherished died last night.
To-day I'll hide it from my sight
In the ruins of the castles grand
Upreared by wizard Fancy's hand,
But which, before the glittering spires
Could kiss the sky, by floods, or fires,
Or whirlwinds fierce, were laid full low.
Now, moss and creeping ivy grow
Among the ruins, where I stray,
When twilight robes the earth in gray,
To muse alone. I'll lay it here—
My hope that died; I'll drop one tear
Upon the dark and lonely spot,
Then pray—that it may be forgot.

II.

Shine on, O summer sun! to-day;
Not with the bright and cheerful ray
Which clothes all things in gladsome light,
And makes the young heart laugh outright;
But shine through hazy skies, as now,
As thou hadst twined around thy brow
A mourning veil. I cannot bear
The cheerful light. Let Morning wear
Her drab, and move with step as slow
As mourners in their weeds of wo.
I am in gloom:—the light had fled
Which o'er my path its radiance shed.
An *ignis fatuus* of the brain,
It lured me on, o'er hill and plain,

Across full many a babbling stream,
Through valleys fair as a poet's dream,
And then expiring, left me there
In gloomy darkness and despair.

III.

Hushed be your notes, ye feathered throng!
I would not hear your cheerful song.
For it recalls departed days
I'd fain forget. I'd hear no lays
This still sad summer morn from you,
Except the low and mournful coo
Of widowed dove, or solemn croak
Of raven in the leafless oak.

IV.

Withhold, ye fragrant flowers that freight
The morning air with fragrance sweet!
Withhold your perfumes now from me;
For with them float up from the lea,
Old mem'ries which oppress me now,
Of *one*, whose fair and queenly brow—
Sweet vision, down! thou woo'st in vain;
I will not dream *that* dream again.

V.

The *hope* is dead, forever lost,
But *mem'ry* haunts me like a ghost.
O, for the cool Lethæan draught
Which spirits in Elysium quaffed!
I'd drive the past, all, from my mind,
Nor leave one floating rack behind.

Spring Has Come.

Inscribed to my little nieces, APOLLONIA D. SNOW and
L. NEWTONIA BERRYHILL.

A purple mist is on the hills,
The sky is clear and blue,
And from beneath the russet leaves
The grass springs up anew.
On budding trees, the bright-plumed birds
Pour forth their sweet refrain,
Singing from early morn till night—
The Spring has come again.

The red-bud wears its purple dress,
The dog-wood wears its white;
From the gnarled roots of ancient oaks,
Peep blue-eyed violets bright.

The little brook which lately wore
A glittering icy chain,
Goes babbling, laughing on its way,
For Spring has come again.

A golden light with glory tips
All sublunary things,
And every breeze that passes by
A load of fragrance brings.
Gone are the cold tempestuous nights,
And dreary days of rain;
Old Winter seeks his northern cave,
And Spring has come again.

Mississippi Girls.

Come aid my song, ye tuneful Nine,
And in this glass of ruby wine,
Pressed from the fruit of Southern vine,
I'll pledge a health this festal night—
The health of Mississippi girls,
With rosy cheeks, and glossy curls,
Lips ripe and saucy, teeth like pearls,
And love-lit eyes like diamonds bright.

Upon our flag of azure hue,
"One star alone appears to view,"
To light the pathway of the true,
When o'er the battle-field it waves.
But th' starry eyes of those we love,
Bright as the orbs which shine above,
Shall light us on, where'er we rove,
To victory or bloody graves.

We need no bugle, drum, nor fife,
To call us to the field of strife,
When those we love far more than life,
In tender tones, have bid us go:
Who does not feel himself the peer
Of any ancient chevalier
That ever shivered lance or spear,
When cheeks like theirs around him glow?

Come, fill your glasses round again;
While music pours its dulcet strain,
And madly through each throbbing vein
The warm red current leaps and whirls,
We'll pledge OUR OWN BELOVED STATE:
Triumph shall on her banner wait;
Freemen alone are fit to mate
With Mississippi's lovely girls!

The Maid of Pascagoula.

O come with me, my bark canoe
Is floating on the waters blue,
By Pascagoula's shore;
O come and cross the sleeping tide,
And you shall be my dark-eyed bride—
Mine—mine forevermore.

We'll steer toward the Southern isles,
Where bright-eyed spring forever smiles,
And skies are always blue;
Earth's brightest flowers are blooming there,
But, O, not one is half so fair,
Nor half so sweet as you.

Haste—haste with me, your warrior sire,
With gleaming knife, and eyes of fire,
Is on your lover's track;
I hear the war-whoops of his band,
But blood shall stain the snow-white strand,
Ere they shall take you back!

The Hunter.

O let me leave this noisy town,
It has no charms for me;
And let me go to the Western wild,
And roam the prairies free.

There, mounted on my fiery steed,
I'll chase the bounding deer
Through the waving grass and bright-hued flowers
That robe the fading year.

Or in some deep and tangled wood
I'll rouse the grizzly bear,
And with my trusty rifle slay
The monster in his lair.

And when the noon-day sun pours down
His flood of burning rays,
I'll hasten to some crystal stream
O'erhung by shady trees.

On its mossy banks I'll eat my meal,
From pois'nous lux'ries free;
My drink shall be the limpid stream,
More sweet than wine to me.

And when the night comes on, upon
The grassy turf I'll lie,
And gaze upon the thousand stars
That twinkle in the sky.

There listen to the wolf's loud howl,
And panther's shriller screams,
Till balmy sleep has carried me
To the blissful land of dreams.

Lines for an Album.

Come, write a line; the world, perhaps, may never
see thy name
Inscribed in lines of living light, upon the scroll of
Fame;
But there is one to whom that name shall be forever
dear—
A treasure laid on friendship's shrine, if thou wilt
write it here.

In after years, when time has all our youthful hopes
erased,
With sad delight I'll often read the lines thy hand
has traced:
Though long and weary years have flown, and seas
may roll between,
Those lines shall wake sweet thoughts of thee, and
keep thy mem'ry green.

And shouldst thou lie beneath the sod, how dear
they'd be to me!
In every line, and every word, I'd find a trace of thee.
Sacred fore'er the page should be whereon thy hand
had lain,
And point my thoughts to that bright land where we
shall meet again.

Epigram.

On a beautiful young lady, remarkable for her voracious appetite.

Sweet girl, it fills my soul with gloom,
To think that lips so sweet as thine
Should be the gateway to the tomb
Of herds of beeves, and droves of swine.

Kiss Me.

Wilt thou not give a kiss—
One little kiss to me ?
Had I a thousand, Miss,
I'd give them all to thee.

Thou wilt not miss it, sweet,
When it is plucked and gone ;
Thy lips with them replete,
Can surely spare me *one*.

Wilt not ? Then I will call
Thee flint-heart miser old,
Hoarding thy kisses all—
Kisses instead of gold.

Nay, have I caused a tear ?
Forgive my rudeness, pray :
And hold those ripe lips near,
I'll kiss their pout away.

I'll call thee pet names, love,
Names softer than the coo
Of widowed turtle-dove—
Wilt kiss me if I do ?

Was ever sweetheart so
Confounded hard to woo !
Thou'rt colder than the snow,
Thou'rt cold, and cruel too.

The twilight hour is nigh,
And I must haste away :
Good bye ! my love, good bye !—
Wilt kiss me if I'll stay !

The Storm.

Old Dominion.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For our hearts with grief are bowed ;
Breaks no gleam of silver light
Through the dark and angry cloud ?

Watchman.

Blacker grows the midnight sky ;
Lightnings leap, and thunders roll :
Hist ! the tempest draweth nigh—
Christ, have mercy on my soul !

Old Dominion.

Search the Northern sky with care,
Whence the tempest issued forth :
Are the clouds not breaking there ?
Watchman, tell us of the North.

Watchman.

I have searched the Northern skies,
Where the wicked storm-fiends dwell ;
From their seething caldron rise
Clouds as black as smoke from hell.

Old Dominion.

Turn you to the East my friend ;
Can you see no rosy streak ?
Will the long night never end ?
Day—O, will it never break ?

Watchman.

I have looked ; no ray of light
Streaks the black horizon there ;
But the angry face of night
Doth its fiercest aspect wear.

Old Dominion.

Raven, cease your dismal croak—
Cease to tear my bleeding breast !
Turn you where the clouds are broke ;
Watchman, tell us of the West.

Watchman.

Black and full of evils dire,
Stands the cloud which hides the West ;
Storm-lights tinge its base with fire,
Lightnings play upon its crest.

Old Dominion.

Watchman, scan the Southern sky :
Is there not one star in sight ?
Search with anxious, careful eye—
Watchman, tell us of the night.

Watchman.

Praise the Lord ! there yet is hope !
Cease your groans and dry your tears :
Lo ! the sable cloud doth ope,
And the clear gray sky appears.
Wider grows the field of light,
As the rent clouds backward fly,
And a *starry circle* bright
Sivers all the Southern sky !

April 15, 1861.

Song.

AIR—"Twilight Devos."

O hang my harp upon the wall,
And ask no song of me;
There is no music in my heart—
I can not sing for thee.

My cherished hopes, like morning mists,
Have all dissolved away:
I've worshipped at an earthly shrine,
And found my idol clay.

The drooping mock-bird in its cage
Cannot be taught to trill
The gladsome notes it warbled forth
Upon its native hill.

Then do not ask a song of me,
When all my hopes are flown;
But hang my harp upon the wall,
And let me weep alone.

"Blood or Bread."

Over the city hangs a gloom
This cold midwinter day;
Through ragged clouds the round white sun
Sheds but a feeble ray;
And earth, and sea, and sky present
A dull and cheerless gray.

Hushed is the sound of revelry,
And hum of busy trade;
And fashion's votaries no more
The sidewalk promenade.
A shadow lurks on every brow,
And every heart's dismayed.

But hark! what distant sound is that
Which falls upon the ear—
Fierce as the howl of famished wolves
In Norway's forests drear,
When Winter in a snowy shroud
Has wrapped the dead old year?

And see! far down the broad paved street
There floats a banner red,
Borne by a host of rough-clad men,
Who march with measured tread;
While from ten thousand throats goes up
The cry of "BLOOD OR BREAD!"

Go, sleek-faced parson, preach to them
Of "slavery's galling chain;"
Their sympathy for Afric's sons
May banish hunger's pain.
They were your dupes and victims once,
And they may be again.

They spurn you now! they've learned at last
'Twas all a wicked lie;
To all your honed eloquence
They answer with the cry:
"The rich man's board with plenty groans,
And must our children die!"

They've all gone mad—those haggard men
Who flaunt the banner red;
Hunger and cold have done their work,
And reason now is fled.
Wo, wo to him who gives a stone
To those who ask for bread!

Rally Song.

Hark! the bugle's loud alarm
Calls us to the field of gore.
Freemen rally! Freemen arm,
Ere the foe is at our door.
Let no Northern vandal's tread
Soil the sod which rests
On the hallowed breasts
Of our great historic dead.

Chorus—Freemen rally, freemen arm;
From the workshop and the farm,
From the pulpit and the bar,
Rally for the bloody war.

By our great ancestral braves,
Whose strong arms their fetters broke,
We will be no cringing slaves,
We will wear no Yankee yoke!
Yield the boon our fathers won?
Not till we forget
Yorktown and Chalmette,
Jackson, Sumter, Washington!

Independence! glorious word!
Shout it on the land and sea;
Once our fathers' hearts it stirred,
Now it shall our slogan be.
Independence! it shall fire
Every Southron's heart
To perform a part
That shall not disgrace his sire.

Freemen hear your Country's call;
 Rally for your Country's sake;
 There is work enough for all —
 Blows to give and blows to take.
 Time for wordy war has past
 In the Congress hall;
 Bayonet and ball
 Must decide the strife at last.

The Star Circle Banner.

The star-spangled flag to our fathers so dear —
 We think of it oft with a sigh and a tear;
 For the vandals who cursed it, have snatched it away,
 And it floats at the head of their columns to-day.
 But we've made us another our flag-staff to grace —
 We've made us another, and hung in its place;
 And it flaunts in the face of Old Abe and his crew —
 Our star-circle banner—the red, white and blue.
 The star-circle banner—the red, white and blue!
 Fore'er may it float o'er the brave and the true!

How jaunty it floats in the fresh Southern air —
 Our star-circle banner, so simple and fair!
 Not another so lovely is found in the world;
 It wins every heart wheresoe'er 'tis unfurled.
 When the heavens are red with the battle's fierce glare,
 Our soldiers that banner to victory shall bear.
 As they fought for the old, they will fight for the new,
 The star-circle banner—the red, white and blue.
 The star-circle banner—the red, white and blue!
 Fore'er may it float o'er the brave and the true!

Song.

Inscribed to Miss —.

Maiden with the dark brown hair,
 Smile not, when I gaze on thee;
 Let thy white brow always wear
 Frowns, and only frowns for me.
 For I've learned — alas! too well —
 Danger lurketh in thy smiles;
 Now I've broke thy magic spell,
 I will shun thy witching wiles.

Maiden with the soft gray eyes,
 Cast no tender look on me;
 Hopeless love hath made me wise,

I will keep my spirit free.
 Birds cannot be caught again,
 If they once have broke the snare;
 Smiles and looks are now in vain,
 Maiden with the dark brow hair.

The Old Soldier.

Go, Johnny, grandson, bring the gun
 I carried in the fight
 When Jackson and his backwood's boys
 Put Pakenham to flight.
 I've heard some news to-day which makes
 My blood with anger boil —
 The Yankee thieves have dared to land
 On Mississippi's soil!
 But they shall learn — nor shall they soon forget —
 There's life and pluck in Jackson's soldiers yet.

They know our gallant boys have gone
 To meet them far away,
 And think our homes, and wives and babes
 Will fall an easy prey.
 They little reck that gray-beards may
 Their youth in age regain: —
 Old Sampson felt his strength come back,
 And Gaza's lords were slain.
 And they shall learn, ere many suns have set,
 There's life and pluck in Jackson's soldiers yet.

I have not felt for thirty years
 So young and stout as now;
 The palsy all has left my arm —
 I can not tell you how.
 And though my eyes beheld the light
 Ere Washington was dead,
 They're keen enough to draw a bead
 Upon a Yankee's head.
 The prowling hounds shall learn, when we have met,
 There's life and pluck in Jackson's soldier's yet.

Go, Johnny, grandson, bring my gun,
 And balls and powder too;
 I'll try a crack or two to see
 If flint and sights are true.
 At red Chalmette full many a foe
 She caused to bite the dust;
 Now Yankee hordes invade our soil,
 She shall not hang and rust.
 But they shall learn, and nevermore forget,
 There's life and pluck in Jackson's soldiers yet.

The Bachelor's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old bach,
Whose wandering steps have sought your door:
He's tried, but tried in vain, to make a match,
These ten long weary years and more.

He's wandered thro' the world's great marriage mart,
Of-times misled by Cupid's wiles;
And now, to thaw his poor old frozen heart,
He seeks the sunlight of your smiles.

Full many a blasted hope has set its seal
In seams and wrinkles on his brow:
If that dear heart can e'er compassion feel,
O, let it melt to pity now.

There was a time when he could strut the street
With glossy boots and glossier curls—
Envied by all the beaux he chanced to meet—
Adored by all the village girls.

Alas! he loved to flirt, and would not wed:
He courted each fair she in turn,
Until he found his manhood's bloom had fled,
No more forever to return.

In haste he sought his error to retrieve,
Ere time should touch his locks with snow;
Smiles and soft looks from all he did receive,
But when he *popped*, they answered *no*!

And now he creeps along the streets, in dread
Of devilish boys and wicked girls,
Who crack their jokes upon his poor bald head,
That long since lost its raven curls.

Full many a patch his faded breeches need;
Buttonless is the shirt he wears;
His old black coat, at least, has gone to seed,
But bears alas! a crop of *tears*.

His lazy laundress forces him to wear
Dickeys that he would once have spurned;
Too mild a mannered man to curse or swear,
Yet oft he wants his stockings *darned*.

No smiling mate presides o'er board and bed,
Sweetens his life and cup of tea,
Partakes his sorrows and his loaf of bread,
Nor pulls his ears in sportive glee.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old bach—
O do not let him plead in vain;
But while his trembling hand is on the latch,
Just give him leave to call again.

The Mother's Lament.

Bring back my bright-haired darling from the crimson
battle plain;
These aching eyes would fain behold his dear-loved
form again;
I'd kiss once more his pale cold lips, and brow so
broad and white,
Before the grave has o'er him closed, and hid him
from my sight.

'Twas hard to break the holy ties which bound me
to my boy;
For oh! he was my youngest born, my pride, my
hope, my joy.
But when his country called, I felt he was no longer
mine;
I plucked my jewel from my breast, and laid it on
her shrine.

Ah! weary were the long, long days when first he
went away;
All through the live long night I could do nought but
pray—
Pray to the God who hears the little ravens when they
cry,
That He would shield my baby-boy when danger hov-
ered nigh.

O, how my heart would leap with joy when tidings
from him came;
How oft I read the lines he wrote, how oft I kissed
his name;
And when I learned that he was sick, it nearly broke
my heart
That I was not beside his bed to do a mother's part.

But not by fell disease my noble boy was doomed to
die:
When battle smoke eclipsed the sun, and hid the
azure sky,
He fell beneath the stars and bars—the will of God
be done!
Just as the foe's exultant shout proclaimed a vict'ry
won.

Bring back—bring back my darling boy, and let his
grave be made
Down in the little valley where in childhood's days he
played;
That I may plant bright evergreens upon his narrow
bed,
And lay my lifeless body down with his when I am
dead.

Battle Song of the Riflemen.

Dedicated to the "Choctaw Rebels."

The wide-mouthed cannon's booming sound
Rends the still air and shakes the ground;
Huzza! the battle draweth nigh,
And we have sworn to win or die.
Each rifleman is at his post:
Thrice welcome now the Yankee host!
With rifle true and bowie-knife
We'll greet them in the bloody strife.

Chorus—Huzza! huzza! the hour is at hand
When we can strike for our native land—
For loved ones round the distant hearth,
And all our hearts hold dear on earth.

What though the whizzing leaden sleet
May lay our comrades at our feet?
No rifleman will quake or quail,
No heart wax faint, no cheek grow pale.
We'll close our broken ranks, and stand
A bulwark for our native land—
A wall of fire no foe can scale,
And live to tell the bloody tale.

Fall back! from hireling Hessians fly!
No, not while there is left one eye
To draw a bead upon the foe,
Or arm to deal a deadly blow.
We'll stand while Heaven affords us breath;
Retreat—defeat—were worse than death;
Far better fill a soldier's grave
Than live and be a Yankee's slave.

Huzza! the balls around us fly;
Our rifles true shall soon reply;
And we unto the luckless band
That dare before their volley stand.
Like prairie-grass before the fire,
Like trees before the tempest's ire,
The foemen shall be swept away
Who meet us in the fight to-day.

We Come!

We come! from valley, hill and plain—
The sons of wealth—the sons of toil—
To avenge our gallant brothers slain,
And drive the foemen from our soil.
From Tennessee to Ponchartrain,
The fires are burning bright again;

From towns and country, shops and farms,
The Mississippians rush to arms!

We come! we come! we've heard the clash
Of arms in dear old Tennessee,
And quicker than the lightning's flash
It set on fire our spirits free.
Defeat our hearts no more can tame
Than oil poured on can quench a flame;
We come! and vengeance swift will wreak
For Donelson and Fishing Creek!

We come! we come! the post we ask
Is where the balls the thickest fly;
We crave no light and easy task—
We come, resolved to win or die.
Where loudest roars the cannon's peal,
Where fiercest rings the clash of steel,
The hardy sons of the Rifle State
Will vict'ry wrench from the jaws of fate.

Our Young Nation.

A song for our Nation—our young Nation free!
Let it ring through the valleys and float o'er the sea,
Till the people who dwell in the isles far away
Of the Nation shall hear that was born in a day.

Chorus—

Huzza! for our Nation—our young virgin Nation!
Not a blemish nor spot her escutcheon doth bear;
Our lives we devote to secure her salvation
From the chains which the tyrants would force her to wear.

As the young mother loveth the babe at her breast—
The first with which Heaven her marriage has blest;
As the fond husband loveth his newly-made bride,
So we love our young Nation—our hope and our pride.

We care not for danger, privation and toil,
While the foot of a foeman polluteth her soil;
All things will we suffer, all danger we'll brave,
Our Nation from Yankee dominion to save.

A cup of cold water—a morsel of bread—
The sky for a cover—the earth for a bed—
Let these be our portion—we glory to be
Counted worthy to suffer—our Country—for thee.

Then rally around our young Nation, ye brave!
And swear that her banner triumphant shall wave,
While our rivers shall flow to the deep azure sea,
Or the red stream of life through our veins courses free.

To Arms!

Freemen of the South, awake !
Lo ! the foe is at your door,
For your bleeding country's sake
Rally now, or nevermore.

Will ye still more slumber crave ?
Will ye fold your hands to sleep,
While your foes, like a mighty wave,
Down our fertile valley sweep !

Cast aside all thoughts of self ;
Do not pause to count the cost ;
What is life or worldly pelt,
If your liberty is lost ?

Turn each sickle to a sword ;
Of each plough-share make a pike ;
And relying on the Lord,
For your homes and freedom strike !

Nil Desperandum.

In vain upon our sunny land
The North her legions pours ;
In vain her gunboats ride our streams,
Her fleets invest our shores.

We will not wear her iron yoke,
We will not bow the knee ;
We nail our banner to the mast,
And swear WE WILL BE FREE !

Though one by one, our cities fall
Before the vandal host,
We will not yield to weak despair,
Nor count the battle lost.

There's light behind the sable cloud
Which hangs across our sky ;
When night grows blackest overhead
The rosy dawn is nigh.

Our armies may be driven back,
Our chosen leaders slain ;
But the blood poured out for freedom's cause
Shall not be shed in vain.

Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
The holy cause shall be ;
And the gleaming sword shall find no rest
UNTIL OUR COUNTRY'S FREE.

Forward!

Throw spade and shovel in the ditch,
And lay the pick-axe by ;
The time is past for digging dirt,
And FORWARD ! is the cry.
Spike all the monster iron guns,
And bury every shell ;
The ball, the knife, the bayonet,
Shall do the work full well.

Chorus--So forward ! boys, my gallant boys,
To meet the Yankee slaves,
And "welcome them with bloody hands
To hospitable graves."

Fierce as the tempest in its wrath,
Sweep down upon your foes ;
And let the quivering lightning be
No swifter than your blows.
On--ever on--your brawny arms
Shall hew you out a way ;
And wo unto the toeman rash
Who would your progress stay.

Strike for the graves of loved ones gone--
The land that gave you birth--
Your mothers, sisters, daughters, wives--
And all you love on earth.
Use well the gleaming bayonet,
Nor cease the bloody toil
While there is left a Yankee foot
Upon our Southern soil.

Prayer

OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

'Mid clang of arms and clash of steel,
Help me, O righteous God, to feel
That I am in Thy presence still.

To me, this hour, Thy grace impart ;
Help me to do a soldier's part,
With steady hand and willing heart.

Let not the fires of hate, to-day,
Impel this arm of flesh to slay ;
Vengeance is Thine, Thou wilt repay.

My duty to my native land,
Affection for my household band--
Let these alone direct my hand.

And to a fallen, helpless foe
May I that mercy ever show
Which I to all Thy creatures owe.

Thou who dost hear with melting eye
The little ravens when they cry,
Be Thou unto my loved ones nigh.

The wife at home that weeps for me,
The smiling babe upon her knee—
O give them grace to trust in Thee.

Kind Father, hear my pleading call;
And if, by bayonet or ball,
Upon the crimson field I fall—

O let Thy tender mercy save,
And bear me o'er death's boist'rous wave,
And Christ be victor o'er the grave.

Lyric.

To Major General B. F. BUTLER, U. S. A.

Hail! Massachusetts' cod-fish Mars!
Immortal Picayune!
Deeds as illustrious as yours,
I'm sure, deserve a tune.
And I have seized my one-stringed lyre
To chaunt those deeds in rhyme,
That boys may stare, and men admire,
Throughout all future time.

Not where the cannons' deaf'ning roar
Like an earthquake shakes the ground;
Not where life's sanguine currents pour
Through many a gaping wound—
The laurels grew which you have won.
The blood, and fire, and smut,
You glad resigned to Neptune's son—
The famous Faragut.

Snug in your quarters, mighty man!
The bloody work all done,
You sent abroad the dread firman
That all your laurels won.
You've proved by deed, what sapient men
Have oft declared by word;
You've proved, O Picayune, *your* pen
Is mightier than your sword.

Far nobler game than men in arms
Attracts your vengeful ire;

Defenceless woman's sneer alarms
And sets your soul on fire.
Let Jove his sceptre yield to you,
When the mighty deed is sung;
You've done what *he* could never do—
You've hampered woman's tongue!

Go home, O Picayune the great!
Go home and play the whale;
Through all the virtuous Codfish State,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.
And they whose sires in olden time
Burnt women at the stake,
To recompense the deed sublime,
Of you a god will make!

Lines

To Miss E. K. G. on receiving a beautiful Hydrangea

Of all who dwell upon the earth—
On land or on the sea—
Fair lady, there is scarcely one
Who ever thinks of me.

Few are so poor they have no friends
To share their grief or mirth;
But *I* have trod life's path alone—
A stranger on the earth.

What pleasure then the gift affords
So kindly sent to me!
My heart can find no words to tell
The thanks it owes to thee.

In Eden's garden, I am sure,
No fairer bloom e'er grew;
May flowers as fragrant, kindest friend,
Thy pathway always strew.

Vicksburg.

The thunders of the Northmen's wrath
Are all converged on thee,
Thou Mordecai in Haman's path
That will not bow the knee!

The rest have fallen; thou alone
Dost guard our river deep,
Serenely sitting on thy throne
Upon the towering steep.

Before thee ride the iron boats
Which others quaked to see;
The red volcanoes in their throats
No terrors have for thee.

For thou art there to offer up
Thyself on Freedom's shrine—
Willing to drink the fiery cup,
And perish, thou, and thine.

Queen City of the Sunny South,
Baptized with blood and flame!
Thy praises are in every mouth,
And millions bless thy name.

Though hell-lit fires of Yankee hate
Consume each cot and hall,
Thy streets shall not be desolate,
Thou shalt not perish all.

We'll make thy site a holy ground—
The Mecca of the free;
Each ruin charred, each shapeless mound,
Shall Freedom's temple be.

And when the loud-mouthed war is dumb,
And Peace resumes her reign,
Thy daughters and thy sons shall come
To build thy walls again.

More fair and lovely than before,
Thy buildings shall arise;
Bright flowers shall bloom at every door
To glad thy children's eyes.

And they whose iron missiles beat
Thy dwellings down to-day,
Shall moor their vessels at thy feet,
And there their tribute pay.

Song.

I'm thinking of thee, dearest,
In the stilly winter night,
When the glist'ning frost is forming,
And stars are twinkling bright.
And when my spirit crosses
To the shady shore of sleep,
It bears thee in its arms, love,
Across the waters deep.

I'm thinking of thee, dearest,
When the rising sun doth wait
For the rosy-fingered morning
To ope her pearly gate.
When, in his flaming chariot,
He ascends the azure sky,
I'm thinking of thee still, sweet,
I'm wishing thou wert nigh.

I'm thinking of thee, dearest,
When the west is all aglow
With the purple, gold, and crimson,
Of sunset's over flow.
When twilight shades are stealing
Over valley, hill, and glen,
I'm thinking of thee, darling,
I'm sigling for thee, then.

Woman's Appeal.

AIR—"Happy Land."

Go to the battle field;
Make no delay:
Your bosoms are our shield;
Haste—haste away.
Lo! now the vandal band
Come with sword and torch in hand;
Strike for your native land,
Strike while ye may.

Go to the field of strife—
Go meet the foe;
For children, home, and wife
Strike well each blow.
How can you linger here,
When the sound of battle's near!
By all you hold most dear,
We bid you go.

In God's impartial sight
Our cause is just;
For gold the Northmen fight—
Rapine and lust.
Unsheathe the gleaming blade,
And let not the work be stayed,
Till every foe is made
To bite the dust.

Lucienne.

With chin on hands a resting,
And elbows on my knees,
I watch the lengthening shadows
Of the tall old china trees,
And listen all the evening
To the whispers of the breeze.

How has it learned my secret?
Pray tell me, if you can;
I ne'er so much as breathed it
Unto a mortal man;
And yet it keeps a whispering
The name of LUCIENNE.

Alas! methought my passion,
The love of by-gone years,
Was long since dead and buried,
And all its hopes and fears,
And thronging train of memories,
Were blotted out by tears.

It was not dead, though buried
With the epitaph—*in vain*;
And the breeze's constant whisper
Calls it to life again,
As the withered grass reviveth
When kissed by summer rain.

And memory—busy memory—
Recalls the long ago,
When she to me was dearer
Than all things else below;
While I to her was—nothing—
Too well, alas! I know.

She was a pretty school-girl
When first my heart she won—
A dainty little rosebud
Just opening to the sun—
Where womanhood and childhood
Were sweetly blent in one.

So long had I been living
In a shadow dark and cold,
Musing on hopes departed
Which perished all untold,
That my brow was growing wrinkled,
And my heart was growing old.

The sunlight of her presence
Gave life a golden hue;
The hours once dull and languid

On rosy pinions flew;
And my sad and weary spirit
Put on its youth anew.

The very skies looked brighter
That o'er my homestead hung;
The roses by the gateway
A richer fragrance flung;
And the birds among the branches
A sweeter carol sung.

Each day, my heart's young passion
New strength and ardor gained,
Fed on the honied kisses
By idle fancy feigned,
And tender smiles and glances
From lips and eyes well trained.

As we sat one summer evening
Beneath a spreading oak,
We learned each other's secret,
Though not a word was spoke:
My blissful dream was over,
The sweet delusion broke.

Words cannot tell my anguish,
My soul's exquisite pain:
It seemed some fiend of darkness
Had written on my brain,
In red-hot, scorching letters,
The cruel words—*in vain*.

I sought again my shadow—
This shadow dark and drear,
But horrid grinning demons
Come trooping round me here,
And—"LUCIENNE!" kept whispering
And shrieking in my ear.

Time, kind physician, led me
To Lethe's stilly stream,
Whose waters made the mem'ries
Of my hopeless passion seem
Like the scattered shapeless fragments
Of a half-forgotten dream.

But the fiends have told my secret
To the tattling zephyr train;
And the love long cold and buried
Has come to life again,
To crush my heart with anguish,
And rack my weary brain.

Song for Price's Boys.

With knapsack on my shoulders,
 And musket in my hand,
 I go to meet the Yankees,
 To fight for Dixie's land,
 And to battle I will go.
 And to battle I'll go,
 I'll go, I'll go, I'll go,
 And to battle I will go.

Farewell, my dear-loved father,
 And mother ever kind,
 My sisters, and my sweetheart,
 I leave you all behind,
 And to battle, &c.

I've heard the cries of anguish,
 The screams of children pale,
 The groans of gray-haired fathers,
 And helpless woman's wail,
 And to battle, &c.

They call on us to shiver
 The tyrant's galling chain,
 And if the Lord is willing,
 They shall not call in vain,
 And to battle, &c.

Before our dear young Nation
 Shall to the Yankees yield,
 We'll lay our bloody corpses
 Upon the battle field,
 And to battle, &c.

So cheer up, fellow-soldiers,
 And hasten to the fray,
 We'll storm the den of Satan,
 If "Pap" will lead the way,
 And to battle, &c.

"To Your Tents, Israel."

Sons of sires whose life-blood free
 Purchased us our liberty,
 Will ye bend the supple knee?

Will ye shrink in pale affright?
 Basely yield each blood-bought right?
 Cringe, and lick the hands that smite!

Will you see your children wear,
 Through long years of black despair,
 Chains your fathers would not bear?

Then, while it is called to-day,
 Arm ye for the bloody fray—
 March where duty points the way.

Oaths and fetters for the slave!
 But for all the true and brave,
 Independence or the grave!

Lula Bell.

Nay, tell me not that lady fair,
 With haughty lip and queenly air,
 And jewels in her braided hair,
 Is Lula Bell—my Lula Bell,
 The sweet young girl I loved so well
 Six years ago.
 The lips are false—as false as hell—
 That tell me so.

My Lula would not pass me by
 With curling lip, averted eye.
 Ah! no, I'm sure she'd rather die
 Than wound my heart; she was so mild
 And angel-like—the darling child!—
 Six years ago.
 I will not heed a tale so wild—
 'Tis false, I know.

She never marred with jewels bright
 Her dainty taper fingers white;
 Simplicity was her delight.
 Diamonds and pearls she would not wear—
 Nor gold—except her golden hair.
 'Tis vain to tell
 Me, that you jeweled lady fair
 Is Lula Bell.

No, Lula's dead—my Lula Bell;
 What time she died I cannot tell;
 But this I know—I know too well:
 The girl I loved has passed away;
 No where can she be found to-day,
 On land or sea.
 Call it but *change*, or what you may,
 She's dead to me!

The Maid of St. Louis.

Among the victims of the massacre near St. Louis, in May 1861, was a beautiful girl about fourteen years old.

Quick close the sightless eyes;
Wash off each purple gout;
Wrap close the muslin robe
Her snowy breast about,
Where the Hessian's ball went in,
And the warm red life rushed out.

Wipe from her ashy lips
The foam that's gathered there;
And from her brow smooth back
The tangled golden hair;
Fold meekly on her breast
Her dainty hands so fair.

Let the mother cease her wail,
And cheek the starting tear;
It were not well such sound
Should reach the people's ear—
A mother weeping o'er
Her murdered daughter's bier!

It might light up a flame
In every list'ner's breast,
That would in peril place
The peace with which we're blest—
Such peace as lambs enjoy
In the bloody vulture's nest!

Let women dig her grave,
And bury her by night,
When the moon has hid her face,
And stars have veiled their light:
Missouri's fiery sons
Must not behold the sight:

Lest they should swear an oath
Like that which Brutus swore,
When he held aloft the blade
Red with Lucretia's gore—
*And scourge the Hessian fiends
From fair Missouri's shore!*

Willy Lane.

A BALLAD OF THE WAR.

Where fiercely rung the clash of steel,
And loud the cannons roared,
And from the breasts of friends and foes

The warm red life out-poured,
There fell the bright-haired Southern boy—
My darling Willy Lane—
Baptizing with his heart's young blood
The frozen battle plain.

Chorus—O Willy! sweet Willy!

Darling Willy Lane!

Your soft blue eyes are dim in death—
We ne'er shall meet again.

Oh! he was dearer far to me
Than all the world beside;
And I had pledged my maiden faith
That I would be his bride.
But Willy heard his country call,
And could no longer stay;
He pressed good-bye upon my lips
And hastened to the fray.

Where battle fires the reddest glowed,
And balls the thickest flew,
My Willy stood with cheek unblanched,
To duty ever true.
And there the lead—the cruel lead—
His tender bosom tore;
But oh! he died a soldier's death—
His wounds were all before.

O, Willy Lane! my own sweet love!
How can I give thee up!
'Twill break my heart, I know it will—
To drink this bitter cup.
But welcome, Death! His icy touch
Shall free me from my pain;
And in a lovelier, better land
I'll meet my Willy Lane.

O, Willy! sweet Willy!

Darling Willy Lane!

In Heaven's bright and shining courts—
There—there—we'll meet again.

The Winter of the Heart.

Old Winter soon will seek his home
Beneath the iceberg's glittering dome:
The ice, the sleet, the piercing blast,
The dreary rain, the sky o'ercast,
From us will shortly pass away:
But oh! the winter in my heart
Will never, nevermore depart;
Its spring is gone—and gone for aye.

The wailing trees, whose branches bare
An icy coat of armor wear,
Their deep-green robes will soon resume:
The swelling buds will burst and bloom,
When kissed by April's gentle rain:
But hopes of mine, once fondly cherished,
Which with the leaves in autumn perished,
Will never come to life again.

Music will float o'er hill and dell—
The grazing cattle's tinkling bell;
The murmur of the western breeze;
The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The dusky plowman's loud retrain:
But my heart's a lute with broken strings,
And naught that spring or autumn brings,
Can call its music forth again.

Tennessee.

A Song for the veteran soldiers of the Volunteer State.

Marching through the gloomy wild-wood,
Or in bivouac on the plain,
Thoughts of spots we loved in childhood
Crowd upon the weary brain.
As a lost child's heart keeps yearning
For its place on its mother's knee,
So our thoughts are ever turning
Back to dear old Tennessee!

Chorus—Tennessee! dear Tennessee!

Wheresoe'er our lot may be,
Fondly turn our thoughts to thee—
Tennessee, sweet Tennessee!

On the crimson field of battle,
Wading through a sea of gore,
Loud above the muskets' rattle—
Loud above the cannon's roar,
We have heard her wails of anguish—
Shrieks for help when none was near—
Groans of fathers doomed to languish
In the prisons dark and drear.

And we've sworn—her hardy yeomen—
By the God who rules above,
That we'll drive the vandal foemen
From the dear old State we love:
From the altars where our fathers
Knelt in olden time to God,
And the grave-yards where our mothers
Sleep beneath the hallowed sod.

We have sworn it! Ye whose revels
Desecrate our childhood's home—
Sons of Moloch—bloody devils—
Tremble, for your hour has come.
Fierce-eyed Vengeance now is making
Bare his brawny, red right arm,
And the gleaming blade is shaking
That shall drink your life-blood warm.

We are coming! fathers, mothers,
Let the fainting hearts revive;
Fan the fire the tyrant smothers,
Keep the glowing spark alive.
Ere by Cumberland's blue waters
Fades the last wild rose of Spring,
Tennessee's own bright eyed daughters
Shall our glorious triumph sing.

The Grave in the Wilderness.

Where, long before the close of day,
The Twilight musters her array
Of shades, to scale the mountain side
The form was laid
Of one who in her girlhood died;
Never a bride,
But alas! no maid.

No weeping-willows drooping wave
Above her narrow lowly grave;
No sculptured marble at her head
Records her name;
But the wild rose blooms upon her bed,
And blushes red
For the lost one's shame.

She was her father's only child;
As fair and sweet as the flow'rs wild
Which near her vine-clad cottage grew
In early spring;
With eyes like tender violets blue,
And hair the hue
Of the raven's wing.

But a serpent came in the guise of love,
With a voice as soft as a cooing dove,
And a heart as black as a fiend from hell.
Day after day,
Around the maid he wove his spell,
Till she loved and fell—
The spoiler's prey.

What need to tell the tale oft told—
How love dissembled soon grew cold,
And, far from home, the ruined one
Was cast aside,
Like a broken ring with the ruby gone!
Heart-broke—undone—
She pined and died.

Aye, perished by the wayside bare;
With none to hear her dying prayer,
Or to cross her frozen hands so fair
On her bosom white:
But the frost wove pearls in her raven hair
That a queen might wear
On her bridal night.

Her grave was made 'neath a blasted oak,
Where the black-plumed ravens come to roak,
And the mould'ring leaves the thickest lie
When winter's gone.
And none stood near with a moistened eye,
Nor breathed a sigh
When the work was done.

Mississippi.

Thank God! she is not conquered yet—
The brave old Rifle State,
Tho' many a recreant son has fled
And left her to her fate.
She well can spare the craven wretch
Who safety seeks afar;
Who wore the lion's hide in peace,
But plays the sheep in war.

She is not conquered yet! Her flag
Still proudly floats on high;
From every hill, and vale, and swamp,
Is heard the slogan cry.
Old men and boys have rushed to arms
Who scorn the vandals' wrath—
Whose breasts shall be a living wall
Across a conqueror's path.

And by the graves of martyred sons
In bloody conflict slain,
We swear our dear old Mother State
Shall wear no master's chain!
Ere she is bound, each sunny plain
A Marathon shall be,
And every narrow rugged pass
A red Thermopyke!

I'll Think of Thee.

I'll think of thee, when morning tints
With rosy hue the eastern sky;
When sparkling dews and blushing flowers
Around in sweet protusion lie.
When all nature is bright
With the sun's early light,
I'll think of thee.

I'll think of thee, when in the west
The Sun conceals his shining face,
And meek-eyed Eve with blushes glows
As she receives his last embrace.
When the twilight creeps on,
I will wander alone,
And think of thee.

I'll think of thee, when the pale-faced moon
Rides onward in her shining course,
When zephyrs play, and the whip-poor-will
Trills in the wood her mournful verse.
With the stars shining bright
In the canopy of night,
I'll think of thee.

To Arms.

To arms! to arms! our Country calls—
Our own bright Southern land;
From lowly cots and spacious halls,
T' obey her high command,
Let freemen rush to arms.

Let him who'd live and die a slave
Play truant if he will;
But who would fill a freeman's grave
Or live a freeman still,
Let him now rush to arms.

To arms! our own beloved State,
By vandals overrun,
Who wreak on her their direst hate,
Calls on each faithful son
To rouse and rush to arms.

Let old men's curses, woman's scorn,
And children's hisses fall
On that base wretch of manhood shorn
Who will not heed the call,
And straitway rush to arms.

To arms! to arms! our brothers—sons—
 Pressed by the Northern host,
 Have called on us to seize our guns,
 And hurry to our post—
 And all must rush to arms.

Let age forget his hoary hairs
 And deem him young again;
 The boy forget his tender years—
 The invalid his pain,
 And all now rush to arms.

Forrest's Men.

Ere the East is lit up by the first streak of day,
 The bugle's shrill sound bids us mount and away,
 With limbs weak and weary, but hearts all aglow,
 And guns ready loaded to encounter the foe.
 For the grass groweth not 'neath the hoofs of the
 steed
 Of the horseman who follows where FORREST doth
 lead;
 And no rust's on his blade, save the spot that is left
 When the skull of the foeman in battle is cleft.

And woe to the Northmen who stand in our path,
 When we rush to the fight like a storm in its wrath;
 When the voice of our chieftain is urging us on,
 To deeds which shall rival the deeds that we've done.
 For VENGEANCE is writ on the banner we bear,
 And on the blue steel of the swords that we wear;
 Aye, vengeance for deeds too atrocious for hell—
 Black deeds that pale history will shudder to tell.

Homes burned to the ground by the black demon band
 The hounds of the North have let loose in the land:
 Our children cast out without shelter or food;
 Our fathers in prison, or weltering in blood;
 Our mothers abused, and our sisters and wives—
 Our lips will not speak it, but myriads of lives
 Of fiends black and white, for the deeds shall atone,
 Ere the red task of carnage and vengeance is done.

With hands lifted upward all reeking with gore,
 Let Lincoln and Wade roll their eyes, and deplore
 The fate of the slaves THEY incited to deeds
 Which Satan himself stands aghast as he reads.
 We laugh at their wailing, their threat'ning we spurn;
 While steel hath an edge, or powder will burn,
 The BLACKS caught in arms shall not cumber our
 hands—

'And woe to the whites in the African bands!

The Farmer's Song.

Praise the Lord whose gracious hand
 Showers on the thirsty land
 The vivifying rain;
 Who doth crown the waving field
 With so bountiful a yield,
 Of precious golden grain!

While with harrow, plow, and hoe,
 We assist the corn to grow,
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 And each bloom that doth appear
 On the green enameled ear,
 Calls forth new songs of praise.

When, at morn's first rosy glow,
 We with scythe and cradle go,
 To reap the bending wheat;
 To our Father in the skies
 Songs melodious arise
 From hearts with thanks replete.

When the harvest time is o'er,
 And on clean-swept garner floor
 We spread the golden store,
 Let us not forget to yield
 Him the first fruits of the field—
 God's stewards are the poor.

Our Country's Dead.

Lady.

Little maid with fragrant flowers
 Gathered in the woodland bowers,
 Hither come, and tell me, pray,
 Where your wandering footsteps stray.

1st Little Girl.

I have gathered violets blue,
 Roses wet with morning dew—
 Sweetest flowers of every hue—
 And I'm going now to strew
 Them upon the hallowed graves,
 Of our martyred Southern braves,
 Who have giv'n their life-blood free
 To secure our liberty.

Lady.

Little maid with down-cast eyes,
 Blue as April's sunny skies,
 Hither come, and tell me, pray,
 Where your wandering footsteps stray.

2nd Little Girl.

I am going forth to weep
 Where the pines their vigils keep,
 Day and night, above the bed
 Of our Country's noble dead.
 In their homes, far far away,
 Sisters—mothers—mourn all day;
 But the scalding tears they weep
 Fall not where the loved ones sleep.
 Thither go I every day,
 Ere the dew has passed away,
 And for sister—mother—shed
 Tears upon the soldier's bed.

Lady.

Little maid with look of bliss,
 As if angel's tender kiss
 Lingered on your pretty brow—
 Tell me where you're wandering now.

3d Little Girl.

I have been to kneel and pray,
 At the rosy dawn of day,
 By the graves of those who died
 In their manhood's bloom and pride—
 Died to save our Southern land
 From the Vandal Northman's hand.
 "Take us, Father," was my prayer,
 "Take our Nation in Thy care :
 Grant, I pray, that not in vain
 Flowed the life-blood of our slain ;
 Crown the struggles of the brave—
 Bless the land they died to save.

When I am Dead and Gone.

When I am dead and gone,
 The sun will shine as bright as now,
 The summer skies appear as blue ;
 The distant mountain's brow,

Kissed by the the early dawn,
 Will blush as roseate a hue.

When I am dead and gone,
 The sweet wild flowers will bloom as fair,
 In woods where I was wont to roam :
 And birds with plumes as bright and rare,
 Sing in as sweet a tone
 Among the trees around my home.

When I am dead and gone,
 The merry laugh will ring as clear
 Among my friends ; they'll jest as free ;
 And some, the songs I love to hear
 Will sing in careless tone,
 And never give one thought to me.

When I am dead and gone,
 The maiden that I love so well,
 The arbor-vitæ at my head
 Will pluck, some loving swain to tell,
She lives for him alone,
 And hath forgot the lover dead.

Pirate's Serenade.

Come get your tiny slippers,
 And shoe your dainty feet ;
 The silver moon is climbing
 The eastern mountain, sweet,
 And on the hills the whippoorwills
 Their mournful songs repeat.

My ship has weighed her anchor
 And spread her canvass white,
 And lies upon the water,
 Like a swan prepared for flight :
 And in the cove my boat, my love,
 Floats like a feather light.

Upon the boat brave sailors
 An anxious vigil keep,
 With lifted oars impatient
 Across the tide to sweep,
 And swiftly bear their mistress fair
 To her home upon the deep.

Then ope your chamber window,
 And do not fear, my sweet,
 Though sways the flexile ladder
 Beneath your little feet :
 My open arms shall catch your charms,
 If you fall into the street.

Tidings from the Battle Field.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

A widowed mother stands,
And lifts the glasses from her eyes
With trembling withered hands.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

"Your only son is slain;
He fell with 'victory' on his lips,
And a bullet in his brain."

The stricken mother staggers back,
And falls upon the floor;
And the wailing shriek of a broken heart
Comes from the cottage door.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

The wife her needle plies,
While in the cradle at her feet
Her sleeping infant lies.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

"Your husband is no more,
But he died as soldiers love to die—
His wounds were all before."
Her work was dropped—"O God!" she moans,
And lifts her aching eyes;
The orphaned babe in the cradle wakes,
And joins its mother's cries.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

A maid with pensive eye
Sits musing near the sacred spot
Where she heard his last good-bye.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

"Your lover's cold in death;
But he breathed the name of her he loved
With his expiring breath."
With hands pressed to her snowy brow,
She strives her grief to hide:
She shrinks from friendly sympathy—
A widow ere a bride.

"Fresh tidings from the battle field!"

O, what a weight of woe
Is borne upon their blood-stained wings
As onward still they go!

War! eldest child of Death and Hell!

When shall thy horrors cease?

When shall the gospel usher in
The reign of love and peace?

Speed, speed the blissful time, O Lord!—
The blessed happy years—

When plough-shares shall be made of swords,
And pruning-hooks of spears!

Sheridan.

From Shenandoah's valley fair,
Borne on the chilly midnight air,
There comes a wail of wild despair--
Sheridan.

Women and babes—the old, the lame,
Are shivering round the smouldering flame,
And quivering lips pronounce thy name,
Sheridan.

In mountain gorge, and fertile plain,
Charred ruins now alone remain,
And carcasses of dumb brutes slain—
Sheridan.

Destruction o'er that land has past,
And left the fields a blackened waste;
No food is there for man nor beast—
Sheridan.

No black-winged tempest in its ire
Has caused this wide-spread ruin dire;
'Twas thou that sweptst this land with fire,
Sheridan.

Thine was the deed, O fiendish man!
But the Moloch of the Northern clan
Conceived the diabolic plan,
Sheridan.

He sought a man, on land and sea,
To execute his black decree,
And turned his blood-shot eyes on thee,
Sheridan.

A proper man! Aye, e'en if hell
Should spew up all the fiends that fell,
None could be found to serve so well—
Sheridan.

For unto thee, pale woman's moan—
The infant's scream—old age's groan—
Are sweeter than the harp-string's tone,
Sheridan.

And burning homes, whose lurid gleam
Lights up bine Shenandoah's stream,
Are fairer than a poet's dream—
Sheridan.

But tremble now, thine hour is near;
The widow's wail, the orphan's tear,
For vengeance cry—and it is here!
Sheridan.

And of the millions congregate I saw
 Some whirling through the mazes of the dance—
 Mazourka, Schottische, Waltz, Cachucha—all
 That enning minds depraved have studied out
 To license dalliance on the ball room floor;
 Some gambling—cager to secure the piles
 Of yellow gold and paper green that lay
 Before their greedy eyes—all stained with gore;
 Some feasting at the marble tables, spread
 With viands fit for dainty epicure—
 Drinking anon, from ghastly human skulls,
 Potations deep of mingled blood and wine.
 Hour after hour, e'en till the sun went down,
 The sounds of frantic revelry increased:
 The boist'rous, ringing laugh; the mingled sound
 Of twice ten thousand tuneful instruments;
 The hoarse discordant Bacchanalian song;
 The muttered curse; the fierce blasphemous oath,
 So harsh, so God-defying, that it made
 My very hair with horror stand on end.
 And as I saw all this, and thought upon
 The wasted fields and desolated homes,
 The smouldering towns and fields of bleaching bones,
 Which mark the track of those THESE sent to war,
 My soul grew sick, and in mine agony
 I cried: How long! how long! O Lord, how long?

And now, deep Darkness drew his sable veil
 Between the revelers and me. The sound
 Of harp and viol, mingled with the tramp
 Of dancer's feet—the filthy maudlin song—
 The ringing laugh—the oaths and curses deep—
 Grew faint and fainter, as the night wore on,
 Till all was silent—silent as the grave.

II.

But hark!—What sound is that which shakes the earth
 Beneath my feet?—Is it the muttering
 Of sable clouds, surcharged with Heaven's wrath?
 Again—again—it rends the midnight air:—
 'Tis earth's artillery, not that of Heaven!
 Yet Heaven, methinks, doth find in it a voice
 To read in thunder tones its sentence dread
 Upon a nation steeped in sin and blood.
 Soon fitful flashes break the darkness deep;
 The sounds grow nearer, and new quakings seize
 Affrighted earth. And now the sharp report
 Of musketry—the clang and clash of steel—
 The distant hoarse command—the muttered curse;
 The shout of momentary victory—
 The frantic yell of wild despairing rage;
 The shriek of pain—the agonizing groan of death—
 Are mingled with the cannon's sullen roar.
 I hear a scream—a million screams in one—

A million piercing screams from female throats,
 So loud, so sharp, so full of utter woe,
 That, like the charmed adder, I would fain
 Bar up the passage of my tingling ears,
 T' exclude the sound. But see! a lurid flame
 Shoots up athwart the gloomy midnight sky.
 Another and another quick succeed,
 Till Darkness, frightened, plumes his sable wing
 And flies away, and more than noonday light
 Reveals the bloody horrors of the awful scene.
 Towns, villages, and cities are on fire.
 Farm-houses, barns, and tasteful country-seats
 Have not escaped. The dull red smoke which floats
 Above the factories, is not the breath
 Of flames that urge the busy spindles on;
 And forge and furnace glow with fervent heat,
 Such as, I ween, they never knew before.

The frantic revelers, like blood-hounds fierce
 That once have chanced to lap the blood of man,
 Have found their thirst insatiate, and have turned
 Their daggers to each other's guilty breasts,
 To quench the brand of hell within their souls,
 Which, like the leech's mother, crieth, "give!"
 Brother meets brother in the deadly strife,
 And sons imbrue their hands in blood of sires.
 In grim array and all the panoply of war,
 Some, face to face, stand on the battle-field,
 Where, like volcanoes, wide-mouthed cannon pour
 Destructive missiles in the serried ranks,
 And minnie balls fly thick as summer hail,
 Mowing their victims down as fast as falls
 The ripened grain before the keen-edged scythe:
 Some from the tangled brake or deep morass
 Spring, tiger-like, upon their human prey;
 Some on his very threshold tear the arms
 Or shrieking loved ones from their victim's neck,
 And stain with crimson blood the floor of home.

Ten thousand bands of robbers, black and white,
 Perambulate the highways and the streets:
 The rough clad, half-starved sons of toil;
 Street-beggars, gamblers, prostitutes, and thieves;
 Sleek parsons, fresh from pulpits they defiled—
 Wolves in sheep's clothing—shepherds of the fleece
 And not the flock; the sensual sons of Ham,
 Whose liberty is license for all crimes
 That desecrate the very name of man;
 The filthy scum of Europe and of Hell,
 Whose intercourse with men of native birth,
 Yet viler still, has only served to set
 The seal on their innate depravity,
 And give to ebony darkness unsurpassed
 A deeper—black—more internal hue.

Of these, some seek the banks, and in hot haste
 Burst the strong vaults and seize the golden spoil.
 Some seek the stately stores with marble fronts,
 Where merchant princes erst displayed their wares
 Before the eyes of Fashion's votaries.
 There filthy beggars clothe themselves in robes
 Which Eastern Kings might well be proud to wear;
 And wayside strumpets seize on sparkling gems
 Fit to adorn old Egypt's peerless queen.
 Some seek the homes of Fashion and of Wealth,
 To glut their hate, their lust, and avarice there:
 For in the jaundiced eyes of such as these
 There is no crime that can compare with *wealth*.
 Devouring fires pursue the robbers' track,
 Consuming all that rapine leaves behind.
 As from their homes the crackling flames leap up,
 Pale shrieking women rush into the streets—
 Some in their night robes, some with babes
 Clasped wildly to their breasts, while round the doors
 Groups of young children frightened stand, and call—
 But call in vain—their murdered fathers' names.
 Like storm-tossed waves, the dam'rous mobs sweep on,
 Blocking the streets and trampling 'neath their feet,
 As they would trample grass, the corpses warm
 Of bleeding victims, and the living forms
 Of women, children, babes, and helpless age.

Now fiery horsemen dash along the streets
 With sabres drawn, and charge the moving hosts;
 Now gaping cannon to the muzzle crammed,
 Pour shell, and shot, and grape, and canister,
 Into their motley ranks, and strew the paves
 With heaps of mangled slain. 'Tis all in vain;
 Fresh numbers rush to fill the yawning gaps
 From every alley—every den of vice;
 And to their work of plunder or revenge
 The blood-stained mobs rush wildly, swiftly on.

Wo to the leaders whose ambition black
 Sowed dragons' teeth in a prolific soil,
 To reap a golden crop of wealth or power!
 Wo to the writers who from teeming press
 Strewed mental poison broadcast o'er the land!
 Wo to the preachers who from sacred desks
 Preached war and blood, not Christ the crucified!
 The willing instruments of Heaven's wrath
 Seize on them now, and tear them limb by limb;
 As he who trained his dogs to hunt for men,
 By those same dogs was mangled and devoured.

And thus the work of death and ruin sped—
 On battle fields where dire rebellion's hosts
 And power's well trained bands—the "outs" and "ins"—
 The conflict waged, and scientific skill
 Made war a mighty problem, ranks of men

The geometric lines with which 'twas solved;
 In towns and cities, where the rabble bands,
 Intent on spoil alone, or fierce revenge,
 Like Ishmaelites did turn their hands 'gainst all—
 Murder their tactics—plunder all their skill—
 Till Death was satiate, Ruin weary grown,
 And all the wasted land baptized in blood.
 Black ruins lay where once proud cities stood,
 And tangled briers usurped the fertile fields;
 The wild beasts howled in willow haunts of men;
 The air was fetid with the loathsome smell
 Of bloated corpses rotting in the sun;
 And stupid death birds flapped their lazy wings,
 Gorged with the flesh till they could eat no more.
 And sack-cloth took the place of costly robes;
 And for the sound of tuneful instruments
 Was heard a wail of wo. Where dancers' feet
 Tripped lightly on the green enameled mead,
 I heard the solemn sound of muffled drums;
 And for the songs of merry revelers,
 The mournful music of a funeral dirge.

And as again the sable veil of night
 Closed round the scene, and hid it from my view,
 I heard a voice proclaim: It is enough;
 I put up the blood-stained sword, and stop the mouths
 Of battle's brazen monsters; let the land—
 The weary stricken land—find rest again.

1864.

The Ragged High Private.

Come fill to the brim with the pure distillation
 Of Nature's retort deep down in the earth—
 The stuff Adam drank on the happy occasion,
 When he wedded fair Eve on the day of her birth.
 I'll pledge you to-day—not the bright eyes of beauty,
 Though the warmth of their glance sets my heart all
 aglow—

But the ragged high private who shrinks not from
 duty,

Who stands by his colors in weal or in woe.

Chorus—Then fill' to the private—the fearless high
 private,

Who turns not his back on a friend or a foe;
 The gallant high private, the ragged high
 private,

Who stands by his colors for weal or for woe.

The ragged high private's no partner sweet-smelling
 For whale-bone and silks in cotillion or reel;
He steps to a music more grand and heart-swelling—
 The booming of cannons—the clashing of steel.
 He wears no bright buttons to please the dear crea-
 tures—
 No tinsel embroidery on collar or sleeves;
 But the hand of his Maker has stamped on his fea-
 tures
 A seal of true manhood that never deceives.

His old slouchy beaver quite seedy is getting;
 His *rents* are increasing wherever he goes;
 The socks on his feet are Dame Nature's own knitting,
 And his shoes are both out at the heels and the toes.
 He has no fragrant moustache where his index may
 trifle,
 But a rough honest beard like the patriarchs wore;
 And his hand's better suited for handling the rifle
 Than squeezing the fingers of Lady Lenore.

Perhaps he's not able to jabber French phrases;
 The brogue of the backwoods may cling to his tongue;
 But his own loved Southland shall ring with his
 praises,
 And the deeds he has done by her poets be sung.
 Let exquisites stare at, and "bomb-proofs" upbraid
 him;
 The ragged high private may laugh them to scorn;
 He can boast that no tailor nor barber has made him—
 He's noble by nature—a gentleman born.

Southern Winter Scene.

The pattering rain has ceased which all the morn
 Dripped slow, from cock-crow till the dinner horn.
 Keen blows the wind from out the misty north,
 From which the dark dun clouds slow issue forth.
 Sharp icicles usurp the place of leaves
 On bending boughs, and gem the dripping mossy eaves.

The winds grow colder: now they shriek and howl
 Around the house, like wolves that nightly prowl;
 Seek every crack, that they may enter in,
 To chill one's back, or bite one's nose and chin;
 Or shake the frozen branches, till they rattle
 Like burnished knightly armor in an ancient battle.

Flocks of small birds have gathered near the door,
 As if they'd found a rich nutritious store;
 Chirping and twittering, still they're fluttering down—

Red-birds in scarlet, sparrows rigged in brown,
 And "rebel" snow-birds in their coats of gray—
 Each one as blith^{er} as on a sunny April day.

The lowering clouds are growing thicker, nigher;
 Pile up the hickory wood upon the fire,
 And put fat light-wood in—a bounteous store—
 Until the cheerful flames shall leap and roar.
 "Thank God for fire!"—the sun-browned father cries;
 "Alas! our soldier boy!" the meek-eyed mother sighs.

Young master rushes in: "It snows!"—he cries—
 And all his soul is in his big blue eyes.
 Traps, birds and snow-balls, wheeling tiro' his brain,
 Have made his heart with gladness leap again.
 "It snows!" cries he, and at the magic word,
 Young miss darts out, as swift as tiny humming-bird.

Look out! Along the bleak deserted street,
 The furious north-wind hurls the tinkling sleet:
 While, here and there, a vagrant flake of snow
 Floats down and down with spiral motion slow,
 Sports with the wind, and whirls around and round,
 And falls, at last, and melts upon the frozen ground.

Close by the shuck-pen, built of oaken rails,
 With high-arched backs, and ice-tags to their tails,
 The lean and bony cattle stand and low.
 The sheep into the thickest thickets go;
 And in their beds, with grumbling grunt and squeal,
 The sluggish hogs lie dreaming of their evening meal.

Now faster come the slanting snow-flakes down,
 And soon the fallen leaves of autumn brown
 Are covered o'er; the sloping roofs are white;
 The trees wear ermine with their jewels bright;
 And field, and wood, and hill tops far away,
 Are like a virgin's garments on her bridal day.

Dark swarms of black-birds wheel and circle round,
 Light now on eaves and trees, now on the ground;
 And blacker by the contrast, "clack" away,
 Or sing in concert their mellifluous lay;
 While flocks of wild ducks seek the stream hard by,
 Where they with noisy "quack" their paddles swiftly
 ply.

But hark! I hear, far down the village street,
 A merry sound, where boys and maidens meet,
 To pelt each other with their balls of snow.
 With tresses floating loose, and cheeks aglow,
 The girls forget Dame Fashion's rules precise,
 And, swift as hounds, pursue the tow-head boy that
 flies.

Loud shout the boys: old men with locks of gray
Have come to join them in the mimic fray.
(The young men all are with our country's brave,
Or fill, alas! the soldier's humble grave.)
The girls now charge with well dissembled wrath,
And wo unto the gray-beards in their onward path.

The twilight's misty shades are gathering slow:
Still, fast and faster falls the feathery snow.
The fire replenished blazes warm and bright,
As with the best of spices--appetite--
The family surround the frugal board,
And thanks return to Him who hath their larder
stored.

With snow-flakes glistening 'mongst their glossy
curls,

In rush a crowd of romping bright-eyed girls;
And song and jest, and tale and merry play,
Serve well to while the winter night away;
Till to the desk the father draws his chair,
Takes down the good old book, and says, "'Tis time
for prayer."

The servants enter, and with solemn face
Each seats himself in his accustomed place.
The chapter's slowly read--the old man's eyes are
dim--

And all unite to sing the evening hymn.
Then all kneel down, and in a fervent tone
The old man lays his prayer before our Father's
throne.

And now to bed, where 'twixt the blankets warm
We snugly lie, and listen to the storm
Which howls without, and hear the snow and sleet
Against the windows of our chamber beat;
Till sleep his sable curtain draws between,
And closes till the morn the SOUTHERN WINTER
SCENE.

The Maiden's Response.

Ask not a Southern song of me--
Thou art my country's foe;
To sing these sacred songs for thee,
Were sacrilege I know.
My lips cannot pronounce a word,
My fingers touch a key;
These songs the patriot's heart have stirred--
They are not fit for thee.

Around the Southern camp fires oft
These songs at night are heard;
And as he lists the numbers soft
The soldier's heart is stirred.
They've fired the souls of gallant men,
And urged them to the strife;
Oft on their lips they've lingered when
Fast flowed the crimson life.

When all is dark, when croakers cry,
And patriot hearts grow weak;
When through the clouds which veil the sky
Men see no rosy streak;
Fair daughters sing them to their sires,
The mother to her son,
To light anew the holy fires--
The fires of sixty-one.

We sing them oft--we Southern girls--
But not for thee nor thine;
We may not cast our precious pearls
Before the heedless swine.
Then ask no more a Southern maid
To sing a Southern song:
To him who wears a Southern blade
The dear-loved strains belong.

Submission--Never!

What! brothers, shall we cease the strife?
Lay down our arms and beg for life,
With shaking limbs and fluttering breath,
Like base poltroons afraid of death?
Never--never!
While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right--
Aye, forever.

And shall it be they died in vain--
The dear-loved ones in battle slain?
Shall foes insult the patriot's grave,
And rule the land he died to save?
Never--never!
While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right--
Aye, forever.

Our ruined homes shall we forget?
And shall we kiss the hand that's wet
With kindred blood? The thieving hordes--
Shall we be slaves and *they* our lords?

Never—never!

While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right—
Aye, forever.

Shall we, our earthly stores to save,
Shrink from the duties of the brave,
Or purchase life's poor empty span
With all the sacred rights of man?
Never—never!

While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right—
Aye, forever.

We spurn all slavish thoughts afar;
We grasp the gleaming tools of war;
We heavenward lift each hand and eye,
And swear by Him who rules on high—
Never—never!

While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right—
Aye, forever.

The holy cause shall yet be won:
We'll hand it down from sire to son;
And generations yet unborn
Shall swear the oath that we have sworn—
Never—never!

While God affords us life and light,
We'll battle for the truth and right—
Aye, forever.

The Battle Ground.

Inscribed to the memory of my Brother, Lieut. Wm.
H. BERRYHILL, Co. D. 43d Miss. Reg., who was killed
at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864.

In memory of freedom's martyred dead
No monument we now may raise;
No sculptured marble at each soldier's head
May speak in coming years his praise.
But Spring, with noiseless step and face all sad,
Will robe with flowers each grassy mound,
And star-crowned Night, in mourning garments
clad,
Will bathe in tears the holy ground.

No weeping nation now may come to chant
The funeral anthem of the brave,
Nor stricken loved ones seek the lonely haunt
To weep above the soldier's grave.
But wild free winds that through the forest sweep,

Will pause awhile their dirge to swell;
And moaning pines will midnight vigils keep
Above the spot where heroes fell.

The poet's lyre may never sound their fame,
Nor History's pen their deeds record;
And cravens' tongues may load each hero's name
With epithets his soul abhorred.
But there are hearts—thank God! a chosen few—
Where still their memory is enshrined;
And deeds of men to duty ever true,
A lasting record there shall find.

\$100 Reward!!

Stolen from me sometime ago—
No matter when nor where—
A heart—"shackling"—as Zack would say—
And much the worse for wear.
But still it was an only one,
A faithful, honest heart,
That for full thirty years and more
Had well performed its part.

You'll recognize the thief by this:
She is so very fair,
That earth affords no other *she*
Who can with her compare.
And you may know her by her eyes—
To *them* I'll safely swear—
For search the world you cannot find
Another such a pair!

Let all look sharp who would secure
The promised large reward,
Which I will pay in greenback notes,
Or specie bright and hard.
But heed me well, or else, perhaps,
You'll find your labor vain:—
It is the *thief* and not the *heart*,
I'd have brought back again.

Don't take her to the County Court,
Where th' wrangling lawyers are:
To hang her by her pretty thumbs
Would be too cruel far.
The Probate Clerk—friend Ira Mc—
A writ, I'm sure, could write
Which, with a friendly parson's aid,
Would set the matter right.

A Song.

Sing me a song to-night, love;
A song of bygone years,
To calm my troubled spirit,
And melt my heart to tears.
For, oh! my heart is burdened,
And through my weary brain
Wild thoughts are trooping madly—
A dark and endless train.

Sing me a song to-night, love—
Some sweet old tender lay
I used to hear in childhood
From lips now passed away.
And touch the keys as gently
As if a spirit's hand
Were playing us the music
They have in spirit-land.

Sing soft as one that lulleth
A fretful babe to sleep;
I'll be a child again, love—
'Twill do me good to weep.
My soul's oppressed with sorrows
My lips may never speak;
Unseal the crystal fountain,
Or, oh! my heart will break!

Nevermore.

My soul is sad this morning, love,
For I have dreamed of thee;—
And such a dream as ne'er again
I pray may come to me.

Far out upon the ocean deep,
Two frail light barks did ride;
And thou in one, and I in one,
Were sitting side by side.

Thy warm soft hand was clasped in mine,
Just as it used to be;
And thou to me wast all the world,
And I was all to thee.

And thus, methought, we glided on
For many a joyous hour;
When lo! our boats were drawn apart
By some mysterious power.

'Twas not the wind, 'twas not the waves,
For all was calm and still:
Each moved as if within itself
Were human power and will.

I called thy name—thou calledst mine;
We stretched our hands in vain:
Still wider did our paths diverge—
Never to meet again.

NEVER! I knew it—felt it in
My crushed heart's inmost core:
The very sea-gulls overhead
Kept shrieking—"NEVERMORE!"

I watched thy fast receding form,
As it dim and dimmer grew;
I saw thee raise thy snowy hand
To wave a last adieu.

Thy bark grew small and smaller still—
A speck on the ocean blue—
And then two blinding tear-drops rose,
And hid it from my view.

Gray morning called my spirit back
From Dreamland's mystic shore;
But every breeze that sways the trees,
Still whispers "NEVERMORE."

The Philanthropic Goose.

A FABLE FOR THE GREAT WEST.

Once on a time, a new-fledged goose,
Fresh from the pasture green,
Stalked down a pleasant village street
To see what could be seen;
And spied before a cottage door—
What horror filled her mind!—
A poor old fox in an iron cage,
"Cribbed, cabined and confined"—
Who turned, to earn his daily bread,
A wheel that reeled his master's thread.

The goose, indignant at the sight,
Bewailed the case full sore;
Shedding such tears, while on she stalked,
As goose ne'er shed before;
And swore by Juno, Jove's great queen,
To right the mighty wrong,

Or pour her blood in crimson streams
The village streets along;
So full of pious wrath was she,
That men should cage what gods made free.

The Fates smiled on her generous aims;
She burst the prison door;
And the fox forsook his master's wheel,
To roam the woods once more.
Alas! alas! that I am forced
Such sequel to record!
Alas! that pure benevolence
Should meet with such reward!
That very day, the fox turned loose
Dined on the philanthropic goose.

My Mother-land.

My Mother-land! my Mother-land!
Though dust is on thy brow,
And sack-cloth wraps thy beauteous form,
I love thee better now,
Than when, arrayed in robes of power,
Thou sent'st thy legions forth
To battle with the hosts that poured
From out the mighty North.

My Mother-land! my Mother-land!
The stars that decked thy crown,
And lustre shed o'er land and sea,
In gloomy night went down.
The flag is furled that led thy sons
To victory or death;
And at thy feet lies withering
The victor's laurel wreath.

My Mother-land! my Mother-land!
Thy bravest and thy best,
Beneath the sod their life-blood stained,
In dreamless slumber rest.
Thrice happy dead! They cannot hear
Thy low, sad wail of woe;
The taunts thy living sons must bear
They are not doomed to know.

My Mother-land! my Mother-land!
Their spirits whisper me,
And bid me in thy days of grief
Still closer cling to thee.
And though the hopes we cherished once
With them have found a grave,
I love thee yet, my Mother-land—
The land they died to save.

Lines.

He never dies in vain
Who for his country dies—
Who on her altar lays his life,
A precious sacrifice.

The foemen's feet may crush
The flowers on his grave;
And foemen bind with slavery's chain
The land he died to save.

Yet will his life and death
In other hearts inspire
A high resolve to imitate
What all mankind admire.

And from that life—that death—
Posterity will learn
The grandeur of obedience,
And duty's lesson stern.

And men, while they recall
The hero's deeds with pride,
Will better love their native land—
The land for which he died.

The Good Physician.

A HYMN.

Physician of the sin-sick soul!
To thee I humbly pray;
Bind up my bleeding broken heart,
And wash my sins away.

Thy precious blood for sinners shed
Alone can make me whole;
Come, in thy Spirit's power come,
And heal my fainting soul.

Thou who didst call to life again
The sleepers cold and still!
Speak but the word, and I shall live,
To do do my Master's will.

My soul is deaf, Lord, make it hear;
Is blind, O, make it see;
Is lame and dumb, Lord, make it leap,
And praises sing to thee.

Smoke.

When summer heat begins to fail,
As autumn draweth near,
And on the crests of giant oaks
The golden leaves appear;
Where the vine which clammers round the porch
Shuts out the evening ray,
I sit me down with lighted pipe,
And puff the hours away.

With half-closed eyes, I sit and watch,
As I lean in my easy chair,
The curling smoke that floats away,
And melts in the evening air.
And memories fondly cherished once,
That long in their graves have lain,
As Fancy waves her magic wand,
Come thronging back again.

Familiar eyes from the azure smoke
Are looking down at me,
Which it makes my heart, though old and seared,
Beat quicker still to see:—
The eyes of girls that I have loved
Since first, in boyhood's days,
Young Cupid tuned my rustic harp,
And taught me tender lays.

And some are gray, and some are brown;
And some as black as jet;
And some are softly, sweetly blue
As the early violet.
And as I gaze, the old-time loves
That long have dormant lain,
In all their vigor spring to life,
And thrill my heart again.

Ah! me! full many a wrinkle Time
Has written on my face;
But he still permits the roses' scent
To cling to the broken vase.
As shells of the boisterous ocean sing,
Though far from the surf-beat shore,
So a heart-string touched by the hand of love
Thrills on forevermore.

My pipe is out; the clouds of smoke
Which draped my vision bright,
Are puffed away by a zephyr stray,
And vanish from my sight.
Gone—gone—all gone! like the glowing hopes
That cheered my youthful hours:—
How much like *smoke* are the joys and hopes
Of this poor world of ours!

Daughters of Southland.

Daughters of Southland, weep no more
For Southland's noble slain,
Who tell in the fight for truth and right,
And sleep 'neath the battle plain.
Rather rejoice that they lived and died
In a land that still was free,
And the grave's deep night hides from their sight
What we are doomed to see.

Daughters of Southland, weep no more
For sons and brothers slain:
For the living weep who in anguish deep
Must wear the conqueror's chain.
Weep that proud men should cringe like slaves
As the dark waves o'er us roll;
That the love of life, and the fear of strife,
Should dwarf th' immortal soul.

Daughters of Southland, weep no more
For Southland's martyred dead,
As ye bring fresh flowers from woodland bowers
To strew their hallowed bed.
Rejoice! rejoice! for a seal is set
On the record of their fame;
Whate'er our fate, no fiendish hate
Can tarnish one honored name.

Daughters of Southland, weep no more;
Their glory's priceless gem
Nor peace nor war can ever mar:
There is no change for *them*.
Rejoice! for tho' the conqueror's hate
Still beats upon our head,
Despite our chains there yet remains
The memory of our dead.

Cholera the Conqueror.

A conqueror from o'er the sea
Has landed on our shore,
More dreadful far than those of old
Who the Roman eagles bore.
More cruel e'en than Ghengis Khan,
Or fierce-eyed Tamerlane,
Whose mad ambition bathed in blood
Each oriental plain.

He lands, but not a drum is heard,
Nor bugle's stirring sound;
No cannons belch their lava forth
And shake the solid ground.
His pale steed moves with footstep slow,
And he haunts no banners gay;
But a million graves beyond the sea
Attest his power to slay.

He scorns the art of engineers—
This warrior old and grim;
Abbattis, moat, and fortress wall—
What are such things to him!
He goes straight in, e'en where the hosts
Of LEE might quake to tread,
And asks no spades, save those employed
To cover up the dead.

In crowded towns, and forests wild,
The conqueror shall wage
A cruel and relentless war,
That spares nor sex nor age;
Till even *he who loudly boasts*—
While human devils cheer—
That babes and women felt his power,
Shall find, at last, a peer!

The heartless victor now may quail,
Who taunts his vanquished foe,
And daily seeks new bitter draughts
To fill his cup of woe:
Before the dreadful "scourge of God,"
Shall victor and vanquished fall,
Till the land is one great sepulchre,
The sky a funeral pall.

The Labor Question.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Ot politics and parties, and all that sort of stuff,
We rebels down in Dixie have read and heard enough;
Old Thad may go to H—— Halifax I mean,
With Stanton in the rear, and Andy J. between;
The vexed labor question engages all our wit,
And quondam mighty statesmen give all their
thoughts to it;
At every sort of meeting, the precedence it takes,
Like the serpent rod of Aaron that swallowed all the
snakes.

Chorus—

Haul off your jackets, and roll up your sleeves;
Thrust in your sickles, and bind the golden sheaves;
Tickle Mother Earth with the ploughshare and the
hoe,
And you'll solve the labor problem the surest way
I know.

The niggers have turned dandies—may Beelzebub
quick take 'em—

They will not work for wages, and we have no power
to make 'em;

The briers and the sedge-grass our fields are over-
running,

And though we're quite *undone*, our creditors keep
dunning.

We'd like to have an influx of Paddies and Meinherres,
To lease our big plantations, or tend them on the
shares;

But the tide of immigration now sets another way,
And they turn their backs on Dixie-land—coax them
as we may.

So haul off your jackets, &c.

The ladies, too—dear creatures—are very much put
to it—

A thousand things to do, and not a wench to do it;
As long as dusky Dinahs can live by hook or crook,
Their pride of 'scent forbids them to wash, or scrub,
or cook.

Each help-meet wants a help, and each maiden wants
a maid;

But they'll "take it out in wanting," I'm very much
afraid:

The Bridge is *non est*, in spite of all their pains,
And the *questio vexata*—*vexata* still remains.

Chorus—

So haul off your waterfalls—swing the pots about;
There is no way to help it, and there's no use to
pout;

Rub the duds in the suds till they're whiter than
the snow,

And you'll solve the labor question the surest way
I know.

A Hymn.

To Thee, O God! to Thee we bring
Our offering of praise,
And join the angel choirs above
To sing thy wondrous grace.

Light, from the dark and deep abyss,
 Sprung up at Thy command;
 And earth, and sun, and moon, and stars,
 Were fashioned by Thy hand.

Thou keep'st the planets in their place;
 Thou mak'st the sun to shine;
 The starry worlds, bright fields of light,
 Great God of Hosts, are Thine.

Yet hast thou deigned to visit us—
 Poor creeping worms of clay;
 Thy Son has shed His precious blood
 To wash our sins away.

And Thou hast sent Thy Spirit down,
 To draw our hearts to Thee,
 To break the chain that Satan forged,
 And make our spirits free.

Then unto Thee, O God of love!
 Our songs of praise shall rise;
 Shall fill the earth with melody,
 And pierce the starry skies.

October Weather.

In this bright October weather,
 When the leaves come rustling down,
 And the grass upon the heather
 In the breeze waves sere and brown,
 Ula, I am wondering whether
 You are thinking, far away,
 Of the days we spent together
 When our lives were young and gay.

Scattered o'er the close-cropped pastures,
 Autumn flowers look to the skies—
 Indian pinks, and golden asters,
 Vervains blue as Ula's eyes.
 In the slanting sunbeams mellow,
 Glorious now the woods appear,
 Where the scarlet leaves and yellow
 Robe the fading dying year.

Ah! this sad October weather,
 Floating clouds, and hazy skies,
 Moaning winds, and dry brown heather,
 With my spirit harmonize.
 Falling leaves—they are the slighted
 Hopes, of being once a part;
 And the cruel frost that blighted—
 It is Ula—cold of heart!

Lines.

Inscribed to the memory of my little niece, EMMA FLORENCE BERRYHILL, who died Sept. 24, 1866.

The gloomy days of rain are o'er,
 The clouds have rolled away;
 All nature sweetly smiles to greet
 The golden Sabbath day;—
 But there's a shadow on my heart
 Will never, never more depart.

The fleecy clouds in the azure dome
 Like white-winged spirits glide;
 I watch them, as I used to watch
 When *thou* wast by my side:—
 But silvery cloud and azure sky
 No more can greet *thy* soft blue eye.

The mocking-birds are caroling
 In their leafy cool retreat;
 The wild bees come with drowsy hum,
 Laden with many a sweet:—
 But song of bird and hum of bee
 Can never more be heard by *thee*.

Syringas—roses—golden flags—
 Are bursting into bloom;
 The purple flowers of the clematis
 Send forth a sweet perfume;—
 But *thou* hast crossed death's shadowy sea—
 There's none to cull sweet flowers for me.

Lines on the Death of a Lady.

No more the *mother's* low sweet voice shall soothe
 The sorrows of the household band;
 No more she'll make the pillows soft and smooth
 'Neath little heads, with careful hand:
 No more, sweet words of counsel spoke in love,
 The husband hears from the faithful *wife*—
 Precious as manna dropping from above
 Upon the wilderness of life.

No more the *daughter's* cheerful smiling face
 Shall light her parents' waning years;
 With aching hearts they view her vacant place,
 And grief unseals the fount of tears.
 No more the *sister's* hand shall wipe away
 The moisture from the aching brow;
 From the family chain a link is gone for aye—
 She's sister to the angels now.

The grave—the cruel grave—has hid from sight
 The *neighbor* kind, the faithful *friend*;
 But deeds of love in which she found delight,
 Shall fragrance to her mem'ry lend.
 For, as there lingers still a sweet perfume
 When roses droop, and fade, and fall,
 So kindly words and deeds survive the tomb—
 The good can never perish all.

The Spectral Army.

The deep-toned clock strikes twelve;
 The winds are lulled to rest;
 And the cusped moon, long past her noon,
 Sinks slowly in the west.

Like serpents on the ground
 The length'ning shadows creep:
 Each shrub assumes a phantom form
 To eyes that can not sleep;

That can not sleep to-night
 For the spirit's wild unrest—
 The grief for stricken mother-land
 Which weighs upon my breast;

Which weighs more heavy now,
 While all is still around,
 And the mind turns inward on itself,
 Unswayed by sight or sound.

But hark! upon the hills
 A rustling sound is heard,
 Like the noise of trees, when by the breeze
 The frost-browned leaves are stirred.

And now a bugle-blast
 And a muffled drum I hear;
 And soon, dark moving lines of men
 Upon the hills appear.

From every battle-field,
 In solemn long array,
 At the tap of the drum, they come—they come—
 The men that wore the gray!

The men that wore the gray—
 That died our land to save--
 Have heard the clanking of our chains,
 And come from the silent grave.

The flag they loved so well
 Above them floats once more;
 And the starry cross shines bright again
 As it shone in days of yore.

O, how my spirit yearns,
 As many a once-loved face
 Looks on me from the spectral lines
 That move with measured pace!

My brother, brave and kind,
 And ever to duty true,
 One moment halts, and lifts his hand
 To wave a last adieu.

On--on--still on they come,
 Like the flow of a mighty stream;
 And burnished guns and bayonets
 In the silvery moonlight gleam.

The prancing steeds move by;
 The cannon's lumbering car;
 Caisson, and ambulance, and all
 The appurtenants of war.

Here Stonewall Jackson rides,
 In the quaint old garb he wore,
 When he hurled his ranks against the foe
 On Shenandoah's shore.

And Sidney Johnston there
 His gleaming sabre draws—
 The noblest man that ever died
 For freedom's holy cause.

On a snowy steed I see,
 Robed in a sable gown,
 The martyr Polk—blest man of God—
 Wearing a starry crown.

Here Zollicoffer moves,
 Calm as a summer morn;
 And Patrick Cleburne—bravest son
 Of the isle where he was born.

The christian warrior, Hill,
 And Bee, together ride;
 Stuart, Virginia's chevalier,
 And Ashby by his side.

Garnett and Hanson now
 Upon the scene appear;
 And Barksdale waves his sword, and smiles
 As if the foe were near.

McCulloch rushes by,
And McIntosh, the brave;
And Hutton leads the long brigade
That with him found a grave.

John Morgan comes—let foes,
Fear-stricken, hold their breath;
And Adams spurs the steed which leaped
Into the jaws of death.

The long, long spectral lines
At last have all passed by,
And the moon has dipped one silver horn
Beneath the western sky.

The shadows of the trees
Have mingled on the ground;
And faint and fainter on the hills
Now grows the rustling sound.

The roll of the muffled drum
In the distance dies away,
And the veil of night conceals from sight
The men that wore the gray.

O, gallant men in gray!
Our country's hope and pride!
Time can not mar the laurels green
Which crowned ye when ye died!

The cause for which ye bled,
Shall rise from the dust again;
The God is just in whom we trust—
Ye have not died in vain.

The Bondholders' Feast.

"Fill up! fill up! and cursed be he
Who talks of sleep to-night!
We'll quaff the wine from vine-clad Rhine
And old Madeira bright,
Till stars have paled and dappled morn
Reveals her amber light.

"Fill up! fill up!—let toil-worn slaves
Into their kennels creep,
And with their brats and pale-faced wives
Spend night in sluggish sleep;
The men who dwell in marble halls
Will high old revel keep."

From silver lamps the rosy light
Fell on the rich-dressed throng,
As round the marble table passed
The ribald jest and song,
And with the loud and merry laugh
The vaulted ceiling rung

What recked they of the sons of toil,
To hopeless slavery sold,
That they might dwell in princely homes,
And count their bags of gold?
Of mothers pale and pinch-faced babes,
That shivered in the cold?

What though the sparkling wine was red
With blood of brothers slain,
And every dainty dish had cost
A day of toil and pain?
The band struck up a merry air,
And the song burst forth again.

"Fill up! fill up!—our fields are broad—
Broad as the continent—
And filled with serfs, who toil and sweat
To pay our six per cent:
Whose flesh and blood were pawned to us
For the yellow gold we lent.

Fill up! fill up!—We'll drink to-night
To the memory of the braves
Who fell beneath the starry flag,
And sleep in unknown graves—
Who died to set the negroes free,
And make *their* children slaves."

Then shook the walls with loud huzzas,
And music's louder swell,
And laughter—such as that which rung
Through the corridors of hell,
When man—God's last and noblest work—
From his primal glory fell.

But while the sound of festive mirth
Was loudest in the hall,
There came a spectral brawny hand,
And wrote upon the wall—
With a dagger-pen, and blood for ink—
Wrote on the frescoed wall.

No need was there for ancient seer
To read the word it wrote;
Each reveller grew pale with fear,
And his knees together smote,
And the ruby wine from vine-clad Rhine
Stopped half-way in his throat!

And silence reigned in the festive hall,
 Like the silence of the dead,
 And the flickering lamps, as if afraid,
 A pallid radiance shed,
 As the cravens gazed with stony stare
 Upon that writing dread.

The Boquet.

The fair boquet you sent me
 Recalls the happy hours,
 When I, a boy, was roaming
 In the shady woodland bowers;
 When love was all my dream—
 My muse's constant theme,
 And brain and hands were busy to tell my
 love with flowers.

Ah! this delightful fragrance
 Is a talismanic key
 To unlock the golden casket,
 And set old memories free—
 Dear memories of the past—
 Of joys too sweet to last—
 Of girls that bloomed in beauty, but did not
 bloom for me.

How like the hopes then cherished,
 These tiny rosebuds fair,
 Just opening their bosoms
 To the sunlight and the air!
 How like my manhood's prime—
 Its fruit and harvest time—
 This rose that sheds its petals, and leaves
 the stem all bare!

Waiting.

SONG FROM THE DRAMA—"THE THREE PRINCES."

I'm waiting for you, dearest—
 You said you'd come to-day;
 But now the sun is sinking
 Behind the mountains gray;
 The twilight shades have gathered
 Down in the valleys deep,
 And slowly up the hill-sides
 Like dusky phantoms creep.

I'm waiting love, I'm waiting;
 The eagle seeks the nest,
 Where his mate awaits his coming
 Upon the mountain's crest.
 The tinkling bells come nearer—
 The flocks are homeward bound;
 And the shadows of the elm-trees
 Have mingled on the ground.

I'm waiting, darling, waiting;
 The angel of the night
 Through the azure fields is walking,
 The twinkling lamps to light.
 Above the eastern hill-tops
 The round moon rises bright,
 And bathes the fields and forests
 In floods of silver light.

I'm waiting, oh! I'm waiting:
 The day is past and gone,
 But still beside the gateway
 I'm waiting all alone.
 There's a rustling 'mong the bushes—
 Why beats my heart so fast?—
 It is the well-known footstep—
 He's come—he's come at last!

"Let us have Peace."

"Wo to them who cry 'peace!' 'peace!' when
 there is no peace!"

"Let us have peace!" the eagle screams,
 As in his bloody nest
 He tears the flesh of the quivering kid
 For his clam'rous young one's feast.
 He sees the agile shepherds climb
 The rugged winding path,
 With gleaming rifles in their hands,
 And faces red with wrath.
 "Let us have peace!" I hear the eagle shriek,
 As on his breast he wipes his bloody beak.

"Let us have peace!" exclaims the wolf,
 Crouched in his bone-paved den,
 With the mangled lamb between his jaws
 He ravished from the pen.
 The hunter's dogs are at the door—
 He hears their angry bark,
 And fiercely glare his eye-balls red,
 Through the cavern dank and dark.
 "Let us have peace!" I hear the black wolf growl,
 As he licks his bloody chops with angry scowl.

"Let us have peace!" the murderer cries,
 As he lifts his dagger red:
 Prone at his feet, his victim lies,
 All pale, and cold, and dead.
 The blood-avenger's on his track,
 He hears his footsteps nigh;
 His bloated cheek is blanched with fear,
 And quails his blood-shot eye.
 "Let us have peace!" I hear the murderer yell,
 In tones that would appal the fiends in hell.

"Let us have peace!" the pirate says,
 As slow the plundered wreck
 Settles beneath the yesty waves,
 With corpses on the deck.
 A man-of-war with open ports
 Bears down upon him fast;
 And well he knows the grand old flag
 That flutters at the mast.
 "Let us have peace!" I hear the pirate roar,
 As from his blade he wipes the clotted gore.

The Dappled Cloud.

The dappled cloud with silvery wings
 That hid the half-round moon—
 How much of bliss I owed to it
 That eve in sultry June!
 The tempting lips, like berries ripe,
 Were smiling close to me,
 And I longed to taste their dainty sweets—
 But prudish eyes would see!

The dappled cloud flew overhead,
 And hid the moon from sight,
 And all around was dark awhile
 As black Egyptian night.
 'Twas but a moment, yet in it
 I lived an age of bliss:
 The fabled cup of Ganymede
 Contained no sweet like this!

The dappled cloud flew to the east,
 The moon shone out once more,
 And on her cheek I saw a blush
 That was not seen before.
 O, dappled cloud with silvery wings,
 How much I owe to thee!—
 The brightest, dearest, greenest spot
 In the waste of memory!

Praise the Lord!

A HYMN.

Praise the Lord with shout and song;
 All ye saints your voices raise;
 Tune your harps, ye angel throng—
 Tune them to your Maker's praise.
 Praise is worship's sweetest part:
 Though our words are few and weak,
 From the fulness of the heart
 Shall the mouth in numbers speak.

Chorus—Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
 Let all earth the chorus swell!
 Praise the ever-blessed Word,
 For He doeth all things well.

Praise Him for the wonders wrought
 In creation's natal hour;
 Praise Him for the light He brought
 Out of darkness by His power.
 Stars of morning, at their birth,
 Filled the heavens with their lays;
 Sun, and moon, and teeming earth,
 Joined in their Creator's praise.

Praise the Lord for life and health,
 And for all that these sustain—
 Light and warmth—all nature's wealth—
 Cooling breeze—and gentle rain.
 Praise Him for the field that bends
 With its precious golden load:
 Food and raiment—country—friends—
 Call for praises to our God.

Praise Him for His gracious plan—
 Angels hear it told with awe!—
 To redeem poor fallen man
 From the curses of the law.
 Jesus died—O wondrous love!—
 Died to save our souls from wo;
 And the Spirit from above
 Came to dwell with man below!

Lines,

In memory of my father, SAMUEL BERRYHILL, who
 died November 22, 1867, in the 70th year of his age.

A year ago, my father, at this hour,
 As closed the autumn day,
 Thy spirit summoned by Almighty power
 Forsook its tenement of clay.

Life's toilsome task complete, the hardened hands
Were folded on the pulseless breast;
And the weary spirit found with angel bands
Refreshment and eternal rest.

Thou'rt gone, my father, and I'm lonely here
On life's bleak, tempest-beaten shore:
Thy converse sweet no more our home can cheer—
Thy counsel I can hear no more.

Yet, O, if in thy radiant home above
Blest spirits wrestle still in prayer,
Still let me share a father's tender love—
Still claim a father's tender care.

Pray, O, my father, for thy erring child,
Whose devious steps are prone to stray;
That grace may curb my passions strong and wild,
And keep me in the narrow way.

Pray that thy kind and honest heart be mine,
To guide aright my every aim;
That I may lead a life as pure as thine,
And leave behind as fair a name.

LINES.

There is a robe of white
Laid up in Heaven above
For those who in Christ's law delight—
The holy law of love.
They whom the Saviour's blood
Hath cleansed from sin's dark stain,
Shall stem cold Jordan's rolling flood
And the robe of white obtain.

There is a crown of light—
How bright its gems appear!—
For those who fight the Christian fight
And toil and suffer here.
The lowly and the meek,
Who shun temptation's snare,
And e'er their Maker's glory seek,
The crown of light shall wear.

And golden harps are given
To the redeemed throngs
Who roam among the fields of Heaven,
And sing celestial songs.
And they who mourn and weep
Along earth's rugged ways,
The golden harp-strings there shall sweep
In their Redeemer's praise.

Three.

IN MEMORY OF ANNIE LEE, LOVIE SPROLES, and WILLIE
MEEK, daughters of John N. and Maria C. Bowen.

Three little bodies
Laid beneath the sod!
Three immortal spirits
Taken home to God!

Three tender lambkins—
Weary—wanting rest—
Nestling in sweet slumber
On the Shepherd's breast!

Three tiny rosebuds,
By the Maker given,
Plucked by Him who gave them—
Blooming now in Heaven!

Parents, do not murmur,
At the chastening rod—
He hath given—taken—
Bless the name of God!

Tell Me Ye Winged Winds.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That in the tree-tops moan,
Is there no happy place
Where taxes are unknown?—
No sweet Elysian vale—
No Paradisaic spot,
Where the wicked cease to trouble,
And the tax-man cometh not?

Where is that happy land?—
Mid the North's perennial snows?
Or where the tropic fruit
In the torrid sunbeams glows?
Is't some oasis green
In Sahara's waste of sand?
Ye winged winds, pray tell me,
Where is that happy land?

Awhile the winds are hushed,
And then their voices swell,
Loud as the Ku-Klux whoop,
Or "the banner cry of hell."
And through my chamber door,
That they have blown ajar,
I hear them groaning—shrieking—
Their answer—"Nary-whar!"

Memories.

Like the faint sweet fragrance that the zephyrs bring
From the distant orchards in the early spring;
Like the low sad music of the home-bound bells,
When the twilight shadows deepen in the dells;
Like the azure shimmer on the hill-tops seen,
Ere the budding forests clothe themselves in green—
Are the tender mem'ries of a sweet young face
Time could never wholly from my mind erase.

Like a dark deep river, stained with blood and tears—
Tossed in troubled billows—seem the bygone years
Which divide the present from the happy days
When her girlish beauty waked my tender lays;
When her coming footsteps music made more sweet
Than the rippling murmur where two streamlets meet;
When her smiles and glances made my spirit glad,
And her coyish coldness almost drove me mad.

O'er that dark deep river—on that hazy shore—
Sleep the hopes that perished—sleep to wake no more;
But the love I cherished—cherished though in vain—
With the early flowers comes to life again—
Brings me tender mem'ries of the fair young face
Time can never—never from my heart erase—
Mem'ries sad as bell-tones in the distance heard—
Sweet as breath of orchards by the zephyrs stirred.

Katy-Did.

O, Kate, you did, you know you did—
The fact you can't deny—
Let Harry squeeze your lily hand,
And kiss you on the sly—
Out where the red-cheeked peaches hung
And shed their fragrance round,
And mellow golden apples lay
Thick scattered on the ground.
O, Kate, you did, you know you did!
You needn't blush nor smile;
For 'mong the leafy branches hid,
I saw you all the while.

O, Kate, he did, you know he did,
While the purple sunset lay
Low in the west, and up the hill
Climbed the twilight shadows gray—
He pared a peach and threw the peel.
Which fell the letter K,

Then took your little hand in his,
And kissed your pout away.
O, Kate, he did, &c.

O, Kate, you did, you know you did,
In the orchard linger long,
Till the round full moon rose in the east,
And I began my song—
Till Harry told the old, old tale
That maids have loved to hear,
Since the morning stars together sang
In creation's natal year.
O, Kate, you did, &c.

Scanlan.

Not only on the battle-field,
Mid clang and clash of steel,
Do noble men by gallant deeds
Their noble souls reveal.

Within a prison's walls, to-day,
There beats as brave a heart
As ever nerved a hero's arm
To do a hero's part.

And the Muse of History, as she pens
The records of our times—
The glorious deeds of the good and great,
And bad men's hellish crimes—

And comes to fill the immortal lists
For the shining scroll of Fame,
Shall write, in lines of living light,
Brave THOMAS SCANLAN's name.

Up with the Banner!

Up with the grand old banner, men,
And nail it to the mast,
Where we have sworn that it shall float
As long as time shall last!
The evil days of mongrel rule,
Thank God! shall soon be past!

From California's golden sands
To the deep wild woods of Maine,
From the evergreens of the Southern coast

To the North's lacustrine chain,
Four million tongues have sworn the oath—
And have not sworn in vain!

Up with the grand old banner, men—
The flag we loved of old!
"WHITE MEN SHALL RULE AMERICA!"
Is stamped on every fold
In letters red with martyr's blood,
And bright as burnished gold.

Millions of hearts shall welcome it—
Though traitors hiss their scorn—
As sad and weary watchers greet
The rosy van of morn,
Or sages hailed the star which shone
O'er a Saviour newly born.

Up with the WHITE MAN'S BANNER, men—
The banner of our race—
And flaunt the motto that it bears
In every traitor's face
Who has sold his soul to the negro Baal
For pelf, and power, and place!

Up with the flag! On with the work
That to our hands is given!
The hell-forged chains* must shivered fall,
As if by lightning riven,
And the huckster hordes who buy and sell,
From the temple must be driven!

* The "Reconstruction Measures," including the
"Amendments."

The Wager Dream.

AIR—"Ossian's Serenade."

In the golden light of the summer day,
In the stilly night, 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Awake or asleep, I will dream with thee,
And a kiss, my love, shall the wager be—
A kiss as sweet as the fragrance borne
O'er the Persian gulf in the early morn,
By the winds that slept in the spicy grove
Where the bulbul sung to the rose of love.

Chorus—Then come, my love, and dream with me,
And a nectar kiss shall the wager be:
Let me look awhile in thy soft dark eyes,
And I'll win, I know, the precious prize.

I'll dream of an island far away,
Where the young gazelles on the mountains play,
And the bright-plumed birds in the myrtle bowers
Sing of a love as fond as ours;
Where orange trees bend with their golden store,
And snow-capped billows strew the shore
With rare bright shells, whose roseate dyes
Were caught from the lips that hold my prize.

And I will dream of a coral cave,
Washed by the ocean's dashing wave,
Where we will live through all the year,
With nought to wish and nought to fear.
Our food shall be the honey-comb
From the bowers where the wild bees roam—
The luscious fruits of tree and vine,
And the purple wild grape's ruby wine.

All day we'll roam the forests green,
And view the azure mountain scene;
Or on the mossy banks recline,
With thy warm soft hand still clasped in mine.
I'll gather flowers on the mountain side
To weave a wreath for my blushing bride;
I'll cull the scarlet berries fair
To twine among her raven hair.

Of this wild bright isle my dream shall be—
This kingdom shared alone with thee—
Whose snow-white strand and emerald sod
No feet but ours have ever trod.
And I'll win, I know, the precious prize,
If I can but look in thy soft dark eyes;
For in their depths there is a fire
That will the brightest dreams inspire.

Re-Reconstruction.

Aye, heat the iron seven times hot
In the furnace red of hell;
Call to your aid the venomous skill
Of "all the fiends that fell,"
And forge new links for the galling chain,
To bind the prostrate South again!

Stir up again your snarling pack—
Your jackals black and white,
That tear her lovely form by day,
And gnaw her bones by night—
Your snivelling thieves with carpet-bags—
Your sneaking, whining seallawags!

Tear open wide the festering wounds,
 Ere they have time to heal;
 And by your harsh vindictive laws
 Make every Southron feel
 He is an ALIEN with no right
 Safe from the clutch of despot might!

Villains, go on; each blow you strike
 To glut your hellish hate,
 But welds in one all Southern hearts,
 And State unites to State;
 And lo! compact our Southland stands —
 A NATION fashioned by your hands!

A Welcome to the Immigrant.

Thrice welcome to our sunny land,
 The hardy sons of toil
 Who have left their homes on distant shores
 To till our fertile soil!
 The matron grave, the blooming maid,
 The sturdy yeoman tall,
 The rosy romping boys and girls —
 A welcome to them all!

The Switzer from the Alpine vales,
 The German and the Dane;
 Norwegians, Swedes, and Briton's sons,
 And the men of vine-clad Spain;
 The Celt, Slavonian, and Magyar,
 The Roman and the Gaul —
 They're brethren of our common blood —
 Thrice welcome to them all!

The Southland's fields shall smile once more —
 Shall blossom as the rose; —
 And white men rule the land again,
 In spite of all our foes.
 Then let warm hearts the exiles greet
 Who seek our sunny land;
 And meet them all with kindly words,
 And with a helping hand.

Day-Dreams.

Come back, sweet dreams that filled with joy the vanished years:
 Without your light, my life a starless night appears —
 A dreary arid waste, wet only with my tears.

Come back, bright dreams that cheered my lonely hours,
 When I, too weak to roam abroad mid trees and flowers,
 Oft spent the livelong day in Fancy's haunted bowers.

There, Muses came and dipped my pen in flowing rhyme,
 And tuned my rustic harp, and taught me strains sublime
 That floated evermore adown the corridors of Time.

For me their sweetest smiles the lips of beauty wore;
 And wealth poured at my feet a precious golden store,
 So vast, so measureless, I could not wish for more.

The pretty hopes have perished, by Fancy fed in vain;
 My future is a blank, and mem'ry brings but pain —
 What would I give to dream my boyhood's dreams again!

Death of Liberty.

Let church-bells toll a knell
 Through all the stricken land;
 For LIBERTY lies cold and dead,
 Struck by a tyrant's hand:

Struck by his mailed hand —
 Where were the true and brave,
 That they heeded not her cry for help,
 Nor stretched a hand to save!

Our fathers loved her well —
 Those noble men of old,
 Who would not brook a tyrant's rule,
 Nor sell their souls for gold.

How would those brave men weep
 Could they but see her now,
 All pale and cold, with the seal of death
 Upon her queenly brow;

With temple black and bruised,
 Where the fiendish tyrant smote,
 And the purple prints of his iron clutch
 Upon her suowy throat!

Let weeping women come,
 Their hearts with sorrow bowed,
 And close her glazed glaring eyes,
 And put her in her shroud.

And let them dig her grave,
And bury her at night,
When the pallid moon has veiled her face
To hide the woful sight.

Forevermore unknown
Let the burial spot abide,
Like the grave of Israel's holy seer
Who on Mount Nebo died.

We are not worthy—we
Who heard her pleading cry,
And let our idle rusty swords
In their dusty scabbards lie—

We are not worthy even
To look upon the grave
That holds the hallowed form of her
We would not die to save!

The Press.

[The following poem was read before the Mississippi Press Association at its annual Convention, held in Columbus, June 5th and 6th, 1872.]

Crowns are but baubles, royal pomp
A vain and empty show;
The sceptres are but childish toys
That sway all things below:
Thrones vainly lift their occupants
Above the common clay:
The PRINTING PRESS is monarch now—
It rules the world to-day.

No rivers deep, nor lakes, nor seas,
Nor rock-ribbed mountain chains,
Nor difference of clime or speech,
Limit its wide domains.
Earth is its kingdom—everywhere
Where mind communes with mind
Dispensing light, its rule is felt:
Its subjects are mankind.

No gleaming spears its throne uphold;
No swords its conquests spread;
Its fields of glory are not strewed
With the dying and the dead.
In peace it reigns—the peacetul arts
Each day its rule extend;
And science always finds in it
Its truest, noblest friend.

And yet, not all for good it reigns
(For the world is growing worse;)
Error is blent with truth and turns
The blessing to a curse.
Wrong in the Press too often finds
A willing advocate:
Light of the world—when it is dark,
The darkness, O, how great!

May this no longer be—may truth
Be evermore its aim;
Only the good and true receive
From it the meed of fame!
May clouds of error seldom dim
The splendor of its light,
And THE PRESS be always on the side
Of Freedom, Truth, and Right!

My Boquet.

Inscribed to Miss ZUNIE F****, of Bellefontaine, Miss.

Sweet, the perfume of these flowers;
All the air they fill;
But the memories they bring me—
They are sweeter still:
Tender, dear, delightful memories
Of the vanished years,
That have filled my heart with gladness—
And my eyes with tears!

Back—back—back—through Time's long vista
Wings my mind its flight,
Swiftly as through realms empyreal
Leaps the solar light;
Brings me back, through gathering shadows,
Pictures of the Past—
Scenes of beauty, hours of gladness,
Joys too sweet to last.

Through the twilight gray are peering
Faces fair as thine;
Tempting lips, as sweet, are smiling;
Eyes, as radiant, shine.
Voices, too, as full of music,
Haunt the evening air,
And, stretched out in friendly greeting,
Little hands as fair.

And the olden loves come thronging
Back to life again,
From the cryptic burial-places

Where they long have lain :
 Thronging slowly, singing lowly,
 In a sad refrain—
 What the epitaph of each is—
 Two short words—in *vain* !

Flowers ! flowers ! precious flowers !
 Culled by beauty's hand !
 Ye can conjure fairer visions
 Than magician's wand.
 On your fragrant breath ye wait me,
 From these scenes of pain,
 Back, through Time's long checkered vista,
 To my youth again.

Rally Song.

Huzza ! on every mountain peak
 The signal fires are gleaming ;
 In every vale, on every plain,
 The grand old flag is streaming !
 " O'CONOR ! ADAMS ! " is the cry
 That through the land is ringing ;
 Truth crushed to earth by tyrant's heel,
 Again to life is springing.

The Ship of State our fathers built—
 The theme of song and story—
 Shall ride the storm-tossed waves again,
 In all her pristine glory !
 We'll haul her from the rocks and sands,
 Where traitor pirates ran her ;
 And patriots shall guide her helm,
 And honest men shall man her !

Our heritage of sacred rights—
 Our richest earthly treasure—
 The petty despots of an hour
 No more shall crush at pleasure !
 The thieving rings no more shall prey
 On the fruits of honest labor,
 Nor privileged nabob roll in wealth
 By starving out his neighbor !

Huzza ! on plains and mountain peaks
 Our beacon fires are burning,
 And erring brethren by their light
 Are to our ranks returning !
 From North to South, from East to West,
 The people shout—" O'CONOR ! "
 And honoring statesman pure as he,
 They clothe themselves with honor !

To the Farmers.

Hardy tillers of the soil,
 Ruddy brown with daily toil,
 Ye are monarchs of this land,
 If ye'll grasp, with daring hand,
 Sceptres that ye should have borne,
 Regal crowns ye should have worn,
 In all the past.
 But ye drudged—a patient band—
 Step-sons in your father's land—
 Drudged, that pampered pets of State
 Might grow rich, and proud and great,
 On the fruits your patient toil
 Gathered from the stubborn soil ;
 Drudged still, at last,

Venial politicians sold
 You and yours for yellow gold
 To the " rings " that lie in wait
 For their prey in every State—
 And in Babylon the Great !—
 Till they bound your feet and hands
 With their cunning *iron bands*—
 Fashioned *bonds* for you to wear—
 Burdens made for you to bear
 Through long years of toil and care.

Frustrating in their ill-got power,
 Lo ! these lords above you tower,
 Mocking your demand for right,
 As an Eastern Sultan might
 Mock the prayer of abject slave,
 Cringing, some poor boon to crave.

Though the bands be tough and strong
 Ye have worn through years of wrong,
 Let the mocking lords beware—
Strutting still dwells in Sampson's hair !

A Song.

We launch the proud old ship once more
 Upon the storm-tossed sea,
 And from her top-most mast her flag—
 Her same old flag—floats free.
 " A FEDERAL UNION—SOVEREIGN STATES ! "
 Its shining motto reads ;
 And hearts are braced with high resolves,
 And stirred to gallant deeds.

Huzza ! huzza ! our flag is there—
 The flag we love so well !
 Huzza ! huzza ! let every tongue
 The gladsome chorus swell !

Huzza! our ship no longer lies
 Dry-rotting near the shore:
 Her sails have caught the stiff salt breeze—
 She rides the waves once more!
 Let black clouds burst in tempest fierce,
 And lash the foaming sea;
 Not a heart shall quail, while in the gale
 Our beacon flag floats free.
 Huzza! huzza! our flag is there—
 The flag we love so well!
 Huzza! huzza! let every tongue
 The gladsome chorus swell!

Lines

Inscribed to the memory of my mother, Mrs. MARGARET BERRYHILL, who died February 22, 1873.

I'm sitting by the hearth, mother,
 In the old homestead gray;
 Low in the west is faintly seen
 The light of parting day;
 The twilight shades are gathering
 In the corners of the room;
 And the hollow moan of the autumn wind
 Adds to my spirit's gloom.

For I am all alone, mother—
 No loved one's form is near;
 Of all who, in the long ago,
 Were wont to gather here
 When the labors of the day were o'er
 And hands from toil were free,
 Not one is left in the dear old home—
 Not one is left but me.

They left us one by one, mother—
 Our happy household band—
 Some for new homes amid new scenes—
 Some for the spirit land—
 Till only thou and I remained,
 And then—*thou* leftst me too—
 Leftst me alone in the wide, wide world,
 Life's journey to pursue.

Oh! it is hard to live, mother,
 With none to care for me—
 With none to care if sick or well—
 Alive or dead—I be;
 No hands to cool my fevered brow,
 Or to make my pillow smooth,
 No voice to cheer me at my tasks,
 And all my sorrows soothe.

Dost thou still care for me, mother,
 Thy helpless, wayward son,
 Now thou hast found the peaceful shore,
 And the work of life is done?
 Does a mother's love with the body die—
 Die, nevermore to wake?
 Or are its golden curls too strong
 For the hand of death to break?

I will not wish that love, mother,
 Beyond the grave should last—
 That the sainted spirit, freed from clay,
 Be fettered with the past.
 For well I know that I have proved
 Unworthy of thy love,
 And I would not that my walk below
 Should mar thy peace above.

Bereaved.

She came with April's gentle showers—
 Our gold-haired darling child—
 When 'neath the liquid azure skies
 The flowers in beauty smiled;
 When fragrance filled the balmy air,
 When verdure clothed the plain,
 And bright-plumed birds on leafy boughs
 Poured forth their sweet refrain.

But when the trees their leaves had lost,
 Kissed by the frosty air,
 And wailing winds played dirges wild
 Among their branches bare;
 When all the flowers were dead, and clouds
 Obscured the azure dome,
 From Paradise the angels came
 And took our darling home.

Winter Flowers.

Gather me flowers—beautiful flowers—
 Budding and blooming in the winter hours;
 Glowing with life while the trees are bare;
 Freightling with fragrance the chilly air;
 Joyous and smiling 'neath a clouded sky;
 Beautiful and bright as a maiden's eye!

Dear as the mem'ries of vanished years
 When trouble has frozen the fount of tears;
 Sweet as the voice of friendship when woe
 Saddens the heart and extinguishes its glow;
 Bright as the hopes that linger for aye,
 Are the flowers that bloom 'neath a winter sky.

Night's First Sleep.

Soft as falls the midnight dew
 On the tender violets blue,
 As they lay their drooping heads
 On their fragrant leaty beds,
 Night's first sleep descends and lies
 On my half-closed weary eyes.

Laden with the rich perfumes
 Gathered from the orchard blooms,
 Evening's humid zephyrs glide
 Through the window at my side,
 Cool my brow, and bring to me
 Kisses sweet, and dreams of thee!

Independence.

AIR—"Hail Columbia."

Hail ye Patrons—sons of toil!
 Hail ye tillers of the soil!
 Who guide the plows and wield the hoes,
 And when your yearly task is done,
 Enjoy the fruits your labor won!
 Let *Independence* be the goal
 Animating every soul,
 Nerving every Patron's arm
 For the labors of the farm,
 Bracing every Patron's heart
 To perform a Patron's part,
 In the war with chartered "rings"—
 In the war with "money kings."

Long enough ye wore their chains;
 Long enough your toil-worn gains
 Had filled the coffers of your toes—
 The pampered pets of venal power—
 The gold-winged insects of an hour.
 Now *Independence* is the boast
 Of the Patron's mighty host;
 Every flag that motto bears—

Every breast that motto wears.
 "Independence!" glorious word!
 Once our fathers' hearts it stirred;
 Now it shall our watchword be—
 Watchword of the farmers free.

"Deterior."

A PARODY.

The shades of night were falling fast
 As along a muddy road there passed
 A negro, with a bob-tailed lice,
 Who bore a flag with the strange device—
 "Deterior!"

His shoes were out at heels and toes;
 A hundred rents gaped thro' his clothes;
 And wildly rolled his big white eye,
 As from his lips escaped the cry—
 "Deterior!"

The flag he bore was so besmeared
 That scarce the stars and stripes appeared;
 But bright as sign o'er tinkler's door
 The talismanic word it bore—
 "Deterior!"

His way led down a long descent,
 Which muddier grew as on he went;
 With shambling gait he trudged along,
 One word the burden of his song—
 "Deterior!"

He saw the worm-fence rotting down;
 He saw the fields of sedge-grass brown;
 Below, the swamp's dark waters shone,
 And his thick lips mumbled, with a groan—
 "Deterior!"

"Pass not the swamp!" an old man said—
 The wool was white upon his head—
 "The mire is deep—the sloughs are wide!"
 But thus the tipsy voice replied—
 "Deterior!"

"Stay!" cried a dusky wench, "oh! stay!
 Abide with us till dawn of day!"
 But he only grinned and shook his head,
 And muttered—as he onward sped—
 "Deterior!"

"Beware the black wolf in the brake!
Beware the spotted water-snake!"
A negro on the wood-pile cried:
A voice far down the hill replied—
"Deterior!"

A carpet-bagger passed that way
A hunting votes, at break of day,
And in the mud began to swear:
A voice cried through the startled air—
"Deterior!"

Neck-deep in mud the negro stood
In a tangled growth of underwood:
One hand held up the bob-tailed fice,
And one the flag with the strange device—
"Deterior!"

As deeper sunk the dusky wight,
Till e'en his wool was hid from sight,
From the miry deep there came a yell
Like wail of spirit plunged in hell—
"Deterior!"

Thanksgiving Hymn.

For Thursday, November, 26th, 1874.

From North and South we come to bow
Before our fathers' God;
To own the sins that woke His ire,
And kiss His chastening rod.

The temple which our fathers built
A blackened ruin stands;
And blood is on the threshold—shed
By fratricidal hands.

With chastened hearts we come to build
The broken walls again:
O, may the pard'ning love of God
Erase the bloody stain!

May Love cement the stones we lay,
By square and plummet tried;
And Faith and Hope within the walls
Forevermore abide!

Look down, our fathers' God, look down
Upon the work we do;
Bless—bless us all to-day, while we
The covenant renew!

The Union that our fathers made—
Unbroken may it be,
While crowned with clouds our mountains stand—
Our rivers seek the sea!

And may our sisterhood of States
Move on without a jar,
As roll the stellar systems round
Creation's axis star.

And evermore, as millions bow
At Freedom's sacred shrine,
O, may they find Thy presence there,
And own its glory Thine!

Under the Violets.

Inscribed to my old friend, A. B. HILL, of Texas, Mich.

Under the violets Lelia lies—
Violets blue as the soft sweet eyes,
Veiled by lids white as the winter snow
Sleeping in death in the ground below.

Ah! she once loved the blue violets well;
Hunted them oft in the shadowy dell,
By the gnarled roots of the ancient oaks,
Tenanted once by the fairy folks,
Or on the banks of the gurgling stream,
Where through the water the white pebbles gleam;
Plucked them with rosy-tipped fingers fair—
Wove them in wreaths for her golden hair—
Walked in them—trampled them—till her bare feet,
Dripped with the dew, and the fragrance sweet.

Year after year shall the spring time come;
Birds shall be singing, and wild bees hum;
Sunshine, and dew, and pattering rain,
Wake the blue violets to life again;
They shall be blooming as fair as of yore—
She shall be sleeping and pluck them no more.

Lelia, Lelia, darling child,
Oft have I wished in my sorrow wild,
That, in the world where the spirits are,
Sometimes the gates would be left ajar.
Would'st thou not, darling one, steal away
From thy bright home in the sky some day,
As thou wast wont from the elm-shaded yard,
When the big wicket was left unbarred?
Wouldst thou not come when the shadows creep

Up the long slope from the valley deep?
 Wouldst thou not come, love, and walk unseen
 Under the elms so darkly green—
 Wander with me in the valley below
 Where the stream glides, and the violets grow,
 Freighting the air with a fragrance sweet
 As that which clung to thy little feet!

Lelia, Lelia, wilt thou come
 Back to the sorrowing ones at home,
 Bringing fresh flowers in thy lily-white hand—
 Amaranth flowers from the spirit-land—
 Clad in the robes of that world so fair—
 Wearing its stars in thy golden hair?
 We could not see thee—from mortal eyes
 Spirits are hid—but the holy ties
 Linking the dead with the mourners here,
 Surely would tell us when thou art near—
 Surely would thrill us as lute-strings thrill
 Touched by the zephyrs with a delicate skill,
 Filling the air with a low sweet strain—
 Heard once on earth, and heard never again.

A Life in a Rural Cot.

A life in a rural cot—
 A home 'mid the lofty trees,
 In some sweet secluded spot,
 Where the honey-seeking bees
 Hum among the fragrant flow'rs .
 Through the golden April days,
 And among the leafy bow'rs
 Wild birds pour their tuneful lays!

Once more 'mid the waving corn
 I'm guiding the keen-edged plow.
 While the fragrant breath of morn
 Plays upon my sun-burnt brow.
 Like a shimmering purple veil,
 Flecked with blue, and green, and gold,
 Lies the mist on hill and dale,
 And upon the grass-grown wold.

Who—who would exchange this life—
 This life in the fresh pure air,
 White-washed cot, and smiling wite,
 Rosy children plump and fair,
 For a home in crowded mart
 Where the Kings of Commerce live,
 Though adorned with all that art
 Can of gorgeous splendor give!

It Matters Not.

It matters not—it matters not,
 Though stranger hands,
 In distant lands,
 May bury me
 In some wild, lone, and dreary spot
 Beneath the sands
 That skirt the dark blue, rolling sea;
 Or on the bleak
 Bare mountain peak,
 Where chilling winds forever blow,
 And lichens cling
 To the rocks that fling
 Their shadows on the vale below.

It matters not—it matters not,
 Where I am laid—
 In the forest's shade
 Or 'neath the plain
 Where Summer pours her sunbeams hot,
 And ne'er a blade
 Of grass is kissed by gentle rain;
 In the black loam dank
 On the river bank,
 Where the trees are clasped by clamb'ring vines,
 Or where all day
 The sad winds play
 Soft dirges 'mong the long-leaved pines.

It matters not—it matters not,
 When the spirit's fled,
 Where rests the dead
 Decaying shell—
 'Mong the graves unmarked in the pauper's lot,
 Or in marble bed,
 Where sculptured shafts life's hist'ries tell.
 With a wing as light
 'Twill wing its flight—
 The spirit from its prison flown;
 And in that day—
 That Great Last Day—
 The Son of God will find His own.

Within the Gate.

Hail, happy day! when Patrons meet
 To spend the hours in converse sweet,
 When each his brother's joy may share,
 And each his brother's burden bear
 Within the gate.

While toil-worn hands from labor rest,
 Let care be banished from the breast;
 Let strife and envy ne'er be found,
 But peace and love, and joy abound
 Within the gate.

No stately pomp can hither come:
 Like children round the hearth of home,
 From stiff precision we are free:—
 Brothers and sisters all are we
 Within the gate.

When the sun of life has sunken low,
 And thoughts, like shadows, backward go,
 The greenest spots in mem'ry's waste
 Shall be the hours that we have passed
 Within the gate.

And when the Master's work is done,
 And the fleeting sands of life are run,
 O, may we find eternal rest
 In the radiant mansions of the blest
 Within the gate!

Decoration Day.

Read at the annual decoration of the Soldiers' Graves
 at Bellefontaine grave yard, April 26, 1871.

The sentry oaks a vigil keep
 About the hallowed ground;
 The winds sing dirges 'mong the pines
 That weep their fragrance round—
 Sing solemn dirges for the dead—
 For the dead their fragrance weep—
 For the men in gray that we mourn to-day
 A ceaseless vigil keep.

For the loved ones gone who wore the gray,
 Daughters of Southland, bring
 Bright evergreens—type of our faith!—
 And the choicest flowers of Spring—
 Sweet flowers to decorate their graves—
 Bright evergreens to lay
 On the sod that rests on the mouldering breasts
 Of the men who wore the gray.

No towering shaft in the coming years,
 Their humble names may bear;
 Historian's pen and poet's lyre
 Their deeds may ne'er declare.
 But their names are writ on loving hearts

And e'er when Spring appears,
 Her fairest blooms shall deck their tombs
 Through all the coming years.

For when we sleep with the men in gray,
 And our dust with dust shall blend,
 The holy duty that we owe
 To our children shall descend.
 And though their chains may heavier be
 Than those we wear to-day,
 They'll ne'er forget the sacred debt
 They owe the men in gray.

A Heart History.

I loved. I know not when, nor how, nor why
 My love began. A pretty little bud
 Just coming into bloom of womanhood,
 I little saw in her when first we met
 To wake a thought of love. But then her smile
 Was wondrous sweet, and in my dwelling place,
 In the cold shadow of a ruined hope,
 It fell upon my spirit like a gleam
 Of April sunshine in a gloomy dell.
 We often met—too oft alas! for me:—
 And soon I longed for that sweet smile, as long
 The thirsty plants for night's refreshing dew.
 'Twould haunt me everywhere. The cooing tones
 Of her sweet voice would linger in my ear,
 Like angel-music heard in midnight dreams.
 I sought her presence oft—and yet was I
 In that sweet presence dumb. To see her smile,
 To hear her voice—these were enough for me.
 My friends and monitors—my precious books—
 Grew wearisome and hateful in my sight.
 I shunned the face of man: I longed to be
 Alone, that I might think—and think of her.
 My cunning passion wound its silken web
 Around my every thought, before I knew
 That she was aught to me except a child—
 A pretty child with very winning ways.

I learned at last the secret which my heart
 Had kept from me so long—I loved—I hoped;
 My fancy built fair castles in the air,
 Illumed them with the rosy light of love,
 And crowned her queen and mistress of them all.
 It could not last—my wild, sweet dream of love
 And happiness. Too soon, alas! I learned
 The bitter truth—my love was all in vain.
 My airy castles all came toppling down,
 And all the pretty hopes my heart sent forth,

Bleeding and broken-winged, came fluttering back,
 With plaintive cry, and died before my eyes.
 I sought once more the dark, cold shadow where,
 For weary years, my dwelling place had been.
 Alas! 'twas colder—darker—than before
 The sunlight of her presence on me fell.
 One hope was left me, and I caught at it,
 As drowning men will catch at floating straws,
 And it alone made life endurable.
 I would forget; I'd tear her from my mind,
 And leave not e'en a trace resembling her.
 I thought that it would be an easy task:
 I knew the mighty strength of human will,
 How it can pluck the giant mountains up
 That block our path, and cast them in the sea.
 It was a futile hope: I had not learned
 With what tenacious grasp despairing love
 Clings to the heart, when hope is wrecked and lost
 On life's uneven sea With all its strength,
 My will was far too weak to set me free.
 Her dear ideal was so interwrought
 With all the mem'ries of the recent past,
 That I could not pursue a train of thought,
 Linked by suggestion in a golden chain,
 But it was sure to end in thoughts of her.
 If I but chanced to see a half-blown rose,
 Or caught its fragrant breath, I'd think of her.
 " 'Twas one like this she gave me," I would muse,
 "That lovely morning when she smiled so sweet."
 Or if the eve was bright, and in the west
 The purple sunset lingered, loth to go,
 " 'Twas on an eve like this," I'd sighing say,
 "That I sat by her gazing in her eyes."
 Or, if the day was dark, and gloomy clouds
 O'erspread the heavens like a funeral pall,
 "Alas!" I'd say, "this dark and dreary day
 Is like the life of him who loves in vain."
 I never took my harp to seek relief
 From weary thought in music's soothing strains,
 But my rebellious fingers touched the notes
 Of some old tune she used to love to hear.
 I saw her eyes in all the twinkling stars
 That looked down on me from the spangled vault;
 I heard her voice in every turtle's coo—
 Her silvery laugh in every mock-bird's song.

And thus the shadow of my hopeless love,
 Like a grim ghost, pursued me everywhere,
 And mocked me, till I longed to hide from it,
 E'en in the dark, cold precincts of the grave.

I'd read somewhere in mythologic lore
 About a stream that through Elysium ran,
 Called Lethe by the Greeks. Upon its banks

The spirits from the upper world would pause
 To rest awhile their weary aching limbs,
 And view the prospect fair which lay beyond.
 To quench their thirst, they quaffed the water clear
 Which glided at their feet. Straitway the past,
 With all its gloomy train of loves and hates,
 And carking cares, and hopes not realized,
 Would vanish from their minds, and heaven begin.
 One long dark night, when every eye save mine
 Was closed in sleep, I thought me of this stream—
 That if some spirit from the shadowy world
 Would bring of it a brimming cup to me,
 How glad I'd drain it to the very dregs.
 While musing thus I fell into a sleep,
 And in the misty land of dreams that lies
 Midway 'twixt life and death—a neutral ground
 For living men and ghosts to wander in—
 I found my wish fulfilled.

There came to me
 A man of reverend mien, whose flowing beard
 Lay like a wintry snow-drift on his breast.
 His robes were loose and of that quaint old style
 We see in pictures of the ancient Greeks.
 He brought with him, and on the table set,
 A golden cup of cunning workmanship,
 And fixing on my face his stony eyes,
 He murmured, though his lips moved not, the word
 "Lethe!"—no more—and vanished from my sight.

'Twas in my reach at last—forgetfulness—
 Rest from the thoughts which preyed like vultures
 fierce
 Upon my heart. I trembled at the thought,
 And in a transport seized the brimming cup;
 But ere it pressed my lips, Love stayed my hand,
 And bade me think. How could I give her up?
 How rare from mem'ry's page that picture sweet
 Which had become with me the glowing type
 Of every beauty and of every grace?
 For I knew not the dawn was beautiful,
 Until I found 'twas like her blushing cheeks,
 Nor ever gazed with pleasure on the sky,
 At midnight hour, until I found its hues
 Had all been borrowed from her dark gray eyes.
 And then her bright ideal image rose
 Before me, more distinct and true to life
 Than that which art has taught the sun to paint.
 Her dark-brown hair hung loose; one truant tress
 Had quit its place behind her pearly ear
 To dally with and kiss her rounded cheek.
 A shade of sadness, like a summer cloud,
 Lay on her broad fair brow, and in her eyes
 There was a tender half-beseeching look;

But still the smile which won my heart at first
 Played like a sun-beam on her little mouth.
 I could not give her up. My trembling hand
 Set down the cup; I would not drink the draught.

Then Pride was roused: Why worship still the
 charms

That never can be mine? Those soft gray eyes
 With tender love-look ne'er shall gaze in mine.
 Another's lips shall snatch in kisses sweet
 The nectar of that little dimpled mouth;
 Another's fingers toy, in dalliance fond,
 With the soft tresses of her dark-brown hair;
 While on that other's breast her forehead fair—
 The thought was madness, and I seized the cup,
 Intent to quench the hell within my soul.

Again my hand was stayed by pleading Love.
 Could I resign the mem'ries of the hours
 I spent with her when love was fed by hope—
 Oases in the weary waste of life,
 Where thought was wont to pause and linger long?
 Must I forego the dreams—the golden dreams—
 Which fancy wove in spite of ruined hope,
 To cheer me in my shadow dark and cold?

The voice of wounded pride would not be hushed:
 Of what avail are these fond mem'ries now?
 They only serve to mock my misery,
 As thoughts of dainty banquets once enjoyed
 Increase the pangs the starving pilgrim feels.
 And idle dreams—why blindly cling to them—
 Dreams that I know can ne'er be realized?
 As well pursue, in hope to quench my thirst,
 The spectral fountains in the desert seen,
 As hope for aught of happiness from them.
 I'll drink the cup; my love shall be forgot,
 With its long train of hopes and waking dreams,
 On which the cruel hand of fate has writ,
 In lines of fire, the two sad words—in vain.

But Love still plead for life in plaintive tones.
 I should not call my hopeless passion vain;
 Though mad desire may gnaw its clanking chains,
 And curse the prize which lies beyond its reach,
 True love will always yield its own reward:
 As flowers bruised their sweetest perfumes yield,
 As grapes are crushed ere we obtain the wine,
 So hearts that bleed with hopeless love inspire
 The sweetest music of the poet's lyre.
 But Pride, still furious, drowned the voice of Love.
 And would I coin my heart-blood into gems,
 And barter them to an unfeeling world
 For worthless gold, or still more worthless fame?

What boots it to the shell-fish racked with pain
 That beauty's brow some day shall wear the pearl
 That forms around the cause of all its woe?
 I seized the cup—the brim had touched my lips,
 When Love—sweet pleader—urged its cause again.

O, not for gold, nor for the bauble, fame,
 Doth touch the poet true his trembling lyre,
 When he awakes the strains which float for aye
 Adown the long dim corridors of time.
 He hath a mission here, to whom is given
 The priceless pearl—the heavenly gift of song.
 To fit him for his high and holy task,
 'Tis needful that he suffer. There are founts
 Of feeling locked in every human breast,
 The spear must pierce ere they can be revealed.
 Who hath not suffered is but half a man;
 Who hath not loved is not a man at all.
 The body—limbs—may their full growth attain—
 The soul is but a dwarf in stature still.
 The child of song, to whom the gift is given
 Of playing on a harp of human hearts,
 Must drain the brimming cup of human woes
 Ere he can touch with skill the hidden strings.
 And I—I will not murmur, though I am
 But a poor step-child of the heaven-born Muse.
 I will not murmur, though I've loved in vain;
 For hopeless love hath taught me secrets deep—
 Heart secrets that I would not else have learned.
 And sorrow for my pretty hopes that died
 Hath called, sometimes, from my rude half-strung
 harp

A strain of love and woe—a simple strain—
 Which may, perchance, when I am dead and gone,
 Impart sad pleasure to a brother's heart,
 Suffering, like mine, from unrequited love.

And thou, the darling of my every thought,
 Be thou the angel of my day-dreams still:
 My love for thee has stood the fiery test;
 The dross—the earthly taint—has been consumed;
 The gold—the pure fine gold—is left me still.
 Though we may meet no more, thou still art mine—
 Mine, as the sky that o'er me hangs is mine—
 Mine, as the star with silvery ray is mine—
 Mine, as the landscape clothed in golden light,
 The forest robed in green, the rippling stream,
 The breath of flowers, the song of birds, are mine.
 Yes, cruel Fate, that blightedst all the hopes
 Which budded in my youth, I mock thee now.
 My love is not in vain; she still is mine—
 My spirit's bride that never can grow old.
 The touch of Time shall mar all earthly things;
 His iron hand shall write, in shrivelling seams,

"Passing away" on beauty's snowy brow;
But *she* shall be to me forever young,
And beautiful and bright, as when her smile
Made sunlight in the shadow where I dwelt.

The golden cup dropped from my hand; the shades
Of dreamland passed away—and I awoke.

My Old Home.

Now Winter drear has passed away,
And gentle Spring has come,
I wonder if the grass grows green
Around my dear old home.
I wonder if the lilac blooms
Beside the garden gate,
And if the brown wren on the roof
Sings to its brooding mate.

I wonder if the soft west wind
Comes laden with perfumes
It gathered as it paused to kiss
The fragrant orchard blooms.
I wonder if the old rose bush
Its crimson glory wears,
And if the clambering clematis
Its purple clusters bears.

I wonder if the yard is strown
With petals snowy white
The lithe syringa scatters round
When swayed by zephyrs light;
If by the fence the poplars stand
Like tapering steeples tall,
And cast their shimmering shadows down
On chimney, roof and wall.

I wonder if the mocking-birds
Still in their old retreat—
The thick-branched cedars—build their nests
And pour their warbles sweet:
If still my loved mimosa lifts—
Sweet charity to show—
Its overhanging boughs to let
The less crape-myrtle grow.

I wonder if the tall gums wear
Their bright green vernal suit:
And if the lagging Winter spared
The mulberry's nescient fruit.
I wonder if the red-bird sings,

Out in the apple tree,
The song so sweet to other ears,
But oh, so sad to me!

My home! How yearns my heart for thee,
When Spring-time's purple haze,
The budding trees, and breath of flowers,
Recall the vanished days!
What memories like ivy cling
Around thy old gray walls,
Or roam like viewless spirits through
Thy bare deserted halls!

My Muse.

My rustic muse in buckskin shoes,
That erst wast wont to roam
Through sylvan shades and bush-grown dells
Around my boyhood's home,
And there didst teach me numbers sweet,
And tune my halt-strung lyre—
Why wilt thou not return to me?
Why not my song inspire?

Do dusty streets and red brick walls
Affright thy timid eye?
Art thou afraid of brazen bells
That clang in steeples high?
Of engine's shriek on boat or car,
The noise and jam of trade,
And throngs of men and women fair,
That drive or promenade?

And hast thou sought, like tim'rous fawn,
The wild-wood's deep retreat,
Where feathered choirs in brush and tree
Pour forth their anthems sweet,
And nature writes with grass and flowers
Bright poems on the ground,
And winds that sway the fragrant pines
Give out a rhythmic sound!

Come back, O, dear loved-muse, come back,
And tune my lyre again,
Whose strings discordant at my touch
Give back no dulcet strain.
For many a thought and many a theme
My heart has treasured long,
Await thy magic touch to be
Transmuted into song.

Gone.

—
"Gone!"—

Hark! from the steeple tall and lone
Floats the monosyllabic tone!—

"Gone!"

Another life gone out on earth!
In the world beyond, another birth!

"Gone!"

"Gone!"

List! bow the stilly air doth moan,
That wafteth down the monotone!—

"Gone!"—

And every bell in belfry high
Responds with deep sonorous sigh!—

"Gone!"

"Gone!"—

Still brazen lips and iron tongue
The solemn, sad refrain prolong!

"Gone!"—

And thoughts as sad and solemn creep
Across the soul, like shadows deep!—

"Gone!"

"Gone!"—

For ME, some day from steeple lone
Shall float this mournful monotone!

"Gone!"

My sands run out!—my labor done!
The crown of life or lost or won!—

"Gone!"

The Shepherd's Horn.

—
SONG.
—

When through the gaps with footsteps light
Slow steals the gray-clad, dewy morn,
Perched on the craggy Alpine height,
The shepherd sounds his mellow horn.
Sound the horn! Sound the horn!
To welcome in the coming morn;
Sound the horn! Sound the horn!
To greet the pensive gray-eyed morn!

Now bleating flocks of goats and sheep
In the narrow winding paths are seen,
Climbing the jagged mountain steep,
To search in nooks for herbage green.
Sound the horn! Sound the horn!

To welcome in the coming morn!
Sound the horn, the mellow horn,
To greet the blushing rosy morn!

From rock-ribbed peaks where eagles dwell,
And the hunter seeks the chamois' track—
From sloping lawn and winding dell—
A hundred horns give answer back.
Sound the horn! Sound the horn!
To welcome in the coming morn;
Sound the horn, the mellow horn,
To greet the smiling gold-haired morn!

Stand Fast.

—
Stand fast! tho' round thee black
The tempest cloud be lowering,
And cravens white with fear
Before its wrath be cowering.

Stand fast! though overhead
The lightnings red be flashing,
And 'gainst the rock-girt shore
The raging waves be dashing.

Stand fast! though hell send forth
Its legions to assail thee:
The rock of truth beneath
Thy feet, shall never fail thee.

Stand fast! tho' siren notes
And landscapes robed in beauty
May tempt thee from thy post,
The bleak lone post of duty.

Stand fast! still keep the faith
In youth and manhood cherished,
Though, one by one, the hopes
Ambition nursed have perished.

Stand fast! tho' for thy faith
The fickle crowd around thee,
To mark their hate and scorn,
With piercing thorns have crowned thee.

Stand fast! in God's good time
The dark cloud shall be rifted,
The crown of thorns removed,
And all thy burden lifted.

To Jefferson Davis.

Come back, beloved chief, come back !
 All hearts for thee are yearning ;
 As loud the notes of triumph swell,
 All thoughts to thee are turning.
 Thou sharedst our dangers and our toils—
 Our days of grief and sadness :
 Come back, beloved chief, come back,
 And share our days of gladness.

The thick black cloud that o'er us hung,
 And hid the face of heaven,
 In scattered racks has passed away,
 As if by tempest driven.
 Our night of agony is o'er—
 Our soul's long crucifixion ;
 And Heaven—the withering curse revoked—
 Bestows a benediction.

Come, help us build the walls again,
 By adversaries broken ;
 From thee each builder would receive
 A word, a sign, a token.
 Stand on the walls, and try our work
 By the plummet-line of duty,
 Until our temple stands again
 In all its olden beauty.

1875.

Unfinished.

Had I the skill which makes the canvas glow
 With life immortal as the soul of man,
 I'd paint a picture of my life, that all might know
 What I've accomplished in my little span.
 My little span say I? It may expand
 Beyond the four-score years and ten whose snows
 Blanched three ancestral heads before the hand
 Of death was gently on them laid. Who knows!

It matters not, if it be long or brief ;
 'Tis fixed—my past foreshows my future's law :
 When Time distreins, he finds each standing sheaf
 The absconding Year has left, is chaff and straw.

A picture parable—or I should say
 A group of picture parables—should be
 My pencil's theme ; where each, in its own way,
 Should tell what life's hard tasks have earned for me.
Multa in uno—each should stand apart,
 But one same shadow all should blend in one—
 Sad hist'ries writ upon my brain and heart,
 Of tasks unfinished in high hope begun.

A monument should in the centre stand—
 A broad-based frustum built of granite gray :
 In shape, I ween, 'twere like the tower grand
 Half-reared at Babel in the olden day.

Four mouldering walls!—A woodman here his cot
 Of rough-hewed logs began to build one year :
 But changeful mind—or death—I know not what—
 Cut short the work, and leaves these ruins here.

With branches bare outstretched, a girdled oak
 Clings with gnarled roots unto a sterile coast.
 A limbless pine that died of thunderstroke,
 Stands in the distance like a sheeted ghost.

Four zig-zag lines of rotting fence inclose
 A patch of ground :—here bare as sheep new-shorn ;
 Here scarred with gashes red ; and here the rows
 Thick set with stunted stalks of Indian corn.
 The twisted blades have lost their glossy green :
 The tassels on the stems stand stiff and sere ;
 And on the sapless stalks no silk is seen,
 To mark the nestling place of nascent ear.

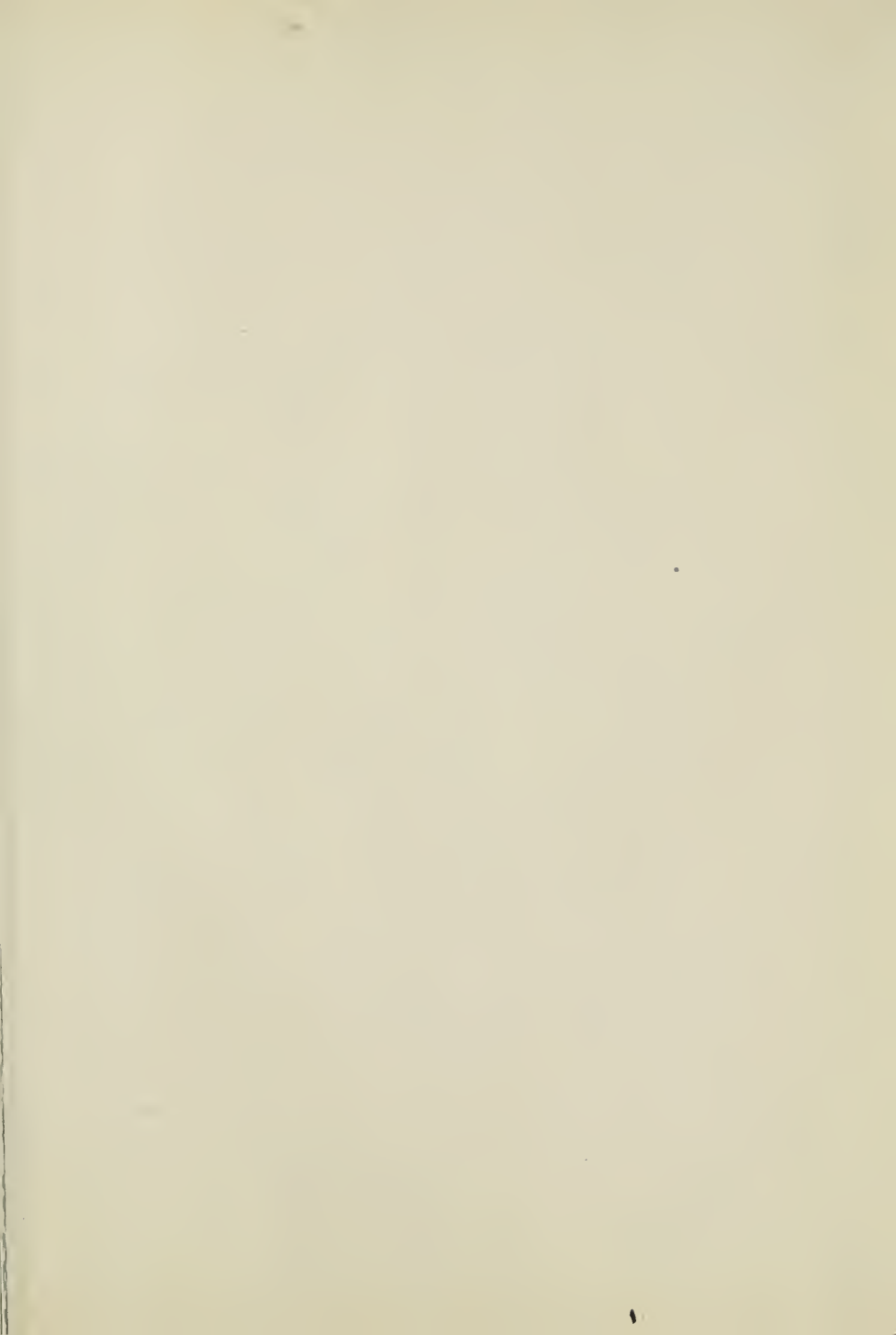
My canvas is not full : a vacant space
 Remains untouched. To fill it were not meet.
 I'll leave it so—like all that bears a trace of me
 On earth—UNFINISHED—incomplete !

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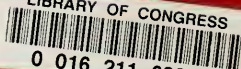


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